THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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John P. Marquand—Will Levington Comfort—Isaac F. Marcosson—R. G. Kirk
Edwin Lefèvre—Leonard H. Nason—Mrs. Marshall Field—David Lawrence

This month's
Health Interest Poster

* * *

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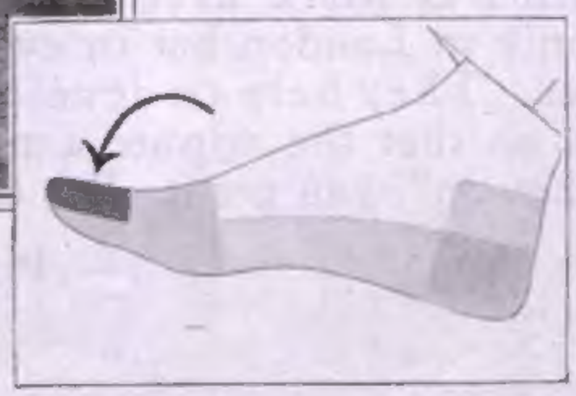

This diagram illustrates the Ex Toe idea. Yet you can neither feel nor see it in the socks themselves. That's why these socks are different, for it's in the hiding that the trick lies . . . that the difference is between bulkiness and comfort.

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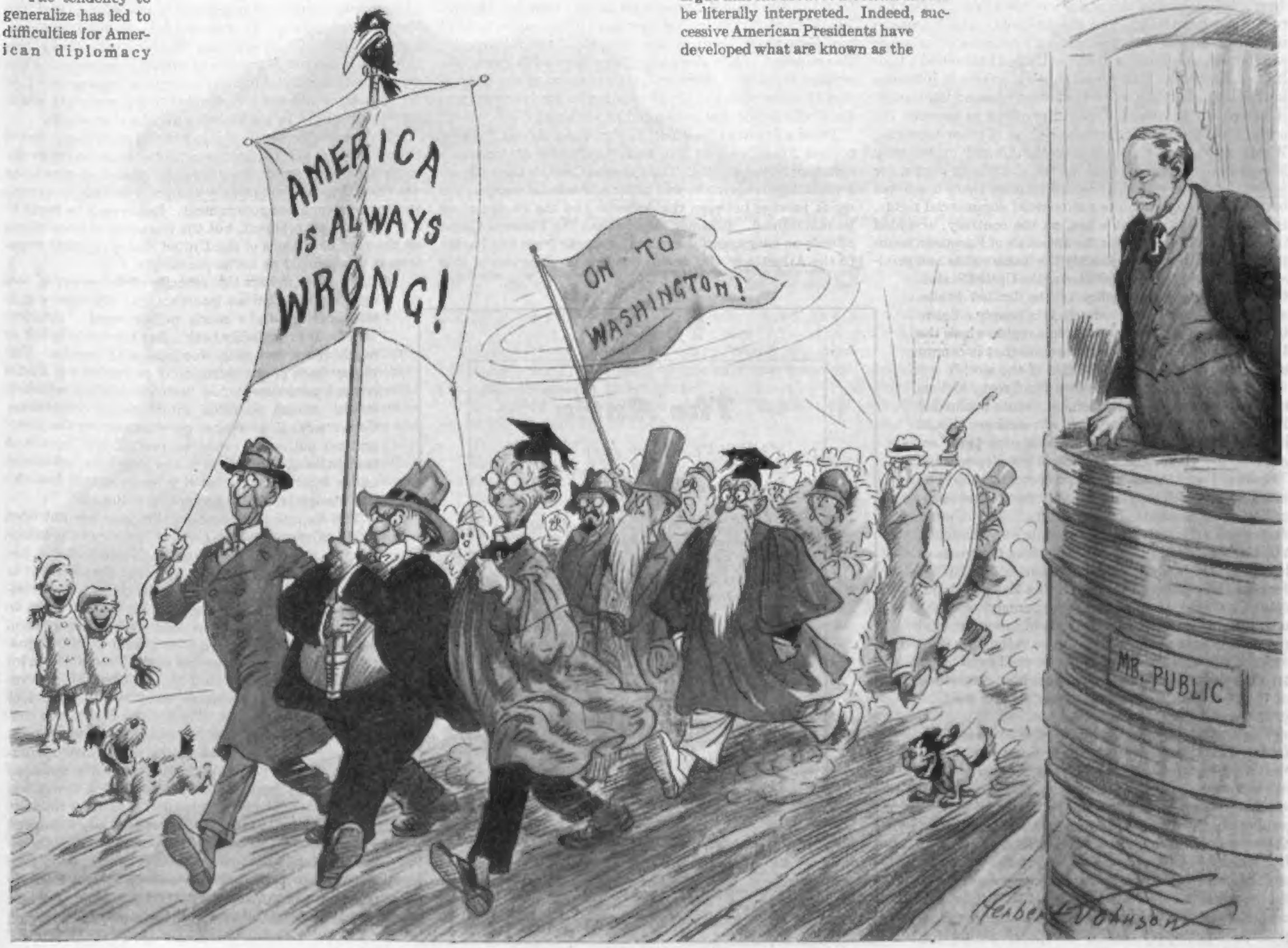
NORTH OF PANAMA

America's Sphere of Responsibility—By David Lawrence

WE AMERICANS have a habit of abbreviation—we like to dispose of a subject in a phrase or a word. Thus with one fell swoop we inscribe the words "Latin America" on everything from the Rio Grande to Cape Horn. It matters little to us that there are twenty republics south of us, no two of them alike either politically or socially, and no two of them composed of exactly the same racial ingredients. The Argentinian, for example, proudly disdains to have his country mentioned in the same breath with Haiti or Santo Domingo. The only thing in common between all the countries making up Pan-America is that originally most of them belonged to the Spanish crown, yet it would be inaccurate even to write "Spanish America" across the map, for in Brazil Portuguese is spoken—indeed, the language of society there is French.

The tendency to generalize has led to difficulties for American diplomacy which are only now being appreciated. There can be no Latin-American policy, so to speak, any more, because what the United States does in Nicaragua is what the United States would not think for a moment of doing in any of the countries south of Panama. The fact is there has been slowly developing in the past quarter of a century a policy north of Panama which has received intermittent attention, as the logic of events has slowly but surely unfolded it under Democratic as well as Republican Administrations at Washington.

Basically, of course, the Monroe Doctrine is the foundation stone of our policy in the Western Hemisphere, but it was more than one hundred years ago when the doctrine of President Monroe was first pronounced. No one versed in diplomacy or appreciative of practical considerations in the progress of the world would attempt to argue that the Monroe Doctrine should be literally interpreted. Indeed, successive American Presidents have developed what are known as the



implications of the Monroe Doctrine—namely, the logical result of a policy based on a given set of facts.

Originally, President Monroe sought to warn European nations that they must not seek to colonize or gain a foothold or interfere with the sovereignty of the nations which had already set up their independence in the Western Hemisphere. Again and again some of the more progressive nations in South America have indicated a desire to transform the Monroe Doctrine into what might be termed an offensive and defensive alliance—in other words, a mutual treaty against European aggression. This has never seemed to American statesmen to be particularly necessary, especially as it seemed to imply a greater measure of responsibility for all the nations in this hemisphere than public opinion in the United States has seemed ready to undertake.

The Monroe Doctrine has not meant that the United States would feel obliged to interfere as between states of South America, for instance, or in a war between European and South American countries. It is hardly likely that the United States would remain entirely aloof from such a conflict, but the direct obligation to intervene in such a contingency is one which American diplomatists have never felt was incumbent upon the United States. The warning contained in the Monroe Doctrine that the United States would look with grave concern on the setting up of a European power anywhere in this hemisphere in territory not already colonized by Europeans has been deemed sufficient for all practical purposes, it being felt that each case could be better treated as it arose rather than to attempt a definition of the doctrine which would apply to all countries alike, and might possibly lead to a shirking of national responsibilities because of a belief that the United States would stand off the invader.

The Trusteeship of Other Nations

BUT while this has been the trend of American diplomacy south of Panama, it cannot be said to have been so unspecific in the region north of Panama. Something more than the Monroe Doctrine, something more intimate and direct, is involved in the policies of the United States between the Rio Grande and the Isthmus. The European publicist who has been accustomed to spheres of influence will immediately suggest that the United States had a logical and inevitable right to establish a sphere of influence in this area. But the word "influence" has an unpleasant significance. It connotes special privilege as between the nationals of the United States and those of other countries. Whatever rights or concessions the United States may have asked for and secured in the Caribbean region for national defense or policy considerations, there has never been any effort to acquire preferential commercial rights. Indeed, the United States has, on the contrary, accepted the burden of obtaining for the nationals of European countries the "open door"—exactly the same rights and privileges as those enjoyed by citizens of the United States.

On what then is the policy of the United States north of Panama based today? It is simply a desire to establish a defensive position in a region where the United States has come to appreciate that it cannot escape a responsibility to the rest of the world.

After the European war, when the Treaty of Versailles was being drafted, General Smuts persuaded President Wilson that a system of mandates should be established by European nations over those regions of the globe where backward peoples resided. The theory was that a sort of protectorate would be established which would not imply permanent ownership, but a kind of trusteeship. The United States was asked to accept a mandate over Armenia, but this was declined by the American Congress as being inconsistent with the traditions of the United States to avoid responsibilities in the Eastern Hemisphere. But the basic principle—namely, that the advanced powers should lend their influence, and power if necessary, to preserve order in the backward areas of the world and to govern them, if need be, as trustees—was accepted as an enlightened method of the twentieth century in advancing the political progress of backward peoples.

The United States assumed in the Monroe Doctrine a kind of mandate, or rather a trusteeship. If the Washington Government was to prevent any other nation from colonizing the Western Hemisphere or from interfering in the affairs of the republics south of the Rio Grande, then the United States was undertaking to remove those sources of friction which inevitably lead to reprisals, wars and, as is often the case, the seizure of customhouses for the payment of defaulted debts. Often it is contended by unthinking critics that the Monroe Doctrine does not apply until a European country has actually invaded an American republic and manifested an intention to establish its hegemony. The American Government has always preferred to apply preventives so that an inflexible situation might not develop.

If a small country in Central America floats a loan which is sold throughout the world—a loan that is given every aspect of a first mortgage—and then a body of revolutionists or a small group of politicians despoils the treasury, what redress do the foreign bondholders have? It is natural for them to appeal to their own governments. For many generations it has been recognized that money invested in foreign lands is entitled to a measure of protection. If this were not the case, some countries would never have developed to their present economic status. One way to collect interest is to seize customhouses and absorb all the revenues from incoming merchandise. To send a few warships and a detachment of marines to take possession of a customhouse is something which is so close to a permanent occupation that it has always been regarded by the United States as a thing to be prevented, so far as European countries are concerned.

Yet if Europe is not permitted to land marines and collect duties or protect the lives and properties of her citizens in a troublous area in this hemisphere, who else is to do the job? The United States has reluctantly accepted this responsibility. It has led to antagonism throughout Central and South America because of a suspicion that the United States would do what it has denied Europe the right to do—namely, increase its territorial possessions. But the proof of the disinterestedness of the United States in the past twenty-five years has been written in the pages of history. Having had an opportunity to possess Cuba, the United States gave that island her independence. Having supervised the collection of customs at Santo Domingo, as well as in Haiti, the United States has not added one foot of territory in either of those weak republics.

Despite all the cries about American intervention in Mexico, the United States has only twice employed armed forces below the Rio Grande in recent years—once in the Pershing expedition which pursued Villa and again at Vera Cruz as a reprisal against Huerta. In both cases the forces of the United States were in due time withdrawn. The United States landed marines in Nicaragua in 1912 and kept them there at the request of the Nicaraguan Government. Sixty days after they were withdrawn, the present revolution broke out, thus confirming the impression that the presence of the marines for twelve years was the single factor that prevented an outbreak.

Draw a line from New York to Panama and from Panama to San Francisco and you have the limits of America's sphere of responsibility. The Panama Canal is the outpost. For strategic reasons as well as for commercial reasons, the quick passage between the Atlantic and the Pacific must be maintained. It is not merely that the Panama Canal affords an easy transfer of naval strength from the Pacific to the Atlantic or vice versa, but the development of this and other trade routes to assist in handling the commerce of the world, and to forward the economic development of Central America itself involves an obligation to which successive Administrations at Washington have not been able to close their eyes.

"It is the logic of events," said a South American diplomat to the writer recently, "that some day the United States will possess everything as far south as the Canal. It is inevitable."

This remark typifies the feeling of doubt which exists in the Western Hemisphere with respect to the intention of the United States. But there is an alternative policy which is in the making: and if the alternative is successful there will never be a need for the acquisition of any territory on the part of the United States except possibly by purchase.

The desire of every American President and Secretary of State, as expressed in the conversations of our diplomacy, has been to encourage political progress in the troubled areas south of the Rio Grande. The mission of the United States is to spread the gospel of democracy, but there are two theories about the most effective way of spreading that doctrine. One is by evolution which permits incessant civil warfare, constant turmoil and the preying on innocent peoples by small political groups who by their *coups d'état* upset governments for their own selfish ends. The other is to encourage the development of strong governments, which can be aided, if necessary, by the moral and physical forces of the United States.

The Hughes Treaties With Central America

ONE of the first things which President Wilson and Secretary Bryan did in the early days of their Administration in 1913 was to announce to the world that no government would be recognized which came into being as the result of bloodshed. This was not a denial of the right of revolution. It was simply a warning against the supposition that a military or political leader might come into power by force and expect the prompt recognition of the United States Government. It was suggested instead that if a revolution did occur there must ensue a free election, so that the will of the people might be registered in accordance with the theory of democracy. It remained for a Republican Secretary of State, Charles Evans Hughes, to embody this principle in a series of treaties entered into between the five republics of Central America, whereby it was agreed that recognition would not be extended to governments which owed their origin to the sword or to illegal methods.

This power of recognition is something more than a moral benefit. It amounts almost to a protectorate so far as the recognized government is concerned. Arms and munitions are refused to rebels, but they can go in unlimited quantities to the recognized government. Loans may be made to a recognized government, but the financing of revolutions on the part of citizens of the United States or other countries is discouraged so far as practicable.

By some writers this exercise of the power of recognition is called an intervention. By others it is characterized by a much milder word, "interference." It is probably both. But the world is not so much concerned with words as with results. The theory back of the extension of recognition is that a central government has been established which is strong enough to fulfill international obligations. Conversely, if a central government breaks down and no authority exists to protect the lives and properties of foreigners, it has long been presumed under international law that each nation has the right to land forces to protect its nationals.

The dispute in Nicaragua this year has not been unlike controversies in Central America in previous years in American history. The United States has endeavored to extend recognition to that element in Nicaragua which it felt had a legal claim to the presidency and which appeared to be most zealous to fulfill international obligations. When the government of Adolfo Diaz was recognized in Nicaragua, the latter promptly appealed to the United States for aid, arguing that he could not maintain his government against a revolution which was financed or stimulated by Mexico. The United States was confronted with a problem not altogether new, for not infrequently in the past thirty years have revolutionists in one Central American country obtained support and funds sufficient to plot a revolution against a constituted government in another country.

If the United States was to prevent any European country from obtaining a foothold anywhere in Central or South America, so also has the obligation been construed to mean that the United States particularly must not permit any country in this hemisphere to extend its power over any other country in the region

(Continued on Page 96)

The Antis

OBSERVE our little group or sect,
The true, the good, the high elect
Who strike an attitude sublime
Against our country every time.
Clear-visioned, wise and pure of heart,
We always take the alien's part;
Betide, betide, whate'er betide,
We're on the other fellow's side.
We need not wait for all the facts
To judge a statesman's words or acts;
If someone says this nation's right,
He merely wants to start a fight.
Our chiefs are men of base intent;
We cannot trust our Government.
It has an evil animus,
But we are so magnanimous!
Whatever conflict may arise
We utter loud, hysteric cries
To help an adversary's cause
And win the outside world's applause.
And so our watchword, toast and song
Is still, "Our Country! Always Wrong!"

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

THE CINDERELLA MOTIF

"Clara," He Said in the Very Nicest Way He Could, "Really I'm Not Worth Crying About"

By J. P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

OF COURSE, nearly everyone who happened to be at Harvard—say, ten years back—knows the whole thing already. Back at the class reunions, when brass bands and other more direct means of stimulantation cause one to see the past in a mellow light, one wonders at the resilience and durability of memory. Even the curious affair of Beverley Endicott Witherspoon and Clara Hodges seems natural and comprehensible at such a time, and not at all like one of those stories where the hero captures the forward pass and saves the day for Rutgers.

Go to the punch bowl, if there is one, and with another drink of the sweet liquid, provided it is not wholly sweet, you can understand, without pretending, the predicament in which Beverley found himself that was grave enough to make him play the villain. You may possibly remember why a boy like Beverley, the kind those mothers on Beacon Street no doubt still describe as "a really nice boy," had no time for study. Yes, you may even comprehend how Beverley felt when, after paying fifty dollars for an evening's panoramic view of literature, he discovered that this view, in spite of its high price, embraced none of the questions of the examination he wished to pass. It was like Professor Hector Hodges, who always had the reputation of being difficult, to do such a thing in Comparative Literature A, an essentially untrustworthy and unethical thing.

Close upon the end of three hours, Beverley stood up, put on his raccoon coat, picked up the blue-covered copy book containing his answers to the examination questions and walked toward the door. Naturally, through the simplest dictates of sportsmanship, he showed none of the concern he felt. Nevertheless, one can understand how Beverley must have felt upon discovering at the door of the examination room no less a person than Professor Hodges himself, collecting the examination blue books. Professor Hodges pushed forward his bald head and peered through his tortoise-shell glasses in the manner one always remembers as being chill and of no good omen.

"Professor Hodges," said Beverley, "would you mind telling me how much the mark on this particular examination counts in making up our grade?"

"No, indeed," said Professor Hodges. "It will count practically everything."

"Oh," said Beverley. "Thank you."

"The questions were simple," remarked Professor Hodges.

"Were they?" said Beverley.

"Weren't they?" said Professor Hodges.

"It seemed to me," said Beverley, "that a number of them dealt with subjects we hadn't touched on."

"Indeed!" said Professor Hodges. "Which question, for instance, Mr. Witherspoon?"

"Well," said Beverley, "there's the first question, sir. 'The Cinderella motif is the commonest basis of plot structure. Explain this statement, with examples from your reading.' I can't recall anything about that."

Professor Hodges smiled again very sympathetically. "The reason for that, Mr. Witherspoon, is because you slept the greater part of the hour when I was explaining the subject."

"Oh," said Beverley.

Now one can understand how Beverley must have felt, just as those of us who happened into his room that day when the examination was over understood. "I'm concerned about myself," said Beverley, sinking into a leather armchair. "Really, I'm concerned." Knowing Beverley, we could understand to what he referred. He was not hurt about the waste of fifty dollars, the wasted evening, but was disturbed rather by certain college regulations. One was obliged, as one doubtless recalls, to pass three courses at the annual midyear examination period, two at least with fair marks, represented by the letter C, and one with the letter D—a doubtful and yet sometimes useful mark, though bordering upon failure. In the event of not obtaining these two C's and a D, as most of us knew once, one was placed upon probation.

Though this in itself limited only in a small way one's activities, it was more difficult if one was on probation already. In this event the university usually won the game by severing its connection with the player; and owing to any one of a number of circumstances, Beverley was on probation already. No, it was not like those stories of carrying the ball for Rutgers.

In those days, if one remembers, the national press had coined two phrases about Harvard. One of them expressed the supposed wealth and degeneracy of a section of the student body by the term "Harvard Gold Coast," which made us, as being connected with this place of sin, mildly pleased. But we were really proud of the other. This referred to a state of mind, developed perhaps by the austere chill of our winters, known as "Harvard Indifference," and naturally we did our best to merit such a title after it once got started.

Thus, though many of us in Beverley's room were sorry for him, we shared his sorrow with a gentle and becoming boredom, to which Beverley acquiesced. He lived up to his tradition; he had to be indifferent.

"Yes," said Beverley, "it is indubitably difficult. I was ready to go down in German. I conceded it, in fact. And Hewins—— Do any of you boys know that fellow Hewins? No? Well, patronize him. By all means patronize him. He's poor but honest, being from a distance. He's in the graduate school and lives in the most uncomfortable place, but he tutors and can put anybody through philosophy. He got me through last week, and what could be a better advertisement? C in Philosophy; C in French. It's a good thing the old man had us have a French governess." We all admitted it was a good thing, of course, and helped ourselves to Beverley's cigarettes, and Beverley

sighed. "But this Comparative Literature," he said—"something has got to be done. My mind seemed a perfect blank." Now one can understand without much difficulty how we felt and how Beverley felt. Although we told him it was quite normal for his mind to be a perfect blank, he did not take it in his old light-hearted way. "It isn't as though I hadn't bought enough books," he said, waving his hand toward the bookcase. "I always prided myself on a literary background."

This was obviously true. Beginning with his freshman year, Beverley had purchased lots of books. He had a set of Balzac in pink silk beside a set of naughty stories from the French, and a college Boccaccio with which he had been given a set of twelve prints of diving girls suitable for framing.

"In fact," said Beverley, "the time has come for all good men and true to rally to the aid of the party—this party. Shall we go out and get a bite to eat?"

Now one can understand that Beverley was not cheerful. In fact, he appeared to be turning something over in his mind. At the luncheon place which all the really nice boys frequented, the proprietor was delighted to see him.

"Mr. Witherspoon," he said, "that sandwich which you had me make last night—the one with sliced onion and walnut and honey—do you remember?"

"No," said Beverley, and roused himself momentarily from his reverie. "No, I don't remember."

"There's been quite a run on it today, Mr. Witherspoon. We were wondering if you would object to our naming it the Witherspoon sandwich."

"No," said Beverley, after a moment's sad reflection. "It's a trifle collegiate, but it will be a relic of me after I am gone." And the thought moved Beverley to a further reminiscence in a similar sad strain. "Do you know," he added, "just before I was severed from St. Swithin's School, they named a thing at the drug store the Witherspoon flip? They tell me they still have Witherspoon flips."

We walked out to the street again with our overshoes flapping and our raccoon coats resting somewhat heavily upon our shoulders, yet maintaining our customary languid calm.

Beverley was looking, we noticed with some surprise, at an unprepossessing individual walking toward us, a rustic-appearing young man, obviously not belonging to our set. For one thing, his coat was worn at the sleeves, besides which his overshoes were carefully buckled outside his trousers, contrary to the prevailing fashion. Added to these unprepossessing details, his hat was obviously of a small-town make and he had the appearance of too much earnest work.

"Hello, Hewins," said Beverley.

The individual whose name was Hewins did not seem impressed by Beverley's attention. On the contrary, he showed no sign of pleasure.

"By the way, Hewins," said Beverley, "once again you've done the impossible. Hewins, you've got me through philosophy."

"I'm glad," said Mr. Hewins, "that I've prostituted my intellect so usefully. Will you send me your check tomorrow?"

"You don't seem much impressed," said Beverley sadly.

"No," said Mr. Hewins.

"In fact," said Beverley, with curious introspection, "you don't seem to give a damn. Why, Hewins, don't you give a damn?"

"Because," said Mr. Hewins, "you and everybody like you don't amount to a damn. . . . Good-by, Mr. Witherspoon."

We all stared after Mr. Hewins, for it was difficult not to be struck by the novelty of the thought that we amounted to so little. Beverley sighed and lighted another cigarette.

"At any rate," he said, "he never had a sandwich named after him. No, the Hewins sandwich is as yet unborn. I must try to remember that." The gayety which one would have anticipated from a man in Beverley's position was slightly forced. Indeed, back in his own room Beverley seemed almost sad. "Do you know what I believe?" said Beverley. "I actually believe that I will not get as much as a D in Comparative Literature A."

Although we tried to cheer him by pointing out the absurdity of the thought, even going to the extent of administering a slight amount of mild stimulant, Beverley persisted in that belief. Even when he glanced at the mantelpiece, on which, among a number of pipes and silver flasks, were ranged several rows of heavily engraved invitations to all of the best parties, the cloud did not lift from Beverley's harassed spirit. "There's something in it," said Beverley gloomily, staring at his half-empty glass. And though we suggested that he would be better off if there was nothing in it, Beverley for almost the first time we knew him seemed irritated.

"Now that Hewins person," said Beverley; and oddly enough, it did no good for us to consign Mr. Hewins loudly to one of the inscribed areas in Dante. "In hell or not," said Beverley, "that Hewins person is right. We're only clowns. We're not any of us worth a damn. In fact, do you know what I believe? I believe there would be a certain innate justice in my being fired from college."

To raise our friend's thoughts from such unpleasant eventualities, we hastily filled Beverley's glass a second time with stimulant, and forcing him to empty it, renewed its contents. At the same time several of us burst into a chorus which then was popular with our little group, and which, at the risk of boring those who know it, may still be worth repeating in view of its liveliness and the accurate picture it gave of our existence:

At the Somerset
Things were rather wet.
It was a big exclusive affair.
From the lack of heat
All of Beacon Street
Surely must have been there.
Berkeley, Copley, son
Had a lovely bun,
So had all of the rest.
For of many ways
You can enjoy your days
A gentle Boston dance
Is—hic—hic—best.

As one might anticipate, the lilt of the refrain served in a measure to revive Beverley; but an inadvertent remark undid the work.

"It's almost time," said someone, "to discuss what we shall do before the Stillwells' dance. It's coming next Saturday night."

As one recalls, the Stillwells—and let us hope they are still well and giving them—used to give a most remarkable annual ball. Save that everything was always comfortable, this yearly party possessed all the advantages enumerated in the song.

Possibly before that we never realized how deeply that examination had crushed Beverley's spirit. "You forget," he said, "that I may not be there. Won't you ever be serious?" Of course there was only one thing to do, which in those days was fortunately easier than now. We filled Beverley's glass again with stimulant in a more concentrated form. We besought him to bestir himself, to be a gentleman. It was the more easily done because we knew him and understood his capacity for gallantry. Sure enough, in the course of a few minutes the sparkle appeared in Beverley's eyes and a new indomitable note in his voice.

"After all," remarked Beverley, "the difference between a D and an E is very slight."

"Slight?" we remarked encouragingly. "There isn't any difference whatsoever."

Stirred by our enthusiasm, Beverley rose from his chair. "In fact," cried Beverley, "it occurs to me that they may not be finished with me yet. In fact ——" It was beautiful to see him become himself again. He helped himself to more stimulant without any of us urging. "In fact, curiously enough, something else occurs to me."

"I Wish to Tell You That Miss Hodges is a Friend of Mine—a Very Particular Friend"

Partner After Partner Advanced Hopefully, Only to Dance a Half Dozen Steps Before He Was Relieved

We joined in a cheer which was close to honest relief.

"It not only occurs to me," said Beverley, "that the difference between an E and a D minus is almost negligible, but it occurs to me that Professor Hodges is the real basis of the trouble."

"Can it be?" we inquired helpfully. "Can it?"

"And furthermore," said Beverley, undisturbed, "didn't I hear someone say once—possibly in a disparaging way, nevertheless say—that Professor Hodges has a daughter? While professors still have daughters, there is always hope."

Suddenly, somewhat to our astonishment, we perceived that Beverley was removing his coat, waistcoat and striped necktie.

"What," we inquired, "is occurring to you now?"

"Your remark about the Stillwells' ball," said Beverley, "has reminded me of something. It has occurred to me that there are certain dances in Cambridge to which my mother forced me to subscribe—I admit, against my will. By the card on my mantel I perceive that one of these takes place tonight."

"What?" we cried. And for once we were consumed with astonishment and well-nigh horror. "You're not going to a Cambridge dance?"

Beverley made an apologetic, slightly helpless gesture. As one remembers, there were dances in Cambridge—nice dances, given in a hall which the population of that town also used for amateur theatricals; and yet, after all, perhaps our very proximity to them made one inclined to avoid them. One may also recall that the Cambridge girls who frequented these dances also held the reputation of being very nice. And yet there was something about them in the aggregate, for one recalls the reputation they held for possessing a dominance of the mind rather than the person.

"What can possibly induce you to go to one of those things?" we shouted. "There's the Stillwells' ball only next Saturday night."

Beverley smiled slightly and began pulling off his shirt. "You forget," he said, in a voice that was muffled by the folds of the custom-made cambric, "that Professor Hodges has a daughter, and —— Well, every little thing counts with a man in my desperate position. And what's an evening, when the difference between a D minus and an E is almost negligible?"

When Beverley left us on his somewhat dismal mission, try though we might to make the ensuing hours pass pleasantly, we could not dissipate a certain species of sympathetic gloom as we considered the straits to which Beverley had been driven. As we took an occasional measure of stimulant to maintain our normal poise, and even endeavored to laugh at Beverley's predicament, of course one could not wholly rid oneself of the memory of the indignity which Beverley was forced to undergo because of an unfair list of examination questions. And as a matter of fact, what with one thing and another, it seemed no time at all before Beverley appeared again in our midst, wearing a somewhat wan smile, indicative seemingly of the strain he had undergone.

"Wasn't she there?" we asked. "Why are you back?"

"Fellows," said Beverley, "it's twelve o'clock."

"And what if it is twelve o'clock?"

Beverley helped himself to a small amount of stimulant. "Cambridge dances," he explained, "always close at twelve o'clock." He listened patiently to our outburst of incredulity. "Do you know," said Beverley at length, "that fellow Hewins was there. Most unpleasant, that Hewins; but nevertheless"—Beverley made a gesture of one who has been under considerable strain—"nevertheless I feel I can safely say that I have passed in Comparative Literature."

His voice was drowned by manifestations of our natural joy.

"Yes," he replied in answer to our friendly question, "she was there."

"What? What was that? Is she beautiful?"

Beverley paused thoughtfully and played with his gloves. "On the whole, I don't think you could use that expression in regard to Clara."

"Clara!" we cried, astonished.

"Certainly," said Beverley. "Her name is Clara Hodges. But I call her Clara now. She said she had never met anyone like me before, and I told her I could understand it. She wears her hair pulled back from her forehead, has a snub nose, and slippers which are somewhat rounded at the toes." As Beverley proceeded with his description his manner had lost something of its habitual genial calm. "I'm going to call on Clara tomorrow afternoon," he added, "to see her collection of butterflies and cocoons. She is going to let me take several cocoons down here to hatch out by the radiator. And perhaps tomorrow afternoon we shall walk up by the cemetery or somewhere and look for more cocoons. And under the circumstances, don't you think"—Beverley paused, his voice grown slightly hoarse and wild—"don't you think we might all go in town somewhere just for—well, I might say relaxation? Doesn't it occur to you that we might?"

No one can understand that we recked little of the actual seriousness of things, for we did not know Clara Hodges then. Clara's taut hair, snub nose and frankly curious eyes had not as yet appeared upon our horizon, and little did we reck the drama that was stalking in our midst. Under the circumstances we only knew more than ever that the time had come for all good men and true to rally to the aid of the party. And need one say we rallied?

II

THE rallying, in fact, was of such a mild character that we slept soundly the next morning; and those of us who shared a suite with Beverley, in what was known as the Gold Coast's richest dormitory, were somewhat hazy as to the events of the previous night when we were aroused from our various bedrooms by an insistent knocking on the outer door. As we assembled, attracted by the sound, in the main room, known technically as a study, we became aware of portions of Beverley's dress garments strewn here and there, mixed curiously with books and glasses. Upon

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THE MEXICAN COMPLEX

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

PHOTO, COPYRIGHT BY LA ROCHESTER, MEXICO CITY

The Zocalo—Plaza of the Constitution—the Central Square in Mexico City

FOR years the relations between the United States and Mexico have been more or less endangered. Save for the period immediately following the accession of President Calles, it has been an almost continuous case of stress and strain since the Madero revolt against the long rule of Porfirio Diaz in 1910. With this upheaval began the train of unrest, with all its menace and complication for us.

Mexico remains the chronic sore spot in the international structure so far as we are concerned. The latest crisis over the threatened confiscation of the alien-owned oil fields is one of a long series that has tried our patience and restraint. The formula for real accord remains elusive.

The questions naturally arise: What is wrong with Mexico? Why have we failed in our relation with her? What can we do to stabilize the situation? Finally, is she capable of self-government? This is precisely what millions of Americans would like to know and should know. The trouble all along has been that we have had two extremes of opinion, jingoism or utter indifference, with no middle ground of firm, consecutive and consistent action. It is only when some flagrant violation of American rights perpetrated on person or property outrages the sensibilities of the nation that we are aroused. Then indignation flares, the specter of intervention looms and our altruistic politicians get busy.

Every time trouble with Mexico develops it becomes the prey of partisan politics this side of the border. This attitude, mainly conceived to embarrass whatever Administration happens to be in power, has done more to uphold Mexican flouting of us than almost any other agency; this, together with misguided uplift, all aided and abetted by one of the finest little propaganda systems yet devised.

It follows therefore that with the one exception when we landed marines at Vera Cruz in 1914—and this was a supreme flivver—every impasse with our southern neighbor has ended with an exchange of notes and a compromise. It has been meddle, muddle, or both. No wonder the Mexicans regard us as the most persistent letter writers in the world.

After sixteen years of turmoil, during which Mexico has had twelve presidents, nearly every one except Calles having ridden into office through bloody confusion, we are apparently just where we were at the start. A definite, workable and permanent relationship seems unattainable.

Our Responsibility in Mexico

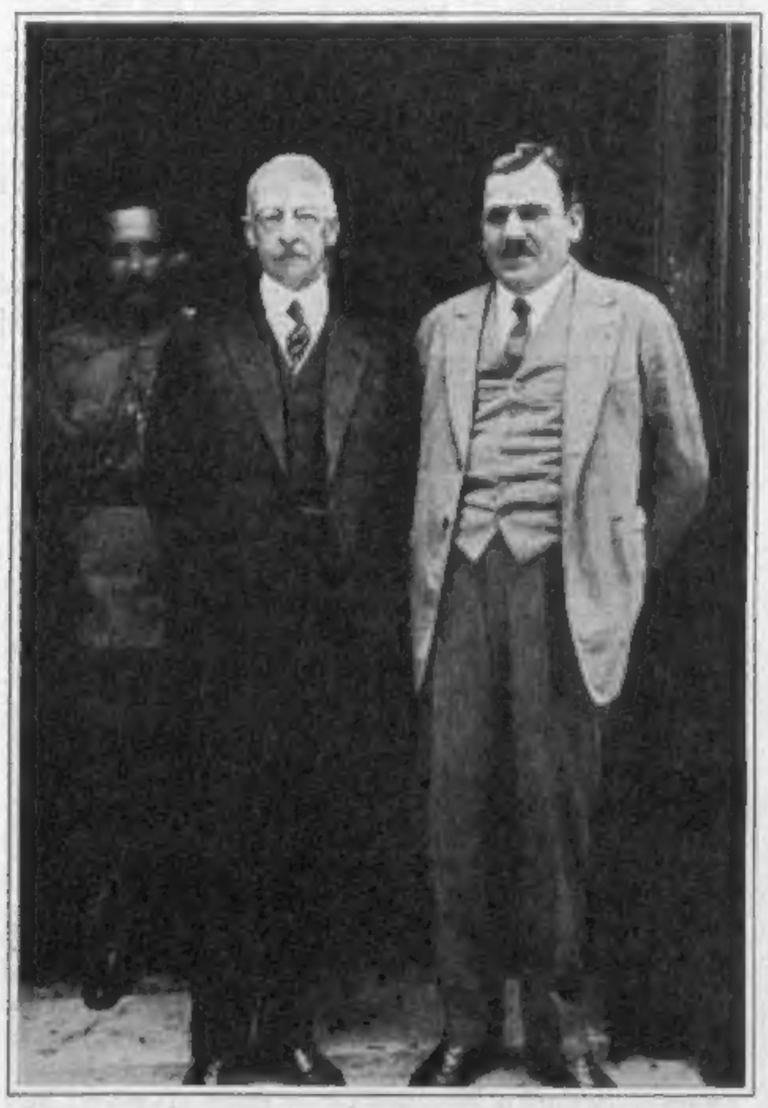
IF THIS incessant turmoil were strictly a family affair we might well shrug our shoulders and let the Mexicans fight it out among themselves. It so happens that we are inseparably bound up with the destiny and the well-being of Mexico. Our financial stake there of $1,400,000,000, together with the security of nearly 20,000 American lives, comprises only the direct and immediate concern. Linked with it is the Latin-American hegemony of which we are sponsor. Mexican meddling in Nicaragua indicates that the government is ambitious to widen its sphere of influence. As I pointed out in the preceding article, which dealt with President Calles, the time has come when the integrity of our stewardship of the Latin-American world hinges upon the way we meet the current difficulty with Mexico.

I made my investigation in a critical time, for I was on the spot through all the uncertainty that preceded the date of enforcement of the petroleum law and during the tension that followed. Incidentally, I saw Mexico in her first churchless Christmas. I had exceptional opportunities to study the situation. It meant contacts with practically every outstanding member of the Mexican Government from Calles down, and with Americans representing all phases of our ramified interests in the republic. Moreover, I traveled far afield with the president and on my own.

I went to Mexico with an open mind. Impartiality of attitude, however, becomes well-nigh impossible in the face of such disregard of alien property rights as obtains there today. The administration of justice and the economic principles held, to say nothing of ill-concealed hostility for us as a nation among the powers that be, makes appraisal anything but an easy or pleasant task. Behind all this lurk the vagaries of the highly sensitized Latin-American temperament. After much world wandering in which I have been called upon to analyze delicate international situations, and even more fragile states of mind, all the way from Moscow to Peking, by way of Berlin and Constantinople, I am free to confess that no problem has proved more baffling in some respects than that of Mexico.

Mexico City is a whispering gallery shot through with distrust. Nearly everybody suspects everybody else. The rumor factory works overtime. In this respect it is like Wall Street on a national scale. You have the instinctive feeling that no matter what you say or write, someone's sensibilities are bound to be jarred. If you are polite to a Mexican in authority he is likely to construe it as a complete indorsement of the national policies. When you criticize, it is set down as blind prejudice.

Nor does this state apply exclusively to Mexicans. Nearly every American in the country has a grievance of some kind. His point of view is therefore colored by whatever ordeal, physical or financial, he has undergone.



Ambassador James R. Sheffield and President Calles

PHOTO, COPYRIGHT BY LA ROCHESTER, MEXICO CITY

Popocatepetl, the Famous Volcano That Broods Over Mexico City

I know of no more homely illustration of the atmosphere of Mexico in general, and the capital in particular, than to relate an experience with a transplanted colored Virginia barber who speaks Spanish with a Southern accent. On the Wednesday before Christmas, when I went in to get my hair trimmed, I asked him if he expected a big rush of trade.

His reply was: "Boss, it is difficult to say. Some years it's good, some years it's bad. You never know what is going to happen in this country—even in my line."

After contact with Mexico and the Mexicans you are forced to the conclusion that the ever-present phrase *quien sabe?* which means "who knows?" should be inscribed upon the coat of arms of the country.

In this and the subsequent articles an effort will be made to elucidate the situation with particular reference to the American interest. This is the paramount Mexican interest as well. Despite Calles' obsessions of self-sufficiency, the country rises or falls, economically and politically, by our attitude. Once we withdraw recognition, the doom of a president is sealed. If we make a neutral zone out of the oil fields and prevent the movement of the product, the principal source of national revenue is wiped out.

Fully to comprehend what is going on in Mexico you must first get a glimpse of the land and some degree of insight into the character of the people.

What is Mexico? To the average man who reads the newspapers she is a state of revolution. Almost invariably some kind of revolt lurks just around the corner. You can always start something, because the makings are in the air.

Actually, Mexico is one of the world's treasure houses, endowed by Nature with a richness of resource that would be difficult to match anywhere. First in the world's production of silver, second in the output of oil, third in lead and zinc, almost the sole source of sisal supply—she is, as one of her historians points out, "a naturally fruitful vine, mistress of more varieties and changing moods than any other equal territory on the face of the globe."

Practically everything known to the vegetable and mineral kingdom can be produced somewhere in Mexico. The country has more cane-sugar land than Cuba, more pineapple land than Hawaii, more banana land than Nicaragua or Costa Rica, more fiber land than Luzon, more coffee land than Salvador, more coconut land than Panama, more cotton land than Egypt.

A Nation Without Unity

THE great plateau regions, now mostly barren, could blossom like Southern California, with a similar expenditure for large irrigation works. In fact, the whole country could be made a vast California in productiveness, given the same expenditure of capital, intelligence and experience.

The principal harvest, however, has been trouble. The pity is that so fair and broad a domain—the area is 767,198 square miles—with such immense possibilities for development, should be the continuous battleground of passion, prejudice and politics.

No section of this Western world is more packed with romance than is Mexico. The conquest by Cortés, immortalized by our own Prescott, swept Montezuma and Aztec power from a wealth-incrusted throne and added glory, gold and territory to the now vanished New Spain. On its soil the first American army to invade a foreign land followed in the footsteps of the valiant Spanish *conquistador* and gave U. S. Grant, Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, George B. McClellan, George E. Pickett and P. G. T. Beauregard their real baptism of blood. It was Mexican aggression that made the Alamo a tradition of American valor. Storied Popocatepetl, the volcano whose smoke broods over the Valley of Mexico, looked down upon Maximilian's ill-fated imperial adventure, an adventure conceived by Europe to balance our power in the Western world. But all this is of the past.

With the Mexican people we reach the real problem. First and foremost is the contrast between the grinding poverty of the masses and the richness of the country. Second is the diversity of the various sections. As in China, there is a variety of local dialects and peculiarities that set up serious obstacles to a national cohesion. Mexico is really a conglomeration—anything but a melting pot.

Various observers have pointed out that only on three occasions has the cry for freedom hurdled desert, valley and mountain and been strong enough to overcome the linguistic differences. They were when Miguel Hidalgo, militant priest and real father of Mexican independence, first defied the Spanish autocracy in 1810; when Benito Juarez, the Lincoln of his country, raised the standard of protest in 1854, and when Francisco Madero assailed the long rule of Porfirio Diaz in 1910. Every other outbreak has been largely individual in sentiment and aspiration.

Wherever you turn you find a curious parallel with China. It exists in the chronic revolutionary spirit and its persistent demoralization of life and property; in the wholesale banditry that makes troop details necessary on all trains; in the numerous dialects to which I have just referred; in the overwhelming illiteracy of the populace, which approximates 80 per cent; in a community of anti-alien interest; in the self-containment of the various states; and in the intrigues of their various governors to become dominant powers. These governors strongly resemble the *tuchuns*, as the overlords of Chinese provinces are called. Each thinks that he is a potential president. In the case of Calles the ambition was realized because he was once governor of Sonora.

Hatching His Votes Before They're Counted

NOW let us see what the populace is like. At the beginning of the past century the United States had 5,000,000 people, while Mexico had 5,000,000. Since then the population of Mexico has multiplied by three and that of the United States by twenty-two.

The contrast between the two countries in wealth and productiveness is still greater. From the beginning one grew great and strong. The other, except for the interval of the Diaz administration, has perpetuated its weakness and backwardness by discouraging the essentials to the development of a primitive land.

The people lack the spirit of unity and team play in public affairs. Elections are a matter of form—in fact nothing but a farce. The story is told of a certain president who had a brief tenure of office. On the night of his inauguration he gave a grand dinner at Chapultepec Castle, the Mexican White House.

One of the guests noticed a huge pile of bundles in the courtyard of the castle. When he asked the president what they were he received this answer: "Those are some of the election returns that have not yet been counted."

So flagrant is the abuse of the ballot that in an editorial entitled The Bankruptcy of Suffrage, El Universal, one of

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Floating Gardens Just Outside of Mexico City. In Oval—The Statue of George Washington in Mexico City

PELTY

By WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

BILL PELTY, riding in a motor stage, was on the way to Bismarong for the four days' rodeo, beginning tomorrow. Toward the end of afternoon, at the edge of the town of festivities, there was a safety stop where the railway crossed, and this reminded Bill of another motor-stage ride months back, when a stranger had asked the driver to step down at a place like this, said stranger then going through the passengers swift and easy as a movie show. Bill's lips braced in a thin smile.

"Some fellers are shore lucky," he thought. "Must be some secret about it." What impressed him wasn't the bandit's particular specialty, but the sleek success he carried about him.

A few minutes later Bill was in the thick of Bismarong, registering for participation solely as a buster. No calf-tying, steer-riding or bulldogging for him—just the bad gee-gees. Outwardly, here was another care-free buckeroo, giving himself to the town's annual festival, but Bill wasn't like that inside. It had taken the last five years to convince him he was a tail-ender; yea, he was down to that, though the last to be convinced. It didn't take a psychiatrist to see through his thin smile. In the fighting game he would have been known as a chopping block. Here he was at twenty-four, having had a try-out on most of the bad ones, and the only name he had made for himself was that of a good cow hand spoiled by the shows. Just as some men swing around from one race track or gambling layout to another, Bill Pelty had used the rodeo circuit. However, he felt himself about through. The fact is he wouldn't have made Bismarong this year, except that his friend and side kick, Jimmy Orr, was here; also he was carrying the good will of Mack Foley, foreman, and the rest of the boys of the Figueroa ranch to this same small red James.

With a Lurch to the Right, He Snapped Round to Bite at His Own Stiffe Joint; Then Turned Loose Behind, Double-Barreled, Landing Hard as a Stone Bolt in Front. Bill Had Been There Before, and Eased Himself in Time

Directed to a side street, Bill walked toward an old brown building with a new concrete annex at the side and back. Anyone could see it wasn't a hotel or telephone exchange. Bismarong felt less and less winsome with each step as he approached. Bill wasn't cold anywheres. The day was friendly hot, all right. No trouble to convince a stranger this was Arizona, being her old July self, fanning her person with a soul-puckering wind. But there was icy air coming out of the front door as Bill entered, and a torpor-cold look in the eye of the governor at the desk.

"Between two and four in the afternoon—visiting days. Tomorrow's one of 'em. No exceptions, mister."

This report was filed on Mr. Pelty from a dry, whitish mouth, a clicking dry mouth like a parrot's. The caller backed out. No, it wasn't a hospital.

"If I get chilblains just standing at the cranny, think what Jim is ketchin' deeper in that stonework," he thought.

Bismarong looked happy at sundown—horse hoppers and steer jerries from anywhere within a thousand miles, including Montana, which would send delegates to a round-up on the Amazon; and white girls from Tucson and dusky ones from Nogales, playtime beginning tonight.

Bill straddled a stool at a lunch counter near the main gate of the rodeo grounds. From under his wide hat, pulled low over his eyes, he watched two pairs of hands at work on the inside of the board. One pair were cutting down a long loaf in equal even slices, and that pair of hands were white and cool. The other two were chopping onions, dark, water-worn, wrinkled and shaped to small tool handles. Bill looked higher. Woman and girl—mother and daughter. The girl was half a head taller. She seemed to know how to do things, though her mind wasn't on it exactly. "It's the mother who goes to the door when old Mr. Wolf knocks, in this outfit," Bill mused.

It was the mother, moreover, who cooked him up a sandwich, but the girl sprinkled chopped onions on the hot meat, inquiring shyly as she served the paper napkins, "Here for the show?"

"Yes, ma'am, I'm apt to stay overnight." Bill tried to look dangerous to women, but this one didn't get it.

"To help around, or just to look on?"

Bill yawned. "I'm aimin' to ride."

One of her hands jerked a little as she set down the mustard. "Would you tell me your name?"

"Yes, ma'am—Bill Pelty."

The next minute he saw her stealing a look at the sheet of a Tucson newspaper. He knew the page from the distance, having studied the list of horse-and-man entries in one like it earlier today.

"This is an awful good sandwich," he remarked to the older woman. "Better start me up another and some more coffee."

The mother raised her head to him with an enlightening look. "We get our meat from the butcher's," she said.

Bill's jaw set, wide open. The sandwich was drawn out unhurt. "Wonder what hoss ranch is making inroads on the regular trade?" he thought. Miss White Hands was coming back showing a reproachful eye. "Look at tomorrow's paper," Bill smiled. "I just got in this afternoon."

She turned her back to think that one over, and the long-drawn twister went on watching the mother's hands. They washed and dried cups and saucers, flicked in and out of the sputtering oil, stirred batter, broke eggs, without a check in speed or the waste of an ounce of force. Her back was bent a little.

"Will you be ridin' in the show tomorrow?" the girl asked

"Guess so. I'll know at 7:30 tonight."

"Because I expect to be there tomorrow afternoon."

Bill was still thinking of modern sandwich systems. "Us lions never know what they throw to us," he pondered, as he strolled off into the dusk. "Wonder where the butcher gets his? Anyway, it was a hell of a good sandwich, and I'm supposed to be on intimate terms with hosses." Those dark worn hands continued to work in his thoughts. "That old girl could keep house for me, all right," he thought. There was no memory of a mother of Bill's own, so his mood wasn't sentimental, just lonesome male.

At 7:30 he found that his entrance fee had certainly taken effect; in fact, that the Who's Horse Who shuffle for tomorrow had netted him Arrowhead, a spiny monster in his prime, a horse that hadn't been imposed upon by any crab-kneed human of late. That loose thin smile formed round Bill's mouth. A fellow had to have taken a whole lot of bad breaks to show a smile like that at twenty-four. The grooves and furrows turned downward, as if to drain off all hope.

"They don't figure to have me stay in Bismarong more'n one night," he thought, passing in among the horse sheds. Here and there in the lantern light, a poker blanket was laid.

He found Arrowhead standing on clean straw in a stall by himself, blinking at the lights in the doorway. "Got him for tomorrow," he remarked to the stable hand. "Thought I'd sleep better after a look."

"I'd sure spend the evening writing home to my folks, if I was you," the other said. "Mister, we have to fill Arrowhead's water pail through a funnel from the next stall."

His return ramble through Bismarong netted the jail for Bill's eyes and still more lowered his standing with life—Jimmy Orr chilled and pining there in the concrete. The little lunch counter looked calling from a distance, the seats partly filled, the mother still bending over the griddles.

"Tomorrow night at this time, I may be driftin' out," he thought, closing in. "Guess I can risk another coffee." He was drawn toward the same stool. The girl gave him that shy smile again.

"Did you find out if you was to ride tomorrow?" she asked, picking up the conversation

"Yes, ma'am," said Bill casually. "Arrowhead."

"What's that 'bout Arrowhead?" a young cowboy at his right wanted to know.

"Nothin'," said Bill; "only they've picked on me to grind his valves tomorrow."

"It just ain't bein' done, mister. Why, I saw that hoss kneel down to pray with Teddy Bultex under him. Now I'm from Phœnix ——"

Bill turned his shoulder on the rest, a surge of desperation breaking over him. "How long do you keep open?" he whispered to the girl.

"Nine o'clock maybe."

"There's a movie over in town. Nine o'clock won't be too late."

"I'll see if I can get away," she gave down.

"Your mother, too," he added faintly, as if not sure that he ought to trust himself with a morsel like her.

A few minutes before nine she joined him in front of the hotel. She wasn't anything less to look at here in the open. "Mother didn't want to leave the booth yet. Customers kept stringing along." She had on a fresh white waist and a black silk scarf. Bill felt as if they were already saddling Arrowhead in the chute; felt loose and at large, too, as if he ought to be using his hands to help walk with.

"How did I ever draw anything like this?" he thought. "She's showin' prettier every look." The air seemed to refresh her after the long hours in the booth. The nervous strain of the long slim twister at her side—nothing to her—that was his hard luck. "I sure liked your mother," he said the second time.

Her name was Minerva—Minerva Galway. She didn't care to be called Minnie. Minerva, or just Minerv. "They went on talking about Arrowhead after you left. Aren't you afraid?" she asked.

"All in the day's work," he lightly answered

"It would be so much more awful if you were hurt, I was saying to mother, because we knew you."

"We'd better go right in," he suggested. Presently,. in the dark, a Western picture unreeled. Every few minutes the fellows in it leaped chasms, went over cliffs or landed in the saddle from tough angles and high places, making Bill feel that it ought to be easy to sit one bad horse for a few seconds tomorrow—the whole day to do it in—even Arrowhead. But his smile began to spill south again. It was this thought: Even if he was able to stay to the whistle tomorrow, his riding would look tame to Minerva compared with this show.

Minerva

After the theater the town was more than ever lighted up. "She's gougin' deeper into me every minute, and I don't mean money," Bill noted to himself. Aloud but feebly, he risked a suggestion of ice cream. They passed the side street where the jail stood in a dark of its own. "I've got a friend in there," he essayed; and when they had a little round table between them he went on to tell her about Jimmy Orr.

"Three years now I've known James," he began. "Square-headed, square-toed. I'd let him draw my wages if I didn't know what I had comin'. Not only that—he's slow to anger for a semipeewee—always looks and listens before speakin' out or losin' his head in any way; kind of pious too—can stay alone with a herd for days without vergin' on the queer. At the big Figueroa Grant, quite a piece south and east of here, where Jimmy and me worked together until recent, was a colt, part Thoroughbred, that Jimmy got his eye on and couldn't pry it off—not for a cow hoss, but like you'd want a Sunday suit. Besides that, old Figueroa has a bad hombre of a son—Carlos, Jr.—not much over twenty, though he's been killin' himself for years, not missin' a chance and figurin' liquor and cigarettes too slow and old-fashioned. What I mean is, the Carlos kid gets hold of some curious powders now and then that makes him anticipate ownership.

"One night, comin' in from range 'bout sundown, Jimmy finds an empty box stall when he goes to say hello to his kid, and we learn Pretty Boy Carlos' car has broke down when he needed to get to Tucson this afternoon early. Jim didn't stop for supper just changed hosses. 'No, Bill, you needn't come,' he said. 'I'll tend to this alone.' But after supper I rode out after him, and halfway to Tucson met him coming back. He was leadin' the Thoroughbred colt, which looked half dead, the little fellow caked with lather and wind-broke.

"'What did you do with Carlos?' I asked.

"'Killed him, I guess,' Jimmy said, with a shiver.

"About an hour before that, pretty close to the big town, he had heard Carlos comin' on the run and held him up. The kid was scared, but dangerous—wouldn't have stopped if he'd known Jimmy was alone. I can just see Jimmy lookin' over what had been done to his colt. Just like him to keep on lookin', and say nothin' for a time until Carlos began gettin' his gun out, like you'd take an apple from a tight pocket. It must have been like that, for Jimmy ain't fast, yet he beat Carlos to it. Fuller Long's ranch was near by, and Jimmy packed the bleedin' Spaniard there, telephoned for a doctor and started home. All that's several weeks back, but Carlos can't seem to make up his mind whether to die or resume—and Jimmy's held. That's all the truth there is, but he doesn't seem to

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"He Was Leadin' the Thoroughbred Colt, Which Looked Half Dead, the Little Fellow Caked With Lather and Wind-Broke"

PREFERENCE

By R. G. KIRK

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

IT WAS a noble choice, though made in liquor. It was 4:30 P.M. by the steeple clock, and the baseball game was over. It was a punko baseball game, a waste of the good Lord's time, an exhibition not worth witnessing. I didn't mind losing the five so much. I always was a better judge of hitting talent than Johnny Lannier, whose rail mill seemed to drain him mentally, leaving him in that blank-brained state where he would bet on certain pitchers to stop our slugging home-town crew. So I was always way ahead of him at the end of the season.

Losing the five spot to him didn't bother me at all. It was the game. Score, 1 to 0. I ask any red-blooded man who likes to see that apple properly clouted, is that a game? A pitchers' battle—bah! I'd have had just as much excitement on the job, although the open-hearth construction was going ahead too smoothly to be much fun for a man who likes a scrap.

With Charlie Simms, the best construction kid I ever hope to have the luck to hire, as resident on that job, I found my feet up on my desk too often for the good of my immortal soul. I had to go to baseball games to get some pleasure.

I met Pap Danna at the exit of the baseball park that day. I never knew that baseball was one of Pappy's weaknesses. I always thought that, except for an occasional two fingers, Pap had no other interests in this world or the next than boiler shop.

"How could you hit about that much?" Pap used to ask me when I dropped in to see him at his shop occasionally. And he'd hold up a hand from which a hungry set of gears had one time chewed his second and third fingers. Index and little finger well spread, then he'd hold them up around an imaginary drink. "How could you hit that just about now, eh? Two fingers—in a washtub?"

Pap Danna in his day had been as valiant a tankard man as Mid-Penn Steel could boast, and Mid-Penn, in that line, had heroes well worth boasting. But when Pap, longer years back than most of us could remember, had been made superintendent of the boiler shop, he had licked liquor, and now, so he told me, seldom lifted one except when he indulged in this other little weakness that I had discovered—baseball. Two fingers went all right with baseball, Pappy claimed, but not with boiler shop.

"Hello there, Mr. Danna," I called to him that day. "You playing hooky too?" I stopped, with him beside my car. "Hop in," I said. "Which way?"

Pap Danna pondered this. He hoisted up from out of a vest pocket a silver watch about the size of a water-cooled gas valve and examined this town clock with such

"Listen, Young Fellow, I Tumbled Off a Scaffold Seven Years Ago and Broke a Couple Ribs That Never Properly Knit. So Please be Careful How You Talk to Me. They Still Hurt When I Laugh"

grave deliberation that I realized suddenly that, with this particular baseball game, Pappy must have measured his two fingers in a washtub sure enough.

"Well," said Pappy Danna, after mature consideration, "there's just three places I can go. I can go home, and I can go to the boiler shop, and I can go to hell, and, of the three, I prefer to go to the boiler shop. You driving down to the plant again today?"

A noble choice, and made, by gosh, by one of Nature's noblemen. Nobly enunciated, also—through the nose. There was no other way. Pap couldn't say it through his teeth. His teeth had long since gone the way of all flesh. They were gone. There weren't any more.

To tell the truth, teeth weren't Pappy Danna's only lack. Fact is, it would have taken half a hand truck full of spares to make old Pap as good as new again. Steel had got most of him. Physically you might well refer to Pappy as remains. A picturesque old ruin, Pappy. There wasn't much man left; but when it came to manhood, brother, Pappy was in there every minute, giving old Giant Steel a knock-down drag-out battle that would warm the cockles of your heart.

Steel had been whittling away at him for forty years. The third and middle fingers of his liquor-hoisting hand were gone, as we have mentioned. His left was luckier. Only an index finger joint was missing, a plate punch naturally not being so voracious as a pair of gears.

The socket of one eye was empty altogether, work of a day when goggles were not used and flying chips of steel from a hard-hit diamond point might do their horrid worst.

I drove Pap Danna to the plant. I hadn't intended to show up on the job again that day. I had left word with the office chief to call my home if anything interesting turned up. But curiosity burned me as to Mr. Danna's partiality toward the boiler shop. Between hell and a steel plant there would be, I dare say, in the minds of all fair men acquainted with both institutions, an even break. Any little circumstance might sway a man's decision one way or another in a choice between those two. But between either of them and home —— But having missed gentlemanly qualification by grinning at Pap's pronunciamiento in favor of the boiler shop, I'd be fried in crane grease before I'd ask him what the trouble was at home. Nevertheless, I drove him back to the plant, and, as I'd hoped, the thing came out.

"My old woman," observed my passenger, "is like that fellow who was coaching on the third-base line. A deuce of a lot of hollerin' and wavin' of arms, and never gets a run across. Closed car! Closed car!"

Mother Danna, so it seemed, had no more chance of getting a closed car than I had of inheriting the throne and harem of the late Akhund of Swat. But the lady, so it developed as we proceeded boiler-shopward, was not one easily discouraged. She had decided that the present Danna conveyance was *passé* and that, no matter how much money Mr. Danna proposed to spend upon it for engine rebuilding and bright new paint, and so forth, she was not going through another winter in an open car.

"And so," it was explained, "I get closed car for breakfast, dinner and supper. I get it for a bedtime story. I get it at the movies. I got it through five whole reels of Discarded Husbands, and it spoiled what would have been a splendid evening, for I will tell a cockeyed world that that new Spiggoty baby they've imported sure can love 'em! And so it goes. The only place I don't get closed car is in the boiler shop.

"The battle's on. In forty years of married life, I may as well admit, I haven't won a single war. She stays right with me till I'm whittled down to her size, and then she beats me. But you bet she always knows there's been a scrap. And this time I'm out to win. This time she learns who's really king. Closed car? We got a car, a touring car—no dog-gone hearse. Fresh air—that's me. I'm breathing structural paint and forge smoke all day. I got to have a car the wind can blow through. A sport coupé, when we already got a sporty bus! Who does she think I am? King Midas? No, sir! No danged dead wagon! Not for me! This time I put the trimmers on her. This time I win the war. I got a big advantage this time that she doesn't know about. I'm a lot deafer than I was the last campaign, and the whisky I can get is rottener."

Oh, yes, I had forgotten to tell you. Steel had not only got an eye from Pap Danna; it had nearly got both his ears. Almost a half century in the boiler shop had done it. Little wonder. Fifteen minutes in Pap's shop when things were going good, and my tortured eardrums would be humming for a day. And yet here was Pap, counting the deafness due to decades of that racket an advantage. I began to see the exquisite wisdom of his choice between

hell, home and steel. He had married, so it seemed, the original lady who wouldn't take no for an answer.

As I drove up to the company gate Pap Danna stopped me and got out. His raised hand held me.

"Watch!" he commanded, and he walked across the pike and back to me again. "Am I sober or am I drunk?" inquired Pappy.

That old boy sure could throw it off. I handed him a stick of chewing gum—clove, double strength. "Chew that and you're sober as the old town pump," I told him.

"O. K.," said Pap. "I'll go in then and do a couple hours' boiler-shopping. So long. Thanks for the buggy ride."

The office chief was much perturbed when I dropped in at five. "I've been trying to get you at your home for hours," he told me, all a-fluster. "Mr. Merriville's clerk has been inquiring if Mr. Merriville could meet you for a short conference at 5:30."

Mr. Merriville was the works' pest, the company kill-joy. From the blast-furnace unloading trestle to the rail-mill loading yard there was not a man who would not gladly have lowered Mr. Merriville into a merrily bubbling vat of engine oil. Mr. Merriville was an efficiency expert, and his idea of a perfect day would be to end it with an hour's conference about nothing, starting at 5:30. Thus Mr. Merriville would happen to be leaving the office building at about 6:45, timing it to the minute when Mr. Ledeaux, our general manager, also left. So Mr. Ledeaux would see that Mr. Merriville could not finish up his grueling day by half-past five or thereabouts, when construction chiefs and other carefree hands went whistling through the gate, their day's work done.

But though our Mr. Merriville left the work at this late hour every day, he thereby bluffed nobody but himself, and maybe A. B. X. Ledeaux. Mr. Merriville toiled not so that anyone could notice it, neither did he sweat, perspire or even glow. But he instructed others so to toil as to produce the maximum amount of sweat per diem for that dear old Mid-Penn Steel. And in a company of ten thousand men who wore work clothes, respectably clean or just as respectably dirty, as the case called for, he went about arrayed, bedight, adorned, the mold of form, the observed of all observers.

Mr. Merriville was, in short, another of those things; another of those inexplainable things that somehow find a way into every business, even steel, to the bedevilment of men at work. There should be a perpetual open season for them, with no limit to the bag. Charlie Simms believed there was, but how young Mr. Merriville managed to last at Mid-Penn Steel through all the months till Charlie got him is a great mystery in Mid-Penn's annals. I do not know to this day whether he was the president's nephew, or if he was engaged to be married to the head of the road that bought the most part of our rails, or if he was a brother of A. B. X. Ledeaux in Ossa Phi at Theophrastus, where both had gone to school.

But I do know that he was the management's paragon of industry and fair-haired boy, and that it behooved all us Chinese help to pretend attention and acquiescence to his helpful hints toward executive efficiency; for the hints of A. B. X. Ledeaux's darlings were commands.

By 6:45 that evening, lateness for dinner and a good show doomed, together with the knowledge that a very charming lady, who happens to be my wife, was growing hourly more vexed and disappointed, my day was irretrievably ruined. But I found strength for patience in the enriching knowledge that by a complicate lapping or rotating process we could serve stone to one of our concrete mixers with eleven men instead of with three groups of four men each. I was exalted also by meeting with A. B. X. Ledeaux as he was leaving his office at his usual hour. That day I, too, was of those with duties far too arduous to be finished up by half-past five.

"Good evening, Mr. Ledeaux," said this blot on steel's landscape. "I was just thrashing out a little detail in economy with the construction chief. I wouldn't have bothered him with so relatively small a matter if I could have located his resident engineer over at the open-hearth job."

He was a liar by the clock. He wouldn't have passed up the chance to waste the time of any man who was busy doing work for a month's emolument, or whatever it was he got instead of ordinary salary.

"I tried from two to 2:15 to locate Simms," he said to me, but so that Mr. Ledeaux would get it all, "but couldn't. And, having things bigger than his masonry organization to straighten out, I had to leave. It would make for better efficiency in construction, don't you think, if the resident was always available on his job?"

Bless My Lop-Eared Soul if Charlie Simms, Right Then and There, in That Sacred Conference Room, Before A. B. X. Ledeaux and All the Rest of Us, Didn't Smack Mr. Merriville Flatter Than a Waffle

At that I came near boiling over. Charlie Simms was one peach of a construction man. Efficiency experts will search industry many a day to find a lad as conscientious. But I held on the lid.

"Simms was no doubt at the merchant mill," I said. "My engineer on the new splice-bar shop is sick, and I've told Simms to give that job an hour or two each day till he gets on the job again. Except for that, you'll find him always on the job and eager for any suggestions that will cut his costs."

I am, upon occasion, some little liar by the clock myself. Phil Day, a transit man, was looking after the splice-bar shop job till the resident got back. I had no more idea where Charlie Simms had been that P. M. than a duck.

"I'll have Simms put that mixer-gang idea into practice in the morning," I assured young Mr. Merriville, qualifying this statement, however, with the mental addenda that I would in a red pig's ear and that I hoped young Mr. Merriville would choke to death on parsnips on Tuesday next, instead of happily on some kind of food. And so I left that drag upon the cosmos holding Mr. Ledeaux intimately by the elbow, chatting with him of the future of the steel industry, and I dashed off to my car—to get nicked to the tune of fifteen bucks a couple minutes later, batting up the pike at sixty, trying to get to wife and dinner before they both went absolutely cold on me.

Under the circumstances, there was nothing much to do but grin and bear up under Mr. Merriville while he lasted, which we of the Mid-Penn family did. But when he started after Pappy Danna in the conference room one morning, every department head bristled; for Pappy Danna was Mid-Penn's best beloved, and there wasn't a man on the plant that wouldn't have gone to the mat with the president himself for Pappy.

Pap Danna was a heart of oak. Pap was a man. Pap got the stuff out, bet your last whack-blanked hope of kingdom come on that. You couldn't load Pap Danna's shop up to the choking point. They'd been trying it for twenty years. You could feed him order slips till you'd think his shop would bulge out at the sides; but somehow he'd keep her corrugated sheeting on, and somehow keep the finished stuff moving out the delivery end to keep pace with the new jobs coming in.

But what was most remarkable about old Pap was this: Go to him when his whole floor was a seemingly hopeless litter of plates and angles and beams, when great half-finished girders strewed the place and huge half-riveted sections of gas flue lay hulking all about, when boilers of all sizes and in all stages of construction and repair crammed every last inch of available space, and when caulking tools and rivet hammers and air chisels went tearing into the work on hand with a noise to make you want to pull out hair in handfuls and scatter it about you as you danced like one of those bug-house Greek dancers tossing posies from a basket—go to Pap Danna at a time like this and ask him please to be so kind as to get out this small rush order for you as a favor, and he'd do it.

He had his own way, to be sure, of saying, yes, he would. It went about like this:

"You get the hell out of here with that bung-blanked order. Rush, did you say? Rush is it? Do you see them plate shears? Do you see them punches? Do you see them rivet stands? See them bending rolls? See any of them idle? Well, they're all on rush jobs. There ain't an order comes out of the offices nowadays but some half-baked young go-getter doesn't mark rush on it, or maybe double rush. Want me to take them new splice-bar furnace buckstays off of the punches to get out your measly twenty

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COLLECTORS VERSUS FAKERS

By Edwin Lefèvre

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

Buyers to Whom Antique Buying is a Fashionable Fad are Practically Bribing Antique Dealers Into Being Dishonest by Demanding the Most Unusual Pieces

EVER since I became a collector of historic flasks and bottles I have heard stories of fakes in my specialty, but nobody has ever shown me any. A reputable dealer in New York City told me the other day that he had seen one of those green Booz bottles of which a few were made several years ago. A few bottles were blown before the dealer was stopped. Mr. Samuel Hopkins Adams, another bottle hound, told me of a dealer in Maine who had shown him a circular from an importer in New Jersey, offering to sell reproductions of historic bottles. Another dealer told me of a glass factory that offered to reproduce for him any flask wanted. He would not give me the name of the factory because they did not wish it printed.

When I first spoke about these fake flasks to dealers in New York who specialize in bottles, they laughed. It was an old story which had never been verified. It never would be, because it would never pay to fake bottles.

Czecho-Slovakiamericana

A PENNSYLVANIA dealer, however, told me that he actually had seen a reproduction of a Jenny Lind bottle, with the Fisherville reverse. An original Jenny Lind calabash-shaped bottle had been sent to a glass factory in Czecho-Slovakia, where they had made a mold from it. The shrinkage in the mold made the reproduction a little smaller. Not long afterward a well-known importer sent circulars to the trade offering this bottle.

I called at the man's showroom. His shelves were full of reproductions of Bohemian, English and American glass. Several varieties of Sandwich dolphin candlesticks in divers colors were there, and other specimens of early American pressed glass. He showed me the Jenny Lind bottle. Of course an expert who had been forewarned would have spotted the reproduction at once. The difference is in the neck.

"Is that all you have?" I asked.

"That is all we have at present, but we expect more soon—several Eagle bottles, the Locomotive flask and others that I cannot remember."

That means that before long some antique shop will have reproductions of historic flasks for sale.

So far the higher-priced flasks have not been faked. To begin with, the originals are practically unobtainable. No collector would lend any extremely rare flask. Moreover, even if the reproducer should succeed in turning out a fine copy of a rare flask—say, one that sells at $150—where could fakers sell it? If they offer it for twenty-five dollars suspicion would instantly be aroused. If they ask the full market price they could sell only to those collectors who are experts. When in doubt, pass! On the other hand, everybody knows that Jenny Lind bottles are worth from six dollars to fifty dollars, according to the variety and color, and when somebody who has not specialized in bottles runs across one for from four to five dollars, he knows enough to realize it is cheap. They are decorative and make a brave show on the shelf. There are also log-cabin and barrel-shaped bottles in beautiful blue, which are frankly reproductions and are used to make electric lamps. French and Italian copies of our old Chestnut bottles have long been on the market, frankly sold as reproductions.

Old china is both faked and imitated. Copies are made, though seldom entirely successfully. The rare blue Staffordshire historic plates and platters are not imitated closely enough to deceive anyone who knows. Much faked Lowestoft is on the market, and American subjects are freshly painted on old plates. Staffordshire dogs and figurines are reproduced, and cheap imitations of copper and pink luster are now flooding the market.

I will say, in fairness to the dealers, that more of these obvious fakes have been offered to me as originals by private persons than by dealers. And always they resent one's refusal to accept their assertions as to the age of the dishes. I had one souvenir plate that was plainly stamped "Copyright 1909," offered to me as being more than 100 years old, which is the age of all articles in many farmhouses today. A neighbor was asked how old his engraving of Lincoln and his Cabinet was, and when he replied "About sixty years" he was told, "Oh, ours is more than 100 years old!" Another neighbor is no longer on speaking terms with me because I laughed when she offered to bet me that her plate commemorating Washington's inauguration was over 200 years old.

When in Doubt, Pass!

THERE is a man in Paris who can imitate almost any china object so carefully that it will fool anybody. His name is known to every collector. A friend of mine has a pair of Chinese vases for which she paid $10,000 to a famous firm. One of the vases was broken beyond repair, but she had one made just like it by the Paris expert. I think the price was $800.

She sent for the dealer from whom she had bought the vases and said, "Mr. Blank, here are those vases you sold me. I broke one of them and had a copy made. Will you tell me which is the original and which is the copy?"

Blank looked at them carefully and said, "I cannot tell without taking them up."

"Take them up then and tell me."

He picked them up and studied them. Mind you, he is one of the experts. In the end he said, "I refuse to express an opinion. I am not going to make a fool of myself."

The question inevitably arises: How much is a copy worth commercially that is not distinguishable from the original—not even by an expert? The originals cost $5000 apiece and the reproduction $800. The genuine article has only one element that the copy lacks—rarity. It all

depends upon what the individual buyer is paying for when he buys antiques.

An English potter once faked an excellent copy of an antique jug. The glaze, the coloring and the shape were marvelously reproduced, for he was a master craftsman. But somebody told him that in old jugs the foot always was worn. Very carefully he reproduced the wear on the foot of his masterpiece. Unfortunately, he did not stop to think that the wearing is in the front, away from the handle side, because that is the part that first touches the ground when it is set down. The forger wore down the heel instead of the toe

Genuine pottery that is broken is restored with composition. The work can be very well done and you have to look very closely to find suspicious symptoms. It is always well to test suspected spots with a coin. Tap them gently. The genuine parts give a ring and the composition a dead sound.

A dealer who specializes on ship models told me that there were no dangerous fakes in his line because a new ship model is apt to be as valuable as a contemporary model of an old ship. It costs more to reproduce an old-ship model today than the old model can be bought for. Old-ship models that sell for $7500 would cost from $15,000 to $20,000 to reproduce.

"We had a museum model of an old English man-of-war reproduced to order for a wealthy customer," he said. "It cost him $26,000, which was much more than the original model had sold for. Of course the commercial reproductions of the Mayflower, the Half Moon, Spanish galleons, and the like, are not really models and, moreover, are always sold as reproductions. They are not exact copies of rare originals made with intent to deceive. They were made to use as decorations to go with certain interiors, and are sold at the shop's usual percentage of profit." Another dealer to whom I quoted the foregoing laughed and said, "Let it go at that."

The Kitchen Becomes Fashionable

THE craze for Early American, chiefly pine, has been a godsend to dealers and decorators. They were finding greater and greater difficulty in supplying good mahogany, walnut and maple. When it came to old pine and home-made furniture, there could not be any scarcity because few of those early pine pieces were made by finished cabinet-makers. To duplicate them, all the faker has to do is to make them clumsy and crude enough to have been made by your great-grandmother's uncle's hired man in 1710. There is no scarcity of old pine boards and timbers, and more than one abandoned farmhouse has been transferred to the interior of a millionaire's new palace. Old ships are the main source of supply of timber for heavy logs. To use the kitchen of an eighteenth-century farmhouse as your present dining room in order to feel that you are eating in a room in which six or eight generations of sturdy Americans have got indigestion or asphyxiated themselves with cabbage fumes and smoke from a back-firing chimney is all very well. But deliberately to construct that kind of kitchen in a modern house and to use it for a dining room to get atmosphere is much like discarding bathrooms in order to get the real flavor of the life of the Pilgrim Fathers.

Our forbears considerately painted many of their pine pieces with a red paint that defies removers and scrapers. That red-painted pine has been pie for the faker. Mr. Wallace Nutting has published books which have been of incalculable value to earnest students and lovers of Early American furniture. But they also created a widespread demand for that same Early American stuff which is still devastating the New England countryside.

It isn't only the crooked dealers who are overpaid by hundreds of shrewd Americans infected with antiquitis. The honest agriculturist is beginning to rotate his crops.

A New England picker stopped at a farmhouse in Vermont. He traveled about in an old truck and traded with the natives on the plan of the old tin peddler. He carried his finds with him. Among others, he had a new bureau—a reproduction—which he had bought cheap. He traded it to the farmer for a lot of Sandwich glass and some pewter plates which had been acquired at an auction sale the day before. The farmer had paid sixty cents for a boxful of glass and pewter and other junk, and he didn't see how he could be stung if he swapped it all for the "fine old antique bureau" that the picker so generously offered in exchange. A day or two later another picker—a new man who never before had been seen in that part of the country—stopped at the same farmhouse. He asked for old furniture and said he paid the highest prices ever heard of. He would buy anything that was old. Money was no object to him.

"What do you pay for old chests of drawers?" asked the farmer.

"From a dollar to a hundred," answered the picker.

"I've got one of the $100 kind," the farmer told him. To prove it he added, as usual, "It's over 100 years old."

Experience Is a Great Teacher

"PLEASE, I should see it before I pay," said the picker meekly. So the farmer led him into the ancestral bedroom and showed him the "genuine old antique" that the first picker had swapped him for the pewter and glass.

"There you are. It's cheap at $200."

"Yeh; but it ain't an old piece, mister."

"Sure it is. I got it from a man who knows more about antiques than you do. He's from Boston."

"Yeh, he knows. How much you pay him?"

"I gave him a lot of old glass and a large boxful of pewter plates over 100 years old."

"I wish I was here last week," groaned the new picker.

"I might take less than $100 for the bureau," said the farmer carelessly.

"I couldn't give you five dollars for it. I couldn't afford to carry it in the truck. I can't sell new furniture at no price."

"Say, how can you tell this ain't a genuine old antique? What's wrong with it?" asked the farmer, who was a Green Mountain boy.

"How can you tell your dog ain't fifty years old? So nice and clean, the inside of the drawers. And see those knobs. You should get brass handles from old bureaus. You got more pewter?"

"No; nothing."

"Good-by."

The vindictive Vermonter took some old handles off an old bureau, put them on the new and took it to the shed. He let the leaks and the chickens do their worst. The drawers he half filled with dirt from the barn. When he thought it looked dirty enough to be a thousand years old, he planted the piece in the woodshed of his wife's cousin's farmhouse, one of those dilapidated dwellings on a rough hill road

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"One Day He Asked Me to Go to His House and Look at His English Silver"

RAISE OR QUIT

By MAUDE PARKER

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

ELLEN knew all at once that this time it was serious. Jim and the girl were pushing back the chairs at the other end of the library; they had turned on the music for dancing. Ellen had never heard this record before; its rhythm was as definite and as significant as a human heartbeat, and its primitive tempo was accentuated by the sophisticated undercurrents of its melody.

The girl wore an orange jersey dress; her hair was black. From across the room, she looked to Jim's wife like the very incarnation of danger. There was no doubt as to her beauty, but Jim had been attracted to beauty before, only to return, a little shamefaced, after short flights, to tell Ellen all about it, or at least much more about it than most husbands tell their wives—even wives of the unquestioning, quiet kind that Ellen had become. But this new girl—this Janet, with black hair growing back from a widow's peak, and fastened into a knot on her slender young neck—had more than beauty.

Just as Ellen was trying to describe to herself just what it was about the girl that caused these curious twistings of pain in her own heart, the music stopped automatically, and she heard Jim's voice, as he looked down at Janet.

"You've got the eyes of an angel and the mouth of a ——"

"A devil, I suppose?" She laughed up at him, as pleased as a child.

Ellen pretended to be absorbed in the book on her lap. She did not look at them until after they had started the music again. Then she realized that Jim had expressed exactly her own feeling.

The girl's eyes, under dark brows, were of a warm and honest brown; if the rest of her face had been in keeping with them and with her smooth white brow, Ellen would not have worried, or at any rate, not in this devastating way. But Janet's face below her rather high cheek bones suddenly tapered down into the most mischievous chin and the merriest mouth and whitest teeth ever designed to make a man fifteen years her senior lose his head entirely.

They were dancing together now; they moved beautifully; yet there was nothing too personal or too professional in it. That was what worried Jim's wife. It was the essential niceness of this new girl—this dark-eyed, smooth-haired Janet—which caused Ellen to join her hands to keep from crying out.

Jim called to her, "Who's coming for dinner tonight?"

She looked up from her book; she had remembered to turn the pages automatically, even though she had read no word of it.

"The Stevenses, Emmy Blair, Don Turner and the Osteses. Why?"

"Haven't you got another man?"

"Turn off the music, dear. I can't understand a word you're saying."

Ellen heard herself uttering this untruth with a feeling of surprise. She knew exactly what Jim had asked her, only she wanted time before answering. The music stopped. Jim came around the sofa, nearer to his wife.

"I said, who's the other man? You've got Emmy Blair and Janet that makes two extra women. You need another man."

"Yes, of course," Ellen kept her fingers at the place in the book where she had been pretending to read. "Oh, didn't I tell you Dell' Antra had accepted?"

"Damn Dell' Antra!—I'm sorry—but really, Ellen, why did you ask that lounge lizard?"

Ellen always drawled a little, but in moments of stress this became exaggerated. Now she said in her laziest and most Southern manner, "I don't know, Jim. I just sort of like him."

Jim turned toward Janet. "I don't usually interfere in these household matters, but this man—really."

"Listen, darling," said Ellen very slowly, with a smile on her lips destined to deceive anyone who did not look up at her cool gray eyes, "if you're going to be rude to your wife, apologize to her and not to the—the innocent bystander."

She Heard Jim's Voice, as He Looked Down at Janet. "You've Got the Eyes of an Angel"

Janet and Jim both laughed.

"Well, anyway, look out for this man," Jim said. "I understand that wherever he goes he leaves a trail of broken hearts. I don't see how he gets away with it."

Ellen rose slowly, her book under her arm, still with her finger marking the imaginary place in her reading. She seemed to suppress an infinitesimal yawn.

"When men begin to see why other men get away with it there'll be hope for everybody." This time her eyes smiled with her lips. "I'm going up." She turned to the girl. "When you're ready to dress, just ring for my maid. You'll find the bell beside your bed. Dinner's at eight."

Ellen's room was cool and dark and quiet. She undressed and slipped on a loose silk garment, then pushed back the curtains of flowered chintz and stood in front of the open window, drawing in long deep breaths of the fresh spring air. She had been told that this practice would guarantee half an hour's relaxing sleep, at the end of which one would waken completely rested.

Dutifully she lay down flat on her back in the center of the wide mahogany bed, with a light coverlet thrown over her. She looked at the luminous face of the clock on the little table beside her; it was just half-past six.

"I can sleep for an hour," she said. She even closed her eyes, as if to make herself believe it.

There was a gentle knock on the door.

"Who is it?"

Of course it couldn't be Jim. Jim was downstairs dancing with Janet. But she had a start of surprise when she heard her maid's soft voice, "It's me, Miss Ellen. You forgot your hot milk."

"All right, Jinny."

The large dark woman came over to the bed with the tray and continued her scolding. "Now you mustn't keep on forgetting, Miss Ellen. You know what the doctor says. You needs your strength."

"Oh, I'm really very strong, Jinny."

"Yes'm." Her intonation made it a denial.

As Ellen sipped the hot liquid she felt a wave of gratitude for the other's maternal care. She was so glad she had not yielded to Jim's desire, after they had grown prosperous, that she should send Jinny back home and find a French maid who would be more in accord with their larger household.

"Now you get your rest, honey."

The door closed behind her. Ellen looked again at the clock. It was twenty-five minutes to seven now. She regarded the foot of the bed. It was too dark to see the intricate pattern of the pineapple carving on the tall posts which supported the canopy top. The bed had belonged to her great-grandmother; Jinny and it were the only things she had brought with her when she had left Maryland and come North with Jim.

After all these years; she grew suddenly tense and filled with anger as she thought of the way she had had to fight them all for Jim. She could hear her grandmother's voice saying, "And who is this Breton person, Ellen? No one in Baltimore has even heard of him." And she had answered with cool clairvoyance that still amazed her, "All the worse for Baltimore, then. They will hear of him sometime."

She had fought them so successfully that they had finally not only given their consent but had begged her to allow them to have a wedding for her at home.

"Did you really want to elope?" Jim had said, a little fearfully, she thought, because, of course, he was more conventional than she.

"Certainly not! I never dreamed of eloping. But in order to be married at home I had to make grandmamma think I didn't want to!"

It seemed to her suddenly, after all these years, that she had spent so much time in fighting for Jim! If only now it could be ended—surely, surely, she could not be expected to go on fighting forever. During that first period when they had been poor and Jim had worked so frightfully hard, she had always been conscious of the strong support which it had given her to have both their backs against the wall. But even during that time, when she had been strong and young, with a zest for battle, she had looked forward to the time when the struggle would let up a little and they could begin to enjoy the rewards of victory. She was still waiting. . . . Let's see, she was thirty-six now—they had been married seventeen years.

They had been married just ten years when Jim had got the partnership—that was seven years ago. Yes, it was on her thirtieth birthday that Jim had given her the hunter. She still remembered the thrill she had felt when she had ordered new riding clothes after all that time when she had not been on a horse, for she had refused to ride her friends' horses and had waited until she could have one of her own. The tailor had called her Miss Ellen because he had not made anything for her since her marriage; he insisted that she looked quite as young as she had then;

and because Jinny had pulled a gray hair out of her head that very morning she had been pleased.

She had looked young; her figure was small and compact and her gray eyes opened at times so very wide. Jim had recorded that look in a snapshot of her on the horse—such a beautiful vicious black creature it was, with a white star above its great eyes. She had gone less than a quarter of a mile from the stables of the country place which they had rented, when a huge threshing machine had blocked the lane; feeling the horse quiver, she had turned him sharply, pulling at his bit, because it had been so long since she had ridden that her self-possession had left her. She could still feel herself being thrown high in the air.

Suddenly she was sitting up in bed, reliving the agony of that fall. Her forehead was wet with perspiration.

"Oh, I mustn't!" she said aloud. "I mustn't!"

Why had she thought of it today? It was a thing so completely of the past—a thing long finished and beyond all power of heaven or earth to change. And yet some fiendish trick of memory had brought it back so vividly that she was trembling all over.

For it had gone so far beyond mere physical suffering. That she could have endured. She was Spartan about pain. But to have had to give up companionship with Jim just at the moment when, for the first time in all those years, he had had the leisure for companionship and recreation of real importance to him—that pain had been almost unendurable. It had been almost easier during the first eighteen months after the accident, when she had not been able to move from her room. They had stayed on in the country because the air was better for her there, and it was easy for Jim to get into the city either by train or with the new motor car and chauffeur which the partnership had made possible. At first, no matter how late he was kept at the office, he always came home. "I couldn't sleep unless I knew that you were all right," he had said.

Gradually, however, she had persuaded him that he was using up too much of the energy which his work needed by making these trips. She insisted that on nights when he worked late he must stay in town. She it was who had divined, without him telling her, that the new work had brought new social contacts, and they agreed that he must accept the invitations of the other members of the firm or their friends. How much beyond this circle he had gone, she did not know. She had not questioned him. Perhaps for this reason he had told her almost everything. The first time that he had stayed in town for three successive nights of dinner and the theater he had come home prepared, she knew, to apologize and to accept her scolding, instead of which he found that she had asked a house party for the week-end. He had said, "Ellen, you're so wonderful! You're the most wonderful wife a man ever had!" And then, his excuses unuttered, he had gone happily out to play tennis on the new court, from which voices floated up to the window of the room in which she lay.

After the plaster cast had been removed and she had begun to walk again, their social problems had become even more complicated. During two years of going about without her, he had made a great many new friends who had regarded him very much as a bachelor. It gave her a shock, the first time she dined with some of these people, to realize that in spite of all her suffering it was Jim for whom they felt pity, and not her! Viewed in their light, he was a young, vigorous successful man tied to a semi-invalid wife who could not dance or play golf, or even stay up very late. Simultaneously with this realization she saw that whereas her own family and friends had regarded her somewhat in the light of a heroine for having turned her back on the security and comfort of their established order and gone forth courageously with a poor and unknown stranger, the situation was now reversed.

In Jim's new environment it was she who was obscure and who did not fit in. The fact that she had had a few ancestors painted by Gilbert Stuart and owned a beautiful family tree done in water colors, which proved the existence of three hundred years of decent family connection with occasional outcroppings of distinction, meant nothing to this crowd of Jim's—for he had more or less settled down to one crowd. Their magic phrase was "people who did things"; most of them seemed to have a good deal of money, but this was not important except as a symbol of power. They took up all manner of successful people—painters and editors and tennis champions and moving-picture actresses, as well as brokers and bankers and lawyers. The only requisite was a vital spark which had been conspicuously ignited.

This girl, Janet Johnstone, had been discovered—to use the crowd's phrase—only a short time ago. The publisher who gave such splendid dinners in his country place, not far from them, had introduced her to them all, a few months before. She was one of the foremost young sculptors in America, he declared. But the thing that had made her all the more remarkable in his eyes—and therefore in the eyes of the others—was that she, who had such undeniable genius, should have come from the kind of people that she did. It was well-known that most celebrities come either from the slums of a city or from a small inland town of cramping provincialism. But this girl, whose studio contained such magnificent and original work, had been brought up in the most conservative and proper way. She was, for instance, one of the few girls in New York whose coming-out party had been given in the same house in which she had been born and where her own mother had been introduced to society a quarter of a century before.

"And then, after a year, she simply burst the bonds, my dear!" the publisher's wife declared. "Of course a girl like that couldn't stand that empty life!"

"Have you seen her work?" Ellen had asked.

By way of avoiding a direct answer, the other had exhibited the proof sheets of an article which was about to appear in one of her husband's magazines. It contained a large photograph of Janet Johnstone, becomingly attired in an artist's smock, sitting in a high-backed chair in the center of a Gothic studio; the two pictures of her work, on the opposite page, were very much smaller. According to their captions, one of these represented the portrait in marble of a famous politician, and the other—which looked a good deal like it—was the portrait in marble of a moving-picture comedian. After the article had appeared, however, Janet was given more commissions than she could possibly execute, and of course every time it was known that she had refused a sitter three new people clamored to be done.

But even as she reviewed all of this Ellen realized that the girl herself was not to blame for most of it; she was naïve, not insincere. She had been bored by society after a year of being a popular debutante, and had subsequently turned to other forms of expression, such as writing sonnets and designing scenery, neither of which she did successfully. Then she had run

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"Does it Amuse You, This Game?" "Immensely," She Said. "I Was Especially Interested in Your Method, for Poker is Much Like Life, I Think"

CRAP SHOOTERS

By Leonard H. Nason

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

The Traveler Sighed, Pulled His Mackinaw a Little Closer About His Throat, and Picked Up His Hand Bag

A LONELY traveler, slipping and stumbling in the mud, clambered up the high bank from a field below, onto the metaled surface of a tree-lined highroad. The traveler paused, panting, and putting down the cheap hand bag that he carried, beat his breast and blew upon his hands to warm them. He was thin and old, round-shouldered almost to the point of being humpbacked.

His costume had certain military features—leather putties, a khaki-colored Mackinaw, a gas mask and a steel helmet—but the rawest recruit from the highest of the Ozarks would know that this man was no soldier. He wore rubbers, which is a greater crime in the Army than to strike an officer. His putties were of that ancient model where the strap goes twice around the leg, passing through a slit at the back. Moreover, they were on the wrong leg, but since they were of the stovepipe variety and did not conform to the shape of the calf, this made little difference. His gas mask he wore with the flap to the front instead of against his chest, and his helmet on the back of his head instead of over the right eye as prescribed. He stamped his feet to clear them of the mud, blew on his hands again, and looked abroad over the landscape.

Before him, stretching for miles, a barren plain flowed slowly downhill to a valley, then up again to distant hills. To the west were more hills, tree clad, but brown and leafless now. Eastward the plain stretched out of sight, deserted, lifeless, black here with dead vegetation and white there with snow that the sun's rays had not been able to reach. The discouraged sun of late winter was already giving up the hopeless task of bringing warmth and cheer to such a place, and was going home to bed behind the western hills, but there was light enough for the traveler to discover something that he seemed to have been searching for—a pile of dirty whiteness that bore a resemblance both to a city dump and a worked-out quarry.

It might, to an imaginative eye, look like the skeleton of some prehistoric beast that had dragged himself across the plain to die. A long white pillar stood up, like the last tooth in a great jaw, and there were bars against the sky that might have been ribs. They were not ribs, but roof beams, and the pillar was a chimney more solidly built than its fellows. The white mass was the ruins of a town.

The traveler sighed, pulled his Mackinaw a little closer about his throat and picked up his hand bag. A short way down the highway there was a smaller road, half hidden now under its dead weeds, rocky, full of holes, but still a road, and it plainly led to the ruined town. There was a weather-beaten sign nailed to a tree above the path, with the words in French: SENTIER DANGEREUX PAR TOUS LES TEMPS, and in English: THIS PATH DANGEROUS AT ALL HOURS. The traveler turned into it with never a pause and proceeded toward the town, wherein was a battalion P. C. that he sought.

It was breakfast time in the P. C. Breakfast was late, for men who must keep awake all night must sleep all day; hence breakfast was at five P.M. The major sat on the edge of a chicken-wire bunk and scraped at the interior of his pipe with a knife, the adjutant boiled water for coffee over a can of alcohol, the battalion gas officer still slept, and the battalion telephone officer gazed sadly upon all and ruefully rubbed his two-day-old beard. His soap was all gone and the adjutant had just refused to lend his.

The P. C. was crowded. Slickers, uniforms, boots and musettes hung in clusters, three telephones, a pile of maps and orders, and a dish rack made of a ration box occupied the floor, and the alcohol stove before mentioned occupied the table from which they had been removed. The P. C. was cold, and the men in it loved each other as any four men would who had lived cheek by jowl in a wet cold hole in the ground for four months, which is to say that the only two hopes that kept them alive were that they might some day be relieved and that one or the other of the staff might come to sudden and violent death by enemy agency.

"Did any eggs come up?" asked the telephone officer.

"No!" replied the adjutant. He measured out the coffee with a cautious hand, picking up a few crumbs he had spilled and putting them into the pot. "The can of hash we got yesterday has blown at the ends," he went on, "so unless you want to drag yourself out and see what you can beg from the enlisted men, breakfast will be slim."

"I'll eat the hash," said the telephone officer. "Maybe it will poison me and I'll get out."

"They'll try you," remarked the major. "Self-inflicted wound. I'm going to eat some myself. I have hopes it will be fatal." The major spoke with an earnestness that showed that he meant what he said.

Two weeks before, the battalion had made a jump from rest billets into the lines. The men had gone by truck, and some earnest officer, full of zeal, had attached the battalion's rolling kitchens to said trucks. The rolling kitchen axles froze after the first few kilometers, and being no longer rolling, the kitchens had been abandoned. For two weeks the battalion had been living from cans. Fires could not be lighted day or night, since the enemy held the heights to the north, and smoke by day or fire by night was a certain invitation for enthusiastic artillery practice. In winter, and in the raw wet climate of Northern France, the absence of hot food was very nearly disastrous. It was wintertime and cold, and though many appeals had been made to higher authority, the battalion still suffered. Kitchens are not made in a day.

"Sir," said a voice from the atmosphere, "there's a guy comin' down the road."

The adjutant, with a sidelong look at the coffeepot, stepped to a corner of the P. C. There was a piece of pipe,

probably an old drain, in the corner, with a plug hanging by it in case of gas attack. The pipe connected with the first floor of the house where a man was on guard, and this man had called down the pipe. "What's he look like?" demanded the adjutant up the pipe. "It isn't the mail orderly, is it? It's too early for him."

"C'mon; You Guys!" Called Bug-Eye Over the Parapet

"Maybe it's the man with the eggs," said the telephone officer hopefully.

"It's more likely some drunk," said the major. "No man in his senses would come across that field in broad daylight."

"I can see who it is now," called the man from above, "it's that guy from Royaumeix."

The adjutant turned, plugged the drain pipe savagely and went back to his coffee. The P. C. was silent, and when the major scratched a match to light a candle, everyone jumped.

"Maybe the boche will take a crack at him after all," said the telephone officer hopefully.

"Fat chance!" grunted the major. "The angels watch over that bird, all right. I'm nearly converted just watching him wander around the Front!"

Feet clumped down the wooden stairway and a hand knocked timidly at the door.

"Come in!" said the major in his official voice. The door opened and a man came forward into the candlelight. It was the man in the Mackinaw and the mail-order putties.

The adjutant gave a grunt and inspected the coffeepot. It was boiling merrily and in a minute one of the cans of alcohol under it would have to be extinguished. He did not worry about the amount of coffee therein. He had no intention of offering any to the newcomer.

"Well, Mr. Tewbert," greeted the major, "who have you caught shooting crap today?"

The man was seen to flush, even in the candlelight.

"Good evening, major," said he, in the tone of a father rebuking a child. "I have come on quite another mission this evening. It was reported to me that your men here have been without food for a long time. This morning I received a letter from the good people of my organization containing a sum of money for me to expend in such comforts for the men as I thought wise. I took such chocolate as the sum would purchase from my store. I have it here in the bag and would like your permission to distribute it to the troops."

"Do you mean you want to go on the lines and give that stuff out, or you want us to send up an allotment to each company?" asked the major.

"I'd prefer to distribute it myself," said Mr. Tewbert. "Sometimes things get lost on the way."

There was a moment of silence, during which the gas officer, who was supposed to be asleep, emitted a dry laugh. All understood Mr. Tewbert's remark, which alluded to a shipment of Christmas candy that never got beyond the officers' mess.

"It'll be cold," advised the major. "Better let us send it up. And then I don't know about having you monkeying around those trenches at night. Suppose something started? If you get smote with a piece of iron it won't do any good to turn the other cheek. It won't be appreciated the slightest."

"My organization requested that I distribute their gift with my own hands," replied Mr. Tewbert patiently, as though further argument was unnecessary.

"Go to it," said the major. He reached to the floor, and taking a sheet of blank paper from a pile there, wrote out a pass, with his gas mask for a desk. "There you are; now, don't go doing any exhorting."

"Thank you, major." Mr. Tewbert took the pass and, folding it carefully, buttoned it up in a pocket of his Mackinaw; then, picking up his hand bag, he turned to the door. "Good night, major; good night, gentlemen." Then the door closed behind him, and they could hear him fumbling his way up the stairs.

"Before we came up to the Front," began the major—"the night before, in fact—you remember that the men were given permission to stay downtown until nine o'clock, and that the A. P. M., having orders to have the town cleared out at 8:30, refused to allow them to stay? Well, there were about two hundred men discussing the matter in that Café des Allies with fifty or sixty police, and in comes old Tewbert and begins to exhort them to be gentlemen. They tell me that bottles and chairs were flying through the air like snow. He got a champagne bucket in the back of the neck, and when he started to turn the other cheek, an M. P. socked him. I don't know if it's true. I know he was around the next morning. We had a quart we wanted to kill and no one dared touch it."

"It's true," said the adjutant, "that was a great fight. It sure brought the war home to that town."

"Well, are we going to have a little coffee or aren't we?" demanded the telephone officer. "There's work to be done tonight and I'd better be about it."

Beyond the last houses of the town, in the gathering dusk, walked Mr. Tewbert. The hand bag full of chocolate was heavy and cumbersome; his shoes in their rubbers, with the weight of mud that clung to them, seemed each to weigh a ton; he had had nothing to eat since noon, and a raw cold wind was beginning to blow down the valley. Moreover, night drew on apace, darkness with all its horrors, and thought after thought crowded upon him that, in all this vast wilderness where two hundred thousand men lay with no thought in their hearts but that of murder, he was alone No friend, no companion, no one to give him Godspeed when he went out, nor to welcome him when he returned.

His home was in a remote town near the headwaters of the Hudson; a town to which he had gone a young man, and where he had made his home. He was respected there. When he opened his mouth men like Judge Devendorf, Lawyer Tupman, and Aaron Clapsaddle, Second, who owned the bank, listened with attention. In his morning walks about town the merchants came to the doors and the people stopped on the street to greet him. He patted little children's heads, for he had grown up with their fathers.

The war had come, and almost at once the town became deserted, for his was a patriotic community. The local National Guard company went first, then the younger men went to Plattsburg and Fort Niagara, then the older ones began to go, doctors and lawyers, and he, too, had gone in his turn. And then the awakening! No respect, no attention now! He could walk along a road for miles, and truck after truck, limousine after limousine go by, and never an offer of a ride. He knew that the drivers remarked him toiling along beside the road, for everyone would turn out just a little, the better to splatter him with mud

"Halt!"

The challenge, barked out of the shadows beside the road, abruptly ended his meditations.

"Friend," replied Mr. Tewbert. "I have a pass from the major. It's Mr. Tewbert."

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Bug-Eye, Holding the Sho-Sho as Though It Had a Bayonet on the End, Charged Full Tilt at the German

BREAKING INTO A NEW GAME

By MRS. MARSHALL FIELD

Mrs. Field, With the Pelt of the Huge Jaguar Which She Shot

ALL that I knew in April last of Brazil was that it was where the nuts come from. In July, I was 1500 miles in the interior of that largest of South American countries. In the three months, from the time we left New York in June until our return there in September, we traveled more than 16,000 miles by boat and train, afoot and on horseback, across mountains and hundreds of miles of forest and plain.

When, last April, my husband and I returned from Europe, we found Mr. Stanley Field, president of the Field Museum of Chicago, in New York. One day when lunching with us Mr. Field produced a list of the museum's expeditions then in the field and discussed them with us. Each one sounded more thrilling than the last, and suddenly I was seized with a mad desire to share in one of these great adventures. But how and where? The expeditions then in the field were in far corners of the earth—Mesopotamia, Central Asia, Peru and Patagonia—and it would have been impractical for me to join any one of them. Besides, there was a time limit, as three months was as long as I felt I could be away. I asked Stanley Field if there was any territory not included on his list from which he was anxious to get specimens. He suggested Southern Brazil, as the museum collections are weak in birds and other forms of animal life from that region, and decided that an expedition into this territory would be feasible, as he felt he could assemble just the right personnel.

Rolling Down to Rio

HE RETURNED to Chicago, talked with Mr. Davies, director of the museum, and it was decided to organize an expedition in three sections—botanical, geological and zoölogical. Doctor Dahlgren was chosen to head the botanical division, with two assistants; Doctor Nichols was put in charge of geological work, and Mr. George K. Cherrie was selected to head the zoological section and lead the expedition, with Mr. Colin C. Sanborn as mammalogist, Mr. Karl P. Schmidt as herpetologist, my cousin, Curzon Taylor, as photographer, and Mrs. Ernest Thompson Seton as historian.

All this was unknown to Mr. Cherrie, who had returned from Central Asia with the Roosevelt expedition earlier in the year and had gone to Spain for the summer. He told me afterward that had he known that women were to be included in the expedition, he would have remained securely in Spain. But fortunately the cable from the museum, inquiring whether he would accept command of the expedition, made no mention of their presence, so he fell into the trap. He cabled back his acceptance, caught the first boat home and learned the worst. He was too good a sport to back out, but he was somewhat resentful for a time. A more fortunate choice of a leader could not have been made. Mr. Cherrie was thoroughly at home in the Brazilian wilderness, having collected in Central and South America for thirty-five years. He was one of Colonel Roosevelt's party on the River of Doubt expedition in 1914, and has a great reputation as an ornithologist and tropical explorer. This expedition which he was now to command was his thirty-ninth into South America.

My young son, aged ten, would have liked to go. He listened wistfully to all the talk and planning, and heard so much about snakes that he conceived Brazil to be mainly a tropical forest festooned with boa constrictors and venomous reptiles. As a matter of fact, Mr. Cherrie told me that probably I personally would not see a snake from start to finish, and I saw just one—a harmless one, at that—lying in the middle of the motor road a few miles out from Rio de Janeiro.

Mr. Cherrie's first talk with me was on the matter of personal equipment. It was essential to reduce this to a minimum, as the expedition equipment was tremendous. My own luggage consisted of a fiber packing case and a duffel bag for field kit, and a suitcase for the necessary clothing aboard ship and in Rio, where we expected to be for two or three days. We sailed from New York on June nineteenth and reached Rio the morning of July second, midwinter in the Southern Hemisphere. We were all on deck at four that morning to see the sun rise over one of the most beautiful harbors in the world. The American Ambassador, Mr. Edwin V. Morgan, and our consul met us at the pier and extended us every courtesy. Fortunately, we were given the freedom of the port at Rio by the Brazilian Government, but Mr. Cherrie was five hours in getting our 106 pieces of equipment through the customhouse.

The Ferry Barge on the Paraná River, Dividing São Paulo and Matto Grosso

A Frosty July Morning

THE next day we bade good-by to the botanical and geological divisions of the expedition. The former was to remain in Rio and carry on its work in the botanical gardens there, and subsequently travel north to Pará and up the Amazon. The latter was headed for the mining districts of Minas Geraes. Having assembled our equipment, we left in motors and drove for six hours over hard-surfaced but precipitous mountain roads to Therezopolis, 3000 feet up in the Organ Mountains. I never saw such hairpin curves and amazing grades. There were long stretches where I don't believe it would have been possible for cars to pass each other. Mr. Sanborn and Mr. Schmidt had gone ahead and located a camp site on a ranch called Fazenda Claussen, fifteen miles out of the small village of Therezopolis. The ranch lay in the bowl of a beautiful valley, surrounded by mountains heavily forested with virgin timber. Many of the trees on these slopes were festooned with moss, like the cypresses of Florida. Here we spent eight days. I set up my camp cot in a small native house, clean, and with plastered walls. The floors were of rough boards and the windows were well shuttered, but without glass. The men lived a few hundred feet down the hill, in a shack with thatched roof and wattled sides. Our cook was a half-breed Ecuadorian Indian whom Mr. Cherrie had brought from New York, and he proved himself invaluable, for not only did he cook well but he would turn his hand to anything.

Astray in Floating Islands of Camalote

Eating Barbecued Steer at Descalvados Ranch

He was immaculately clean and unfailing in his good humor and resourcefulness.

Although we were twenty degrees south of the equator, we were 3000 feet above sea level, and the nights were bitterly cold. I slept under layers of blankets in all my clothing. Each morning I was called at five o'clock, to find the valley glistening with hoarfrost; and before the sun rose, with the amazing suddenness of the tropical dawn, Mr. Cherrie and I were climbing up some mountain trail. Here there is no prelude to the day. One moment it is purple night shot with the brightness of the southern stars, and the next moment the sun has leaped the horizon. So it is in the evening; the night suddenly engulfs the sun.

This region abounds in bird life and small mammals. I carried a twenty-gauge English shotgun with an auxiliary barrel firing a .32-caliber shell loaded with tiny Number 12 shot—this for the smaller birds. We would slip through the forest, stalking birds colored like the rainbow, and no matter how many we brought down, always there was room for one more in the coat of many pockets worn by Mr. Cherrie.

A Sophisticated Diet

HE HAD brought with him from New York a number of old American magazines, not to read in our leisure, for we knew no leisure, but for wrapping around the birds. His coat always was stuffed with pages torn from these magazines, and he would wrap each specimen in a neat cylinder of paper, to keep the plumage unruffled, before stowing it away. Birds were abundant and our first day netted us no less than twenty-three, representing thirteen species. I had the satisfaction of shooting the first bird for the collection—a smooth-billed ani, a species of cuckoo. Coal-black of plumage, the tail longer than the body, and seemingly so loosely attached that one has a feeling it might drop off at any moment.

Usually we were back in camp by noon. On days when luck was with us we would have enough birds to keep us busy with skinning and preparing until late at night. Many bird collectors consider ten to twelve birds skinned a good day's work. Mr. Cherrie, however, disposed of forty-six at one sitting. My task was to sew up the stomachs of the birds in such manner as to leave the plumage undisturbed. In the case of woodpeckers and some other birds, the neck is so small that the skin cannot be pulled over the head. This necessitates splitting the skin on the top of the head, which makes an incision that must also be carefully sewed up. When our bag was not large enough to occupy our attention for the entire afternoon, we would take our guns and go shooting for another hour or two before sundown.

I also learned to sew up mammal skins for Mr. Sanborn. In the week we spent here Mr. Sanborn trapped 200 specimens of small mammals, including a mouse-like opossum new to the museum collection. He baited his traps with peanut butter, raisins and oatmeal. This seemed to me a sophisticated diet, but he had settled on this bait after long experience.

Mr. Schmidt caught several of the so-called glass snakes, which are not snakes at all, but lizards, that have gained their popular name from the easy manner in which the tail breaks off, with only a temporary handicap, as a new tail grows out. Another curious find was a two-headed snake—so called by the natives because the extremities look alike to the casual eye—which makes its home in the nests of the leaf-cutting ants and feeds upon these strange insect epicures. The ants are more interesting to my mind than their despoiler. The natives call them *carregadores*—the Portuguese for "porters"—because invariably they are seen staggering along beneath the burden of a section of leaf or blade of grass, the porters—worker ants—guarded, like pay-roll messengers, by vigilant police or fighting ants, the latter with huge heads and enormous mandibles. The leaves are not eaten, but are buried in their underground homes, where their decomposition produces a fungoid growth, mushroom-like. This is the food supply for the young ants. Leaves, however, are not the only things these ants destroy, much to the discomfort of explorers. Mr. Cherrie told me that this species of ant had all but dissected Colonel Roosevelt's wardrobe on the River of Doubt expedition, so that the former President eventually emerged from the jungle in a sadly riddled state.

Other snakes obtained by Mr. Schmidt at Therezopolis were those in a state of hibernation, which were plowed up in the cane fields by the native ranch laborers. To the natives, every snake they found was the deadly jararaca or the fer-de-lance, and they would come running to Mr. Schmidt with the cry of "Jararaca! Jararaca!"

Buying Native Good Will

UPON investigation he was sure to find a quite harmless and sleepy snake. He preserved his snakes in formalin, placing them in milk cans—such receptacles as one sees on freight platforms at country stations.

We crazy Americans and our droll antics were a pleasant and humorous interlude in the routine of existence in this Brazilian mountain valley, and our activities attracted a constant audience. A notice had been printed in the local newspapers stating that specimens of all sorts would be purchased. A procession of partly clad children brought us daily many creatures in paper bags, boxes and dirty rags, in exchange for pennies. The value of some of the specimens was dubious, but in the interest of good will we bought all that were offered. We had other callers also. One ancient native called daily and hung about patting his head with a look of great distress, and Mr. Sanborn would dole him out some harmless pill. He would go away entirely satisfied and return the next day for another sugar-coated tablet.

Mr. Cherrie With a Crested Woodpecker

Mrs. Field Starting Off on the Jaguar Hunt. In Oval—Curson Taylor With the Hyacinth Macaws

Mrs. Field and Mr. Cherrie Skinning Birds

My costume of khaki riding breeches, high laced boots, woolen shirt and leather jacket occasioned a great deal of comment and amazement. I feel sure that after our week's sojourn I was looked on as quite mad. But we were well satisfied with our week's collecting. Nearly 200 birds were shot, representing more than 60 species. Mr. Sanborn trapped more than 200 mammals; and a goodly number of reptiles—snakes and lizards, frogs and toads—were secured by Mr. Schmidt.

Returning to Rio, we visited the famous botanical gardens, founded in 1808, where Doctor Dahlgren and his assistants were at work, by courtesy of the Brazilian

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IN SOCIETY

By RICHARD CONNELL

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

Then Between Him and Her Came a Vision. It Was a Vision of Her Father, in a Long White Apron, With Straw Cones on His Sleeves, Helping Unload Some Fresh-Killed Poultry From a Wagon

WITH the first dollar he ever earned—he was twelve at the time, and he had helped a man distribute circulars—he had had printed for himself one hundred visiting cards. In a dignified type he had insisted on, they bore the words:

MR. H. CARLTON DOWNEY, JR.

He showed them to no one. He kept them hidden in an inside pocket of his jacket. Now and then, in some secret place, such as his own small room in the modest cottage of his parents—in the Whistleville part of town, it was, down beyond the tracks, and near the hat factory—he took out his cards, looked at them, and was proud and happy.

For him they had the fascination of forbidden fruit. One does not have visiting cards in Whistleville, or need them. Informality reigns there. The ladies visit with one another over the back fences while hanging out the washing. The gentlemen do not look upon themselves as clubmen, even though, on some evenings, they congregate in Al's Smoke Shop on the corner to play pool. Mostly they are too tired after a day spent fashioning hats in the factory to do anything more social than sit on their two square yards of porch, reading the sporting news, their undershirts and socks visible.

Even when he was very young, the possessor of the only visiting cards in Whistleville had been distressed by his father's penchant for negligee and his habit of shaving only on Saturday nights. Mr. Downey, Sr., was a small, subdued man, bony as a shad, who had done nothing for twenty years but mold derby hats.

His father, young Downey felt, would never understand those visiting cards. His mother might. Before her marriage she had worked as an upstairs maid in the residence of the P. Carlton Thorndykes, and she was, as she often stated, accustomed to social ways and usages which did not prevail in Whistleville

"When I was with the P. Carlton Thorndykes ——"

That was the preface to many of Mrs. Downey's remarks:

"When I was with the P. Carlton Thorndykes, Master Carlton had eighteen pairs of shoes, not counting riding boots."

"When I was with the P. Carlton Thorndykes, they'd have as many as forty people to dinner at one time, and they'd have turkey, whether it was Christmas or not."

Her only son listened, with large eyes, to these recitals.

She was a spare neat woman, with a prim mouth, who spent her life flicking imaginary specks of dust off things. She had been known to allege that she was connected with the Lees of Virginia, and skeptical neighbors had been known to imply that this connection was extremely remote if not downright imaginary, she having been born Tessie Rouse, of Bridgeport.

Young Mr. H. Carlton Downey, Jr., did not show his cards to her or to anybody. He was reluctant to exhibit them to unsympathetic or possibly derisive eyes. Besides, he had a certain slight sense of guilt about that "Carlton." He had been christened plain Henry Downey, after his sire. The "Carlton" he had appropriated. On the society page of the Daily Beacon he had seen a picture of a young man, handsome in a dumb, blond, chinny way, which bore the legend: "Mr. P. Carlton Thorndyke, Jr., who has returned from Princeton to spend the holidays with his parents, the P. Carlton Thorndykes. A number of dances for the younger set will be given in his honor."

After that, young Henry was always—to himself, at least—H. Carlton Downey, Jr.

Seeds of ambition are planted early in human bosoms. The child Wagner stole from his nursery to conduct a thunderstorm from a mountain top. Alexander the Great, as a boy, planned battles for regiments of wooden soldiers. H. Carlton Downey, Jr., at a tender age, read the society pages and could reel off the pedigrees and clubs of the social leaders of the city as readily as the other boys of the neighborhood could cite baseball batting averages.

He grew up into a lean youth of the greyhound type, with nothing in his appearance, mind or personality which could be called noteworthy. In high school he was classified, after the convenient fashion of youth, as a queer egg and a bit of a stiff. He fitted into no group. He held himself aloof from the boys who came from his section of the city—sons, like himself, of minor employes in the hat factory. They tended to make fun of him, calling him Hot Iron, because it somehow leaked out that he kept such a device in his room and with it nightly renewed the crease in his always fastidious trousers. They mimicked his attempts to cultivate a broad *a*, and his habit, after studying elementary French for a few months, of interlarding his conversation with such expressions as "*savoir-faire*," "*à la mode*" and "*soupçon*."

The boys from more prosperous quarters of the city did not respond with any great cordiality to his overtures. They were, somehow, suspicious of his rather elaborate manners, and they dubbed him the Duke of Whistleville. The discovery, during his first year in high school, by a teacher that at a time when he should have been studying his geometry he was, in reality, poring over a book entitled Social Usages in the Smart World was unfortunate for his reputation in the eyes of his schoolmates. He showed scant interest in girls.

It was in the spring of his last year in high school that Ernestine Barlow smiled at him across the study hall, and a little later contrived to pass him a note which read: "Why so pensive, Mr. Downey?"

She was seventeen and romantic. Young Downey's apparent loneliness, his reserve, his pallor, and perhaps his admirable taste in neckties, attracted her. Besides, it was spring. Miss Barlow was pretty in a calendar sort of

way, and something of a belle, a friendly, sensible sort of girl, the type that marries young, settles down in a bungalow in a suburb called Willowhurst or Belleview Manor, and makes a capable wife and mother.

Young H. Carlton Downey, Jr., affected nonchalance when he read the note. His face took on a look of great world weariness. He reached into his breast pocket, drew out a card case, found a card which age had not entirely yellowed and scribbled words on it. Then, on the way to the water cooler, he dropped the card on Miss Barlow's desk. It was one of his old H. Carlton Downey, Jr., cards—the first he had ever had occasion to use—and the words he had written were: "*C'est la vie.*"

The rest of that day he frowned darkly into his Vergil. It was his hope and belief that his expression was that of a man who has drained the cup of worldly pleasures to the dregs, and, old before his time, looks down on the human comedy with a detached and cynical disillusionment. Miss Barlow, watching him, was impressed.

After school that day she lingered, pointedly, at a corner where he must pass on his way home. Downey, coming upon her, flushed, raised his hat—Page 14, Social Usages—and found himself walking beside her to the corner of Cannon Street, where their paths parted. She chattered amiably about the school work, the teachers, her father's new car, the most recent movie she had seen.

H. Carlton Downey, Jr., was waiting at the corner when she passed the following afternoon; and the next and the next. He found himself looking forward to their meetings.

One day she said to him, "You don't seem very friendly with the other boys. Why is that?"

"*Entre nous*, Ernestine," he answered, "I find them unamusing. Who are they? Socially, I mean."

"Why," she returned, "Tom Cort's father is mayor and Billy Wendle's father is manager of a big department store and Ted Gaston's father owns five drug stores."

He looked at her in a pained way. "Nobodies," he said. "Socially, they don't exist. Why, not a single one of those families is listed in the Blue Social Guide!"

"How do you know?"

"I looked them up."

"You're in it yourself, I suppose," she said banteringly.

"Not yet," said H. Carlton Downey, Jr. "But I will be."

He did not go to college. He wanted to. His father, however, considered further education a luxury. Downey, Sr., pointed out that he had attained his position as foreman in the derby room without a university training. He did not, he stated, propose to pay for raccoon coats and other collegiate essentials for his son. The decisive factor was not, however, his father's attitude. Long since, H. Carlton Downey, Jr., had come to regard his progenitor's views on anything as unimportant. Young Downey looked upon the fact of his paternity as one of those unfortunate incidents in early life which are regrettable but unavoidable. By then his mother was dead, having succumbed to the shock of finding a cobweb in the corner of her golden-oak living room.

The chief reason why H. Carlton Downey, Jr., did not go to college was that he could not pass any of the entrance examinations. He was vague about the names of the Presidents; but had the examining board asked him questions about etiquette or the rosters of the fashionable clubs, he would have passed *summa cum laude*.

He had to go to work. He rejected his father's offer to find him a good place in the hat factory. Instead, he found for himself a position as an office worker with the city's smartest and most expensive firm of tailors. He described himself—outside the office—as a junior executive. His position had strategic advantages which appealed to him. By peering covertly down from his little coop in the balcony, he could observe Mr. P. Carlton Thorndyke, Jr., and others of his lofty sphere having their aristocratic limbs measured by the tailor's tape. He could hear what they said and how they said it. Likewise, he was now able to get good clothes—uncalled-for suits, and the like—at a discount.

He had left Whistleville far behind him. Now he lived in a rooming house, just as close to the exclusive section of the city as his purse would permit. He was always, offhandedly, mentioning his telephone number, because it was in the same exchange as the P. Carlton Thorndykes'. One of the people to whom he did not mention his telephone number was his father

In his rooming house lived other young men of the salaried white-collar brigade, and to them he was something of a mystery. As it was a large city, no one in his new life need know of his Whistleville antecedents unless he chose to tell them. He didn't. He strove to create the fiction that he was a young bachelor from the fashionable world of another city, engaged in important financial transactions of a secret nature.

With Ernestine Barlow he kept up a desultory correspondence. She had gone to Boston to study singing. His letters were rather stilted compositions, full of the latest gossip about socially important people neither of them knew, which he had gleaned from the tattling weeklies or overheard in the tailoring establishment.

In June she came home for her vacation. They took Sunday walks together in the country. In the subtle but unmistakable way girls have, she made it clear to him that her interest in him had not lessened during her absence. Their conversation grew more personal.

They were walking down a country lane one Sunday, when she said, "Carlton"—he had suggested that she call him that—"I'm glad you're not like so many of the other boys—perfectly satisfied with themselves and their lives."

"You like me then?" he asked.

"Yes," she said; "very much."

"You're a nice girl, Ernestine," he said. Then he was silent. They strolled on down the lane.

By a low stone wall she paused. "Shall we sit down and rest awhile?" she suggested.

"It's getting rather late," he said.

A hurt look came to her eyes. "Don't you want to?"

He hesitated. She was looking at him. He knew that if he were to take her in his arms, kiss her, he would not be rebuffed. He knew, too, that by her code, if he did that it would be construed as a proposal; and proposals, rather often, led to marriage. She was so attractive, such a fine girl. He wanted terribly to kiss her.

(Continued on Page 172)

Whenever He Could Afford It, He Went to These More or Less Public Functions, Such as Charity Balls, Horse Shows, Bazaars, Races

BETWEEN HALVES

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

HEADED by the brass band and uniform drill team of The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise, the procession moved down Fifth Avenue toward Eighteenth Street. The Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc.—twenty-three strong—had returned from Europe, and dusky Birmingham turned out en masse to pay homage. The Afro-American citizenry of Alabama's metropolis stared pop-eyed at the gayly dressed men and women who for the past six months had sojourned in various important cities of France, Italy and Northern Africa. Women exclaimed at the gowns of the returning colored ladies, asking with bated breath whether those were genuine Paris creations. Men stared enviously, particularly at Florian Slappey, who wore his proudest raiment, including silk hat and monocle.

It was a gala occasion; an hour for merriment and tears. The voyagers were happier over their return than they cared to admit. The broad, tree-lined stretches of Fifth Avenue soothed their eyes; they peered through the gathering dusk toward the crest of the Penny Prudential Bank Building. The parade swung into Eighteenth Street and there were shrieks of delight from the Argonauts at sight of the Champion and Frolic Theaters; of Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor; of Yeast & Sneed's Pressing Emporium; of the narrow, unprepossessing doorway giving access to the dirty steps which led to the office of Semore Mashby, professional lender of money to those who possessed trouble and security.

Mr. Sprott Called Back Reassuringly to His Hind-Legged Friend, But His Voice Came With Disturbing Vagueness to Spokane's Ears

Harmony reigned supreme—almost. There was a single exception: A feud which had been born in Paris and permitted to flourish on the ship which brought them back across the storm-tossed waters of the Atlantic. There was one hatchet unburied; one barb of unfriendliness which bit deep.

Spokane G. Washington gazed with helpless hatred at the dapper, immaculate figure of Welford Potts, diminutive star of Midnight comedies. And because Welford had—through his superior position in the organization—succeeded in making life miserable for Mr. Washington, Spokane's friend, Mr. Sidney Sprott, had assumed a small portion of the feud.

Here was the single ghost of bitterness which refused to be laid. It had sprouted innocently enough, and flowered to rank perfection. Spokane, slow to wrath and fearful of translating his dislike into physical terms, had growled and chafed and threatened—under his breath. He feared to wreak upon Mr. Potts' slender physique the satisfaction to which he was entitled, because he dreaded the consequences. Welford's position with Midnight was impregnable, and if warfare flamed between the little star and a mere minor actor, there was little doubt as to which one could best be spared.

Sidney Sprott mourned with his friend. "It's a pity you cain't squash that h'l' mosquiter, Spokane."

"Ain't it the truth, Sidney? Way he high-hats me is posolutely indecent. An' all fo' why—'cause I woul'n't do somethin' he tol' me to in Paris. Tha's how it all started, an' now he never loses no opporchunity to make me ridiculous."

Sidney stared balefully at the bowing, smiling figure of the despised star.

"Li'l' runt like him! Why, you could step on him an' never miss a stride. 'Tain't fair he should be so impawtant that you don't dare open yo' mouth."

"Ain't you talkin'? But sometime—sometime, Sidney, somethin' is gwine git me so peeved up that Ise gwine forget what's good fo' me an' then Mr. Welford Potts is gwine discover that he has happened to a manslaughter."

The procession reached the lodge rooms of The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise, where Grand Magnificent High Potentate Isaac Gethers bade them welcome. There were many speeches, much cheering and a considerable attack upon light refreshments which had been prepared by the ladies of the lodge. Then the members of the troupe dispersed to their homes.

Mr. Washington, being a decidedly single man and possessing no immediate ties, rambled down Eighteenth Street and engaged a modest room at Sally Crouch's Cosy Home Hotel. There he planned to remain for a few days until such time as he could arrange accommodation in a respectable and cheap boarding house.

Spokane was not entirely happy. Welford had taken occasion to sneer at him publicly at the Terminal Station. Mr. Potts had made two or three disparaging comments anent Mr. Washington. He had told loudly of a certain embarrassing exploit on the pier at Cherbourg. Mr. Potts' shrill voice had carried to Spokane's ears, acting as tinder to the flame of his dislike of the little actor. Some day—some day when conditions were propitious—some day when he dared attack the masculine star without jeopardizing his own valued position with the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc. ——

Darkness settled over Birmingham. Eighteenth Street roared with traffic. The sound fell soothingly on the ears of Spokane G. Washington. This was home. The street cars outside were so much better than the rattly trams of Europe; the auto horns so sincerely bellicose. Spokane moved to the window and stared into the street below. It seemed that all of Darktown was out this evening. He spied dark faces which he recognized, persons he had well-nigh forgotten, and a great warmth enveloped his heart. Home again! A traveled, cultured man, happy in his home town. Like all others in the troupe, Spokane wouldn't have bartered his European experiences for his chance of a happy hereafter, but no amount of money could have bribed him to return to those lands where even the colored folks couldn't speak English.

Staring hungrily up and down the street, Spokane sought to distinguish various landmarks. And his quest brought his eyes to rest upon a gleaming front of white and silver across the way; a large and imposing place which he had never before seen. It bore no sign and its huge plate-glass window was partly screened by chintz curtains. He stepped to the door of his room and summoned the expansive Sally Crouch.

"What that place is acrost the street?" he inquired.

Sally beamed. "Tha's our newest an' bestest cullud folks' restaurant. It b'longs to Epic Peters."

"Not Epic which used to be a Pullman porter?"

"Uh-huh. Hop Sure, they calls him."

"Ain't he porterin' no mo'?"

"Sholy he is. But he 'vested in that place an' makes a heap of money. He's got a feller fum New Yawk runnin' it fo' him an' they serves the grandest meals. Bumminham cullud folks drops in there ev'y night after the movies."

Spokane nodded with satisfaction. Darktown was indeed improved. He decided instantly and unanimously that he would eat at Epic's place that very night. He dismissed Sally Crouch, opened his suitcase and extracted a new suit of pearl gray of which he was exceedingly proud.

He dressed with scrupulous care—silk shirt, purple tie, white socks, tan shoes, and the elegant gray suit with Oxford bags. He arranged a lavender handkerchief in the breast pocket of his coat, took his hat and cane, and walked from the hotel. But in his excitement over this sortie into the streets of his beloved home town, Mr. Washington had committed a terrible error. He neglected to carry his wallet!

All unconscious of this, he entered the new restaurant. It lacked much of the pomp and panoply to which he had become accustomed in Europe, but there was wafted to his eager nostrils the odor of colored folks' cooking—of roasting sweet potatoes, of pork barbecuing, of Brunswick stew, of cracklin's, of fried chicken, of candied yams, of greens boiled with white meat. He ordered lavishly and fell upon the meal with gusto.

The place was surprisingly empty, and queerly enough, there was no one present whom Spokane knew. He ate in solitary grandeur, munching fried chicken and greens with enormous relish. And then something happened to destroy his serenity.

The front door opened and a slender figure swaggered into the place. Beside the raiment of the newcomer Mr. Washington's haberdashery faded into drab colorlessness. The thin, piping voice of Mr. Welford Potts whined through the large room.

"I craves the head waiter!"

A large, well-muscled man bustled forward eagerly. His expression indicated realization that this small customer must be a person of considerable importance, and he introduced himself as the manager.

Mr. Potts extended his hat and stick. "*Garçon*," said he, "I is Mistuh Welford Potts, Midnight comedy star, an' I craves service."

"Yassuh. Tha's the one thing you won't git nothin' else but, Mistuh Potts. I sholy is delighted to meet up with you. I has sawn you on the screen ——"

"Lucky man what you is! I is the worl's best cullud actor. Lead me to a table."

He followed the manager to a prominent table in the very middle of the restaurant, where all who entered might observe. He swept the place with a low-lidded glance and his eyes paused briefly on the stalwart figure of Spokane G. Washington. As a fellow member of the recent European expedition, Mr. Washington bowed. His salutation was greeted with a frigid stare, and Spokane stiffened. This was merely another insult added to the long, burdensome score. He tried to forget Mr. Potts and to immerse himself once more in the gustatory joys of the evening.

But somehow the food had become pallid to his taste. The figure of little Welford Potts flamed through the room. He heard a couple of strangers at the next table discussing the diminutive star with bated breath. That was the great Mr. Potts. He had just returned from a half year in Europe. Hadn't he been heard addressing the restaurant manager as garshong?

Spokane yearned to make himself known as another member of the famous troupe, but a natural shyness prevented. If one was of such insignificance as an actor as to be unknown even after one's face has been screened a hundred times, then introductions to strangers become rather absurd. Spokane summoned a waiter and demanded his check. It was placed before him, and he reached for his pocketbook. It was not there. Nor was it in any other pocket of his elegant gray suit. He completed one search and started another. The waiter's patience turned to impatience, then to a vast skepticism.

"Anythin' wrong, suh?"

"N-n-n-n-no. That is ——"

"You ain't lost nothin', has you?"

Spokane smiled in sickly fashion. "Well, yes, kind of. I sort of mislaid my pocketbook."

"Oh!" It was obvious that this had a familiar ring to the waiter's ears. He caught the eye of the manager and beckoned to him. His words of explanation were polite enough, but his tone betrayed harsh suspicion.

"This gemmun eloocidates that he has lost his pocketbook an' ain't got no money."

The manager—the large manager—frowned. "Ain't you got ary cent?"

"Well, no. Not ezackly. You see ——"

"Uh-huh. I see mos' positive that you fellers never find out about losin' yo' money until after yo' dinner is all et."

"It ain't that. My wallet is in my other suit. Right over at Sally Crouch's place ——"

"I don't know no Sally Crouch," asserted the New York gentleman positively, "n'r neither I don't know you. This heah place ain't run fo' charity an' I craves yo' money. Now, does I git it or ——"

"You gits it. Permit me to 'traduce myse'f. Ise Spokane G. Washington, an' I is an actor with the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc. I has just come back fum Europe, an' ——"

The cloud lifted slightly from the face of the manager.

"Oh! You is one of them movie actors?"

"Yassuh. I sholy is."

"You know that feller yonder?" He gestured toward Welford Potts.

"Suttinly. Ain't I an' him been travelin' aroun' Europe together fo' six months?"

"Good. Just git him to identifry you ——"

Even before the muscular manager spoke to Mr. Potts, Spokane experienced a ghastly premonition of what was about to happen. Therefore he was not unprepared when he saw the hostile eyes of his archenemy turned upon him, and heard Welford's biting voice.

"That feller! I don't know him fum Adam!"

"But he says ——"

"I don't care what he says. I don't 'sociate with no such trash an' I don't crave to be annoyed."

The manager returned to the vicinity of Mr. Washington. He was a very irate gentleman and his jaw took on a pugilistic squareness. He towered over Spokane Washington and clenched his fists.

"Projuce!" he growled.

"B-b-b-but, mistuh ——"

"Don't but me. Gimme money. Else ——"

Welford's shrill laugh rang tauntingly across the floor. The strangers at the table adjoining Spokane's took it up. Others were watching the scene. Queer that in all this gathering there was not a single familiar face. Mr. Washington felt lonelier than he had in Europe.

He rose, a victim to fear and embarrassment. He started toward the door, the manager in close pursuit. There he made his last desperate plea.

"Mistuh," he begged, "come along with me over to the Cozy Home Hotel yonder. I got money there; heaps of it. An' I really is a Midnight actor. Cross my heart an' hope to be bawn a dawg if I ain't."

The manager sneered and went with him. En route through the traffic of Eighteenth Street he promised sudden and complete extermination if Mr. Washington's money was not forthcoming immediately as they reached the hotel.

Spokane found his wallet. He paid the still doubtful manager, then wandered disconsolately downstairs. Eighteenth Street was ablaze with light and mid-evening activity. A large group of colored persons had gathered before the Champion Theater. Florian Slappey was holding the center of the stage, and others of the returned troupe were there. Spokane spied the figure of his friend Sidney Sprott. He edged into the crowd and plucked Mr. Sprott by the sleeve. Then, standing on the outskirts of the gathering, he recounted the latest misery which Welford Potts had inflicted upon him. The more he talked, the angrier he became. He lashed himself into a terrific fury and smashed one fist into the palm of his other hand.

"Just wait till I meet up with that feller! Ise gwine tell him somethin' he ain't gwine forget in no hurry."

(Continued on Page 132)

"Sidney," He Inquired Furiously, "Whaffo' Did You Kick Me in the Ankle?"

AMONG OLD MANUSCRIPTS

By Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, as Told to Avery Strakosch

The Spanish Library in Doctor Rosenbach's Philadelphia Home

THE First Folio had lain idly at anchor for two long sultry days. Then, as a miniature gale swept the threatening clouds of a summer storm across Corsons Inlet just before twilight on the second day, I bowed to the will of the fisherman's god, whoever he may be, and hurried down the beach. Ordinarily I am not the sort of fisherman who waits for the psychological moment, but here it was upon me. After such weather, fish were sure to strike.

As I rowed out to my boat I heard the telephone bell ring in the house I had just left. It had been an exhausting week for me; every bibliomaniac in the vicinity of Philadelphia had had a book to show and sell me, and my office had telephoned upon the slightest provocation. So when I heard that bell I pulled for the First Folio as though the devil were after me, and carefully rounding the bow, drew up on the port side away from the shore. Once aboard, the captain started the engine and made for the open sea. Even then I could not avoid seeing my man Harrison, waving frantically from the beach.

Only the born Izaak Walton knows that lazy defiance of the world's demands which comes with a rod and reel in one's hand. Soon I was fishing; forgotten was the realm of books and manuscripts, forgotten the boring persistence of telephone bells, forgotten poor Harrison on the shore—forgotten everything in the world except the delight of a strike, the thrilling moments of playing my catch and the breath-taking suspense of reeling in. How long I fished I don't know. The sun emerged again in time to set, as the wind died out completely. I refuse to tell the number of fish I caught, for no one would believe me; but with the advent of a fine six-pounder I felt quite satisfied. I walked to a low deck chair and sat, resting. Perhaps I dozed for a few minutes; I don't know. Suddenly I heard my name. I opened my eyes and was surprised to find the shore close by. We had forgotten to anchor and were drifting in.

"Doctah—doctah!" Harrison's voice lost its slow drawl in excitement. "Mistah Lawlah done phone all dis afternoon! Why fo' you don' answah me, doctah? He say he done fin' ole Mistah Franklin's work book."

Casting for Franklin's Work Book

HOW often had hopeful bookmen dreamed of one day discovering this work book of Benjamin Franklin! From my earliest days of collecting, I myself had persistently followed all rumors or clews concerning its whereabouts. None of them led anywhere. I even doubted that it still existed.

"Harrison," I replied, "you can tell Mr. Lawler that I am not exactly partial to a fool's errand on a hot day. Besides, I want to fish." He went indoors, shouted my words over the telephone, then bolted down to the shore again.

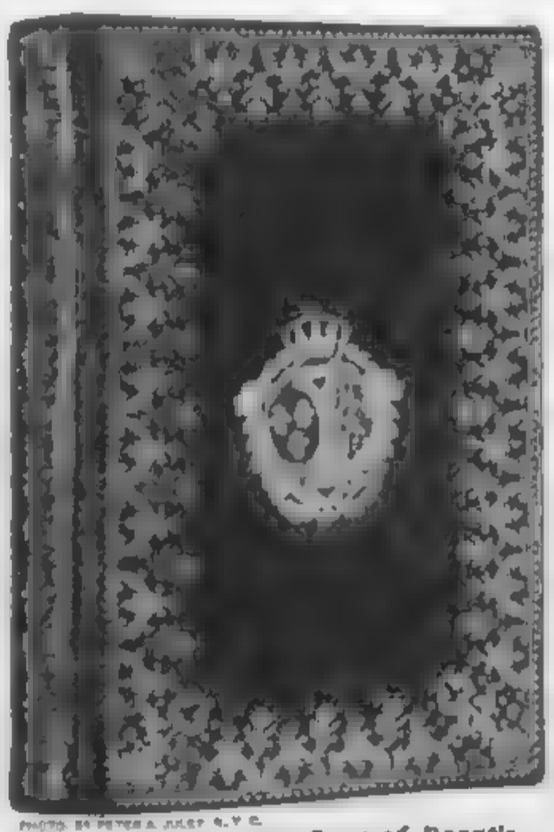
"Oh, Lawdy, doctah, do come to de telephone! He sho am mad if you don't."

When I reached the house I explained once more to the manager of my Philadelphia place that I wished to be left alone to fish.

"Fish!" Mr. Lawler's tone was derisive. "Why, if you'll take the next train and meet me in Camden, I'll show you where you can land a fish bigger than anything you could ever pull out of Corsons Inlet!" This was bait for me, if not for the fish, and I asked for fuller information.

It seemed that after months of patient search Mr. Lawler had located the proprietor of an antique shop at Mount Holly, New Jersey, who owned an old copy book which he claimed was the original in which Franklin kept his accounts. Mr. Lawler had already seen it, and believed it to be authentic; and though I rather dreaded being disappointed once more, there was the chance of a find. I left for the station immediately; there I found no train due for hours. This was doubtless just the obstacle I needed to egg me on. I quickly hired an automobile and motored the seventy miles to Camden. Mr. Lawler met me. He seemed nervous and in a great hurry to make the final lap of our pilgrimage. We had twenty miles farther to go, and as we sped along we discussed the printer's long-lost work book.

Franklin had mentioned its existence in various writings and letters. He had said that when he was a printer he kept all the records of his business in it.



Marie Antoinette's Copy of Dorat's Les Baisers, 1770. Collection of Mr. Joseph Widener

At last we came to Mount Holly, and as we followed a quiet country street to its end I regretted the trip. The heat of the summer night was oppressive, and the entrance of the shop before which we stopped was the same as a thousand others scattered over the country. A dull light reflected against the usual sign, Antiques, hanging above the doorway. As I entered, a sensation of futility came over me. The rosewood whatnots holding their bits and pieces of glass or china depressed me; broken-down Windsors, old ships' lanterns, hooked rugs, maple chests and mahogany bureaus—was this atmosphere conducive to hope? I doubted it, and looked at Mr. Lawler with an accusatory eye. But so great was his excitement now that he had forgotten my existence. Suddenly his face lighted.

A Discovery

THE proprietor of the shop, a calm, middle-aged man, came forward. He greeted me, smiling kindly. I must confess this smile revived hope. He seemed sure of himself in a quiet sort of way. I began to think that perhaps I hadn't come on such a wild-goose chase after all. He was at his desk now—an old desk littered with papers. As his fingers searched through them I watched closely. Then, when he finally drew a long narrow book from beneath a pile of letters, I caught my breath.

I took it from him and went to the dim light. As I opened the battered covers I immediately recognized the work book of "the first civilized American," as a recent biographer has so aptly called him. Not a page had been tampered with; it was entirely as it had been kept for Franklin, except that it was somewhat yellowed by its hundred and eighty years of age. Very carefully he had listed each work printed by his press. The title of every book; the number of copies made, and the quality of paper used; all commercial details—the cost and selling prices—were methodically written out. Other expenses, too, were set down.

I looked at Mr. Lawler gratefully, and he, inwardly gloating, acted as though the finding of historically invaluable account books was all in an evening's work. Of course, I could not leave without it, and I lost no time in buying it from the owner. Ten minutes later two jubilant bookmen climbed into the waiting automobile outside, making a triumphal exit as they carried off their treasure from the town of Mount Holly.

It was impossible to realize, when I purchased it, the full historical worth of Franklin's account book. Not until I returned home, where I found leisure to study every word, to compare the contents with published facts concerning Franklin, did I recognize its true import and value to all students of printing in this country. But how did it happen to be in Mount Holly after all those years? This question obsessed me for a long time. The former owner, from whom I purchased it, could tell me nothing. I began searching through the records of Franklin's career as a printer, and found he was in business with David Hall until 1766, at which time they dissolved their partnership. Then it was that he requested his great friend, James Parker, a noted printer in New York, to audit the accounts for him. Later Parker moved to Burlington, New Jersey, probably taking this account book with him. As Burlington is but a few miles from Mount

Holly, it is not difficult to imagine how it might have been carried there by some one of Parker's descendants.

Many people imagine they own things of great worth, especially if these things are old. They become excited when they run across a letter in some trunk which has not been opened for years. They are sure they have found the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. They are severely shocked, however, when the experienced dealer's appraisal of the ancestral letters is extremely low. Indeed, the dealer is quite different from the law courts of England, which consider a man innocent until he is proved guilty. Every expert is more or less suspicious of any proffered autograph, especially if the so-called originals are supposed to have been written by celebrated figures of a century or so ago.

The false scent and the fruitless hunt—these the skillful buyer learns to avoid. Sometimes the letters are genuine—sometimes! But it is amazing, too, what tales otherwise honest men and women will fabricate in their eagerness to sell an autograph letter or document. They will swear to heaven that they remember that auspicious day, "over forty years ago, when I was but a mere child," when the letter was first shown them. I have had many such experiences. Several times I have recognized straight forgeries—letters which were actually written quite recently, and clumsily made to appear old and important. However, there are times when one is due for a delightful surprise. What you believe to be idle vaporings turn out to be something delightfully different.

A Visit From John Bigelow

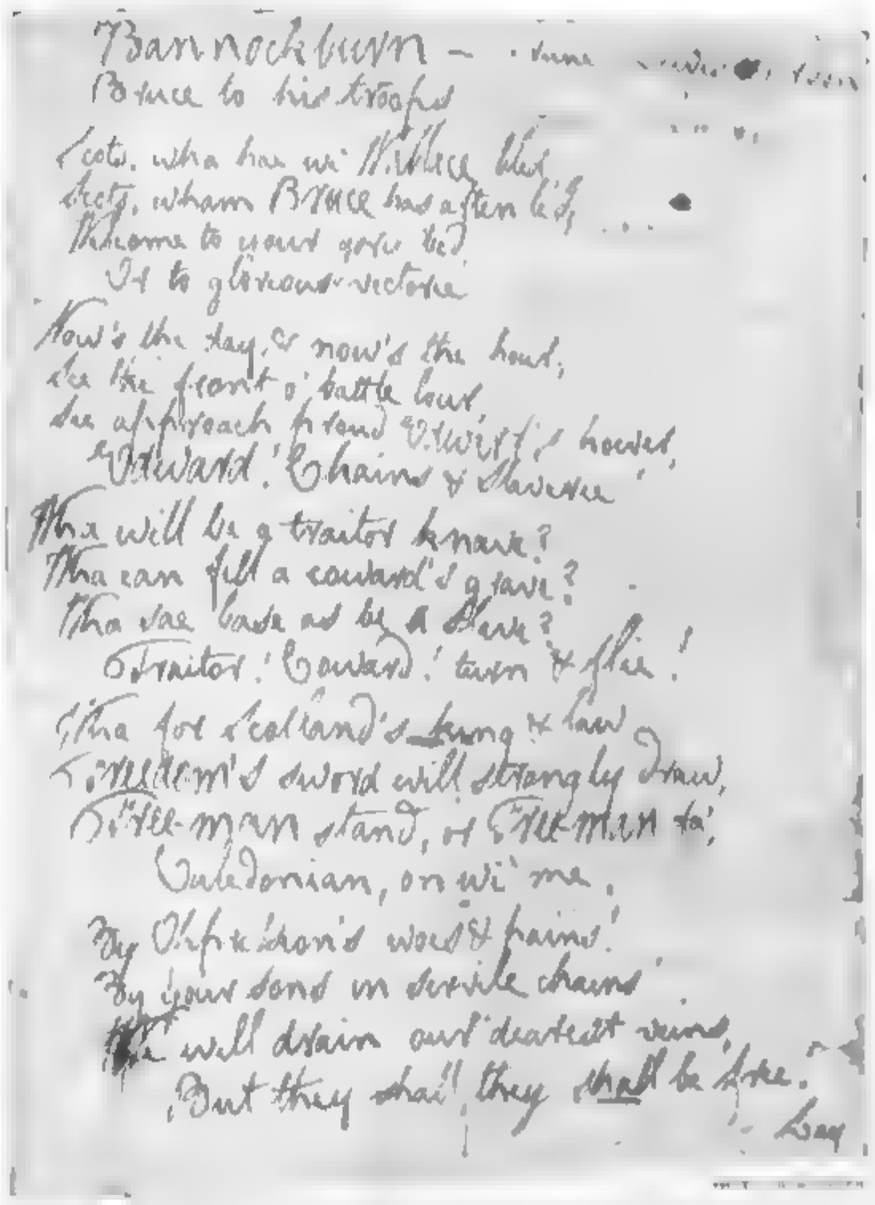
ONE day some years ago an old gentleman called upon me in New York. I happened to be walking through my reception room when he arrived, and did not catch his name. But in deference to his extreme age—he appeared to be more than ninety—I immediately invited him into the library. He was very plainly dressed; almost dingy in appearance. I entered into conversation with him and he seemed remarkably well informed. Every celebrity of the past sixty years he seemed to know intimately. We talked of prominent literary figures, of great political and financial leaders. He knew them all!

He even told me of an incident which occurred one evening at Windsor Castle when he dined with Queen Victoria. I looked at him queryingly, deploring that exaggerated ego which is the pleasure and consolation of old age. He continued with anecdotes of Palmerston, Gladstone, Disraeli and Lord Salisbury. Lincoln had been his friend, he said, as well as all the Presidents from Lincoln's time; and every corner and crevice of the White House was known to him. I thought to myself that here was certainly an old liar, if ever there was one. A regular Baron Munchausen!

Then I naturally turned the conversation to old books and manuscripts. I mentioned a famous volume, and he said he owned it. I mentioned another; he owned that too! If he had been a younger man I should have had it understood clearly that I no longer cared to be taken for a credulous fool. But being a Philadelphian, of course I could not resist mentioning Benjamin Franklin. The syllables of his name had hardly left my lips when my visitor announced, with something of regret in his voice, that he had once owned the manuscript of Franklin's famous Autobiography!

With unbelieving amazement I stared at him. Then it dawned upon me that the gentleman before me was a distinguished American diplomat and everything he said was the truth! As Minister to France many years ago, he had handled with extraordinary tact several serious political situations; one time editor of the New York Evening Post, he was also an essayist and historian. I leaned forward and said in a voice which made no attempt to disguise either my surprise or my pleasure, "Have I the honor of addressing the Honorable John Bigelow?"

Mr. Bigelow then told me how in an off moment he had been induced to sell, at what was then considered a high price, but which would be a mere trifle now, the immortal Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin. He disposed of it through a New York firm of booksellers to E. Dwight Church, of Brooklyn, and it is now in that bookman's paradise, Mr. Henry E. Huntington's library at San Marino, California.



Original Manuscript of Burns' Bannockburn

The Curse of the Machine Age

SPEAKING of manuscripts recalls a rather pretty story of how I unexpectedly secured an autograph essay by a favorite modern.

I remember one day in London, when I was calling upon my dear friend, H. W. Massingham, the beloved editor of The Nation. His editorial offices in Adelphi Terrace were directly beneath George Bernard Shaw's apartments in the same old Georgian building. Knowing he was a good friend of Shaw, I asked if he had any of his manuscripts. Massingham looked at me oddly for a moment, as though my request had brought to his mind an entirely new train of thought, then replied, "Oh, yes!" He ran his hand to the bottom of an enormous waste-paper basket under his desk; it was filled to overflowing, as though it had not been emptied for days. He drew out a manuscript which he had thrown away, written in a familiar hand—Shaw's article on the censorship of the press! He offered it to me as a present, and you will well understand that I accepted it eagerly. This little story will delight Bernard Shaw himself.

Today it is unfortunate that almost all manuscripts are typed. There are, however, rare exceptions. The late Joseph Conrad was one of the very few authors who worked almost entirely in longhand. When I bought the manuscript of his book, Victory, at the Quinn sale in New York in 1924, I paid the highest price—$8100—ever given at auction for the manuscript of a living author. It was closely written on sheets that fill two bulky cases. The average writer nowadays, after he has corrected the final draft of his work, has it copied by a competent stenographer and then makes any further correction on it he wishes. Many writers find it easier to create their stories directly upon the typewriter, while others dictate. The typewriter—what a curse it has become to the collector! A century from now it will be almost impossible to find the original autograph manuscripts of writers who stand the test of time. Who knows but that the styles will have changed, and the machine upon which a masterpiece was brought to life will be conaidered even more precious!

No one knows exactly why there is hardly a scrap left of the original manuscripts of most of the writers of the Elizabethan

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The Henry E. Huntington Library, San Marino, California

WILLIE

By JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

II

BEATRICE was sleeping late these days and having her breakfast upstairs without apology. Aunt Myra made a point of being down in time to join Willie at the breakfast table. They talked enjoyably of the family, covering its most distant branches, questioning why Henry had married a woman older than he, pleased that Clara's cross-eye had been straightened, deploring the extravagance of Alfred's new house and proud of young John's advance, yet Willie had always an ear toward the stairs, an eye watching for the door. The next morning he had reluctantly gone off to the links before Beatrice appeared, and Aunt Myra from her room saw him turn back more than once to look up toward his wife's windows. Her lips took the line of one who sees her duty and means to do it. When she heard Beatrice's step on the stairs, she followed.

Beatrice stood on the terrace, a pretty, Dresden-like figure with a heavy wreath of flowers in her hands. All the summer blossoms and colors had been braided together with mysterious skill.

"Look what I found, hanging over the back of a chair," she exclaimed. "What is it? Isn't it too lovely?"

"Perhaps it is a surprise from Willie," Aunt Myra suggested, by way of getting to her topic.

Bee was trying the wreath about her shoulders. "Willie's idea of a surprise is a dead snake," she said firmly. "Oh, I know—it's a *lei*—it's the way they send you flowers in Honolulu. That enchanting David!" She enjoyed it without shame; she even wanted to show it to Willie.

"He has gone to his golf." Aunt Myra made it an accusation. "He hung around to see you until they telephoned from the clubhouse that they were waiting. Willie is a very domestic and home-loving person."

"Oh, yes; he's a family man," Bee said lightly. "Aunt Myra, you are going to stay the week out, aren't you? We can count on you for over Sunday?"

It was so unexpected, so upsetting, that before she knew where she was Aunt Myra had said that she didn't think she could. Bee was prettily insistent.

"Willie won't forgive you if you go so soon," she said, and flitted away, leaving Aunt Myra committed to leave Saturday and with her mind all unexpressed. Beatrice, going down to the beach in her wreath, laughed silently and invisibly. She had been so good, so dutiful, all her life, and being bad was such fun!

"The years I have missed!" she marveled.

She was swimming daily with the crowd. That morning she and Stewart went out so far that Willie, a laborious swimmer, was frantic before they turned back. He waited on the raft, chin blue and trembling, to give her a good talking to, but she only waved her hand as she sped past, and ran up the beach, gayly unconcerned. She shut herself in and slept most of the afternoon, though Willie had only a few days more of vacation and Aunt Myra had a right to expect some little attention, especially as she insisted that she had to go so soon. Willie took her for a drive and they called on Aunt Sophie, who evidently thought it queer that Bee was not with them. The way they glanced at each other when Bee was spoken of drove him crazy.

"She'll be over tomorrow. I know she wants to see you, Aunt Sophie," he said, and drove home, a grimly determined man. Bee would go there with him tomorrow if he had to carry her. He had asked her to go at lunchtime, but she had looked at him in that blamed far-off way and made a queer answer. "It's hardly worth while," she had said. What the dickens did she mean by that? It had wounded ever since. He'd have a show-down and find out why it wasn't worth while to behave decently to your own family. He'd been too patient. Bee would get what was coming to her, by heck. He quite forgot Aunt Myra's presence beside him, and she, reading his profile, was content that he should. It was high time that Willie took hold.

Beatrice came up out of the depths of her afternoon sleep like Venus out of the foam—rosy, smiling, made new. She stretched deliciously.

"*Ohé, la vie!*" she laughed, and lay contemplating the three men who would presently be awaiting her at the launch: Fred, all intellect and distinction; Dick Harrison, all heart and goodness; David Stewart, the glory of youth. "My mother told me to take this one"; that brought her to Harrison, and dramatically, at that moment Katy's knock announced him, an hour ahead of time. Beatrice tried to dress at sophisticated leisure, as a marquise would, but her happy spirit would rush. A sport suit was suitable for the water, but a frilly and Frenchy little afternoon frock of palest yellow was too becoming to be resisted. And Harrison's stare told her how right she had been. He stood with his arms full of packages, a pail of bottles at his feet, good and earnest and a little clumsy—several things dropped as he took her hand.

"The boat is being overhauled, but they will have it here on time," he began eagerly. "I thought we'd take supper with us and come home by moonlight, if you would." He told her conscientiously what was in each package, that she might be fitly dined.

"But you think of everything," she marveled.

"I certainly think of you," he said in his pleasantly devoted way. "I was mortified at the way the boat acted last night. I haven't taken it out much this summer."

"Being in an Open Boat That Refuses to Run in the Middle of a Thunderstorm is Not My Idea of Pleasure," Said Aunt Myra

His lowered voice intimated why, and she dropped her own voice for a gentle "I know!" They sat down at opposite ends of the sofa, turned toward each other for confidences.

"When for years you've done things because they were good for someone, or not done things because they were bad for her, it leaves you all up in the air," Harrison went on, his big, lonely eyes appealing to her for comfort. "There isn't any reason for doing anything now. I guess it's man's nature to take care of someone." He moved nearer to put a cushion behind her head, and she sank into it gratefully.

"And it is woman's nature to be taken care of," she said with a tiny sigh.

"You have been so good to me," his voice trembled over it. "I am so alone in the world. I have practically no relatives."

"Oh, really?" Her head had lifted so quickly that the cushion fell. Harrison replaced it.

"Yes. I was an only child of an only child. Will you keep on being good to me when we go back to town?"

"Indeed, I will. We will do nice things together." She leaned toward him and again the cushion slipped. He put it back and kept a steadying hand on its corner.

"Music?"

"So long as it isn't comic opera. Willie adores it, but it always makes me so sad."

"I can't bear comic opera. Why couldn't we do some symphony concerts together? With Willie of course."

"Oh, you couldn't drag Willie to a symphony."

"Then you and I—could we play I was a cousin or an uncle?"

"Oh, no!" She shivered away from the terms. "It will be all right, Mr. Harrison," she said, looking at him dreamily from her cushion. "I think perhaps we were destined to be very close and dear friends."

"Then couldn't we make it Dick?" he suggested.

"Dick," she tried it over, and they smiled.

"I am crazy about your name," he ventured.

"Beatrice?"

"Beatrice."

"You make it sound like a royal title," she marveled.

"You wear it like a royal title," was the utterly satisfactory response. Willie couldn't say a thing like that to save his neck. So few men knew how to be lovers.

"Are you fond of reading aloud?" she asked.

"Why—if you cared about it ——"

"I don't. I hate it."

"So do I." That gave them a comfortable laugh together. Neither had moved, and yet the distance between them had mysteriously lessened.

"Are you a punctual person?" Beatrice continued.

"Why—reasonably."

She liked that. "I am on time, but Willie is always half an hour early—standing in the hall with his coat on and shouting to me to hurry."

"I never do that!" He was justifiably proud of it.

Her thoughts were ranging over every aspect of life. "And you wouldn't overbid your hands just because you wanted to play them."

"Oh, that's a boy's trick."

"Yes; you aren't boyish, Dick," she decided with vast satisfaction. "You wouldn't express your affection by thumping a lady in the back."

He lifted her hand and kissed it reverentially. "My lady would always be a queen and I her subject." Then he laid it down as one who renounces. "Willie is my friend," he said.

Beatrice gave the hand back to him. "Well, he's mine too. I shall always be very fond of old Willie." She spoke out of a dreamy confusion of the senses, and feeling his arm about her shoulders, she stumbled on, trying to get everything clear and straight and reasonable. "You see I

can't know till I've tried a little. That's why we have to let a man go rather far, Dick—to see whether we like him or not. We may be quite thrilled about someone until he touches our hand, and then in a flash it's all over; and someone else may be just a nice old thing until he lifts us over a brook or something—so we have to try it out a bit. You can understand that, can't you, Dick?"

There was no answer, and feeling the arm withdrawn, the moment chilled, she looked over her shoulder. Willie burst in from the terrace, and Harrison rose, looking miserable, but Beatrice merely lifted cool eyebrows.

"Willie, you walk like a troop of cavalry," she observed.

Willie was breathing hard, frankly savage. "If I came quietly God knows what I'd find!" he flung back.

"I'm sorry, Willie," Harrison stammered. "It was all my fault. I lost my head for a moment. I can promise you ——"

"Now, Dick, that is perfect nonsense," Beatrice cut in. . . . "I made him, Willie. I had reasons. If I could explain to you I would, but I can't—yet."

"Reasons!" Willie laughed loudly. "That's a good one—reasons!"

She was patient with him, even kindly. "Don't play cave man, Willie. It's so old-fashioned. Now we're going out in the launch, and Mr. Harrison has brought supper, and if you are sensible and modern you will come along and be pleasant."

"Pleasant!" He tried to laugh again, but her coolness had left him pitiably unnerved. "Fat lot I'd ——"

Aunt Myra's voice interrupted. "Well, if you're going to stay here joking and laughing, I thought I might as well climb out by myself," she said resignedly. "Willie went to get me a stool from the terrace, but I suppose he forgot me. I'm sure I don't blame him—he has been martyring himself all the afternoon to entertain me." She sank into her chair, and it was possible that her black eyes saw more than her words admitted. "What are all those bottles, for goodness' sake?"

"We are going to have supper out on the water," Beatrice explained. "Katy will give you a nice little ——"

"I could go out on the water," Aunt Myra said firmly. "That Katy of yours is so unwilling and disobliging I don't know what would happen if she had to serve a meal just for me."

Willie, of course, rose to it. "You go along, Aunt Myra," he said with a wretched attempt at heartiness. "They'd love to have you. Thought it would be too much for you, that's all."

"Thank you, Willie. But aren't you coming too?" Her tone told him openly that his place was in that boat, but Willie, his senses glazed with misery, only made some ridiculous excuses about an appointment. Aunt Myra went for her cloak, while Harrison carried down the supper. Alone with Willie, Beatrice turned on him as though she were the injured one.

"Why didn't you leave it to me? I could have told her the boat leaked or something. Can't I ever have a good time without one of your everlasting family to spoil it?"

Every word was a knife in his heart, but Willie had spirit too. "If family can spoil it, then it's no decent kind of a good time! I want her to go. Gosh, the family can't speak of you without looking funny! I've stood ——"

That infernal ukulele was twittering on the terrace. Bee caught up a foolishly inadequate summer wrap and ran out, leaving him with his wrath all unexpressed. If he hadn't hustled Aunt Myra down to the wharf there was reason to think that they would have gone without her. He had brought cushions and a rug for her and he settled her with his unfailing kindness, while the others looked on in civilized silence. Only Stewart showed any hospitality, and he had a flirty way with all women, young or old—he was that kind. They made polite remarks about Willie's coming, but his excuse of an appointment had grown into an angry intention. As soon as they were off he marched back to the house and called up Madam Hopp.

There were maddening delays and difficulties. The Inn could not understand the name.

"*H* as in happy," Willie shouted in a fury; "*o* as in onions; two *p*'s as in Pontius Pilate."

Madam Hopp was just going out, and never saw clients at the Inn. The best she could do was to give him an appointment at his house at eight o'clock. Willie pretended to eat some dinner and sent the maids off to a movie. He quite hustled them, making them leave the dishes unwashed. It was like him, wanting everybody to have a good time. He was a lovely gentleman to work for.

Alone in the house Willie wandered nervously about, closing doors and drawing curtains. A misery of secrecy was on him, and he cowered at every sound from the happy, carefree world that strolled or motored by in the summer night. With all his honest soul he hated this prying into Bee's secrets, but there was a limit, and he had reached it. Madam Hopp arrived in a cab, and he heard her tell the driver to wait—in front of his house! But he had no way of getting rid of it. He let her in with a confused effort after his usual cordiality.

"Well, Madam Hopp, good of you to come. How are you? How are stars?"

"Looking down," Madam Hopp said dryly, and proceeded to lay out her books on the little table.

Willie laughed loudly. "Then I guess business is looking up. You aren't a bit my idea of an astrologer," he added as they sat down.

Madam Hopp glanced comfortably at her plain tailor-made. Her blouse was slightly adorned, for evening, and she wore a handsome chain of semiprecious stones, but common-sense shoes rested squarely on the floor.

"Well, I don't need black velvet and gold moons and ivory cats for my class of clients," she explained. "I wear this chain because it's pretty—nothing occult about it. Mrs. Holden want to see me?"

"No; I wanted to." Willie's heart was pounding, and he was glad of the loquaciousness that held off what he had to ask.

"I suppose your name is Holden, too," she was saying. "Most everyone down here seems to be a Holden. I was sorry I couldn't come to you earlier, but a lady in one of the Inn cottages has lost her husband, and she wanted to know if it was a good time for her to start out in the decorating line."

"What did he die of?" Willie asked—anything to put off the sickening business.

"Oh, he didn't die; she lost him by natural causes," was the placid answer. "I had another client after her—young man whose girl won't marry him unless he'll have her mother and sister to live with them—and, my, the auspices were something fierce. Rash, headstrong sort of fellow, something your type—liable to accidents in his legs. Now let's see. When were you born?"

Willie told his birthday with the glibness of old habit: "April 2, 1895—two minutes after midnight. I just missed April first." Then he saw that she was consulting the books. "Oh, hold on! It isn't my horoscope I'm after. It's my wife's."

"Your wife's?"

"Yes. You saw her here two weeks ago." Willie's shame at this prying brought a thick red to his forehead. "I've got to know what you said to her," he blurted out.

"Mrs. Holden—your wife?" She could not believe her ears. "Why, you told me yourself ——"

Memory of what he had told her came back to complete his misery. "Oh, so I did! That was a damn-fool joke. I had made her tired, you see, and I wanted you to cheer her up." A long breath escaped. "And I'll say you did!"

"You told me he was a washout," she accused him.

"I told you I was," he offered humbly. "I was stringing you."

"Well, well!" She was thinking back over that other interview. "Nice young husband like you—now I'm real sorry if I worried her."

"You didn't worry her! I've done the worrying. Madam Hopp, I want to know what you told her."

Her headshake was a grave warning. "Now, Mr Holden, I guess I wouldn't ask."

Pain drove Willie from his chair, set him stumping

(Continued on Page 140)

"I Could Swim It," David Offered

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 5, 1927

Playing Up Scandal

THE British sense of decency strongly asserted itself when both houses of Parliament passed an act narrowly limiting the right of the press to publish the details of testimony and court procedure in divorce cases. Public sentiment for this law had long been growing up as a result of the way in which certain newspapers habitually played up the vilest personal histories which became public property when domestic dirty linen was washed in the court room.

English court reporting is very different from our own. It is better in that it adheres closely to verbatim testimony and is less eager to make heroes and heroines of criminals and moral delinquents. It is worse in that it calls a spade a spade, no matter how befouled it may be, and makes small concessions to decency by the employment of vague language. Fairly reputable papers print evidence that the most unblushing of our own would boggle at. The American method is to gloss over the unmentionable by the use of noncommittal words and phrases and at the same time convey to the sophisticated a fairly clear idea of the particular form of degradation that was revealed. In practice and effect, both methods of reporting are equally detestable.

There is no valid reason why our own states should not adopt legislation similar to that which has just gone into effect in England. The freedom of the press is, indeed, a fundamental right which should not lightly be curtailed; but no good citizen would seriously maintain that his constitutional rights had been assailed by a statute which would have the effect of shielding his children and womenfolk from the exploitation of vice on the front pages of the scandal papers.

The defense that our scandal press exists as a consequence of a large body of morbid readers is a vicious half truth. Such followings are steadily built up by conscious efforts to appeal to youthful fondness for the sensational and the forbidden. Every observer must have noted that the most avid street-car readers of the scandal sheets are young girls scarcely out of their teens. They, too, are the buyers of the unsavory periodicals which are always on the verge of being barred from the mails. Presently they will be found in the crowds of hard-faced women who worm their way into overcrowded court rooms for the unwholesome thrill of gazing upon notorious characters and hearing with their own ears stories too shameful to be printed as originally recited. A sorry training, this, for American wifehood and motherhood

Judges know the law and the practice governing the publicity of criminal trials. They know to what extent it lies within their discretion to exclude from the court room persons in no way connected with the case in hand and how far they may justifiably go in the interests of public decency. There has never yet been the smallest sign of danger of the right to a public trial being abridged, and adverse criticism of judges for effectually shielding women and young people of both sexes is unknown. The best sentiment in most communities will squarely support every honest effort of the judiciary to prevent their courts from becoming the rendezvous of morbid young thrill hunters who turn out in force every time there is a trial sufficiently salacious to attract them.

In so far as judges are remiss in their plain duty in such cases they are slackers in the movement to build up new respect for law and law courts by making them worthier of respect.

Civic and welfare organizations throughout the country may very well concern themselves with the manner in which the local judiciary lives up to its responsibilities in this regard.

Most judges and most newspaper editors will be glad to do what they can to erase some of these scandal streaks which disfigure our national daily life.

Hope for the Redwoods

EVERYONE who has gazed in wonder upon the giant redwoods of California will be heartened to learn that there is a fighting chance that these ancients of the forest, whose fate has so long hung in the balance, may not be cut down.

State Senator Arthur H. Breed has introduced into the legislature three important bills which embody a clean-cut and constructive state-park program. Two of these measures provide for a general park commission to administer all state parks and for a park survey to be made by the new body. The third calls for a bond issue of six million dollars to be expended as directed by the park commission, with the proviso that for all money applied to park projects under the act by the state, an equal amount must be raised by private contribution or from other outside sources.

The passage of these bills would be a long start in the right direction. For years the Save-the-Redwoods League, the Sierra Club and other public-spirited organizations have labored indefatigably to arouse public opinion and to collect funds for the perpetual protection of the sequoias. Under these statutes, if passed by the legislature and approved by the people, in November, 1928, it would be possible to put the parks of the commonwealth upon a sound and orderly basis. More than a million dollars has already been pledged or is in hand for the purpose of creating a magnificent redwood forest reservation. If the state will match this sum with another million, or more, there is every reason to believe that this fine project can be brought to a successful issue.

The setting up of scenic parks and forest reservations no longer requires defense based upon sentimental and aesthetic considerations. We now know that such things pay. They pay not only in beauty and in health but in hard cash; and by their continued power to attract visitors they keep on paying long after the original expenditure has been charged off and forgotten.

Foreign Trade During 1926

THE calendar year 1926 was in many respects a record year, despite low prices and hard times in several staple commodities. The preliminary figures for foreign trade during the year are now available and present numerous points of interest, both practical and political, to some extent in sharp contrast with the domestic position.

The value of our exports declined to some $4,800,000,000, that of imports rose to $4,450,000,000. The balance of merchandise trade, some $350,000,000, was the lowest since 1910. Though the value of our exports was some two per cent below that of last year, the quantity was some four per cent larger. The decline in export trade therefore was largely a price decline. Imports, on the other hand, were influenced upward as to both price and quantity. The value of our imports was raised by heavy purchases of rubber and crude foodstuffs, in part at high prices, though partly offset by lower imports of wool and tobacco. The lessened value of our exports was due largely to low prices for certain staples, especially cotton.

Imports of finished manufactures rose eleven per cent, the exports of the same rose eight per cent. Gradually our trade in finished manufactures is becoming more impressive in contrast with that in raw materials, important as this, of course, is.

Furthermore, trade in finished manufactures is relatively more free from wide fluctuations in price—a point of importance in comparing exports of finished manufactures with those of raw agricultural products.

Our imports now constitute about one-sixth of international trade, though they concern only eight per cent of the goods consumed in the country. The 1926 sales to Europe declined some $300,000,000, largely the result of lower prices. Our trade with Asia now exceeds our trade with Europe. Our exports to Canada were the largest in history, about one-sixth of the total volume of our exports—an extraordinary commerce when the population of Canada is considered. The figures by continents, however, must not be overstressed; the trade with Asia, South America and Canada makes the trade with Europe look less important than it really is.

The statement of the international account will not appear for several months. Enough is known, however, to indicate that foreign investments and expenditures of American tourists abroad during the year were close to $2,000,000,000. This outbound movement of capital apparently found no direct reflection in our export trade, though the time for this has, of course, not yet passed.

The low figure for balance of merchandise trade will doubtless inspire the advocates of cancellation of war debts to declare that we are losing exports and gaining imports as a result of our world-creditor position. Cancellation of war debts will be urged in the interest of maintenance of exports. A curious inconsistency is to be here observed. The war debt cancellationist is usually an antimercantilist in economic convictions, and for him exports hold no special charm. Yet as soon as signs appear to suggest that we are beginning to show, in our trade, the effects of our creditor position, we are urged to cancel the debts in order to avoid loss of exports. On the one hand, we have been urged to cancel the debts in order to avoid imports; on the other hand, we are urged to cancel them in order to maintain exports. The cancellationist can trim his sails to winds from every direction of trade and politics.

The plain truth is that the present balance of merchandise trade has no meaning for the argument. It is necessary to study imports and exports carefully by prices and quantities of individual commodities, comparing them with those of previous years. Particular shifts in prices and quantities that have no meaning for the trade position as a whole may amount to several hundred million dollars within a year. As illustrations may be cited the artificially high prices for our large imports of rubber and the low prices for our large exports of cotton, due to a bumper crop. Only after due and proper allowance is made for these shifts is one permitted to judge of the foreign trade of a year on the basis of theory. So far as the preliminary figures are concerned, the impressive facts are the huge imports of tropical industrial raw materials, the continued increase in export of finished manufactures, and the high figure for export of capital. To us the high figure for foreign investments during the year is more significant, and excites more apprehension, than the low figure for balance of merchandise trade. Our loans to foreign countries have doubtless done much to facilitate their economic recovery. But on looking over the list of countries and considering the purposes to which our loans have been directed, we cannot repress the feeling that much of the money could have found better uses at home.

THE CASSANDRAS OF EUROPE

By Gilbert Seldes

THE idea that Europe is on the highroad to perdition is by no means a new one. It was promulgated in the first days of the war by shattered pacifists. In spite of national pride in the achievement of individual countries during the war, the prediction of a general decline was freely made, and rose to specific utterances the moment the guns were silent and prophets could make themselves heard without fear of being sent to jail for defeatism.

In 1916, H. G. Wells published comparatively optimistic prophecies in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST under the title of What is Coming? Immediately after the war he set the tone for future prophecy by his statement that we were engaged in a race between education and disaster. Wells is, as he says, a professional prophet; he speaks with becoming modesty.

But by 1922 prophecy had passed to other hands, and throughout Europe there arose visionaries of the future who saw, for the most part, not a race between education and disaster but a race between instant anarchy and prolonged decay. At moments since that time a more cheerful note has crept into European forecasting; one conference after another has been heralded as saving Europe, with a triumphant conclusion at Locarno and Geneva.

Yet the notion persists that Europe stands in need of salvation. Three years ago the direst prohecies came from Central Europe; six months ago it was France. The temper of the prophets seems to vary with the exchange rate of their money; but the essential ideas remain identical, and there is another fact of strange significance—the forecasting and threats of a dying Europe come from Europe itself. If America thought or thinks that Europe is done for, that may affect our international politics, but it proves nothing about Europe. But if Europeans themselves have been for years accepting predictions of ruin it points to a state of mind which is important, regardless of the soundness of the predictions themselves. It becomes of some interest to us to know what European leaders have been telling their people, and why, and whether the people have believed. Has the atmosphere in Europe, in the years since the war, been one of confidence and hope, or not?

The Prophets of Melancholy

IT WOULD be worthless to go directly to the statesmen of Europe for a reply. At times they have threatened disaster—in order to win a majority at an election; but it is the function of a prime minister to suggest to the voters that he is avoiding all the pitfalls his opponents describe, and those out of office can only threaten dire events if they are not put back into power. There have been, in addition, a few hopeful remarks, usually about the future of one specific country. The amazing thing has been the prevalence and the success of prophets of evil. This article deals chiefly with some of the more notorious of these prophets. Like Cassandra at the siege of Troy, they are always predicting disaster; unlike Cassandra, they are believed by a certain number of people. The mass of any nation's citizens, however, pass them by, and are only aware of them vaguely through the atmosphere they help to create. In some cases the prophets of a melancholy end seem to have a practical effect on the psychology of a nation.

These prophets arise among the victors and the vanquished in the war, and the collapse of Europe which they foretell is, according to them, coming from a variety of sources: From the East as the triumph of the yellow races, and from the West as the triumph of American industrialism; from Africa or from India by way of disrupting the British Empire; from Bolshevism or plutocracy. It is due to physical defects, such as the declining birth rate, especially in the more intelligent and capable sections of the community, or it is due to some deep nervous or mental disorder, such as the decay of will power. It may come as a great interracial war, or merely as a decay of the European moral fiber.

The thing they all agree upon is that disaster is imminent. According to some it may be avoided if Europe unites against the invaders from the East and from the West and restores a healthy balance of physical and spiritual health. According to others the only hope is in a transfusion of blood between the drained political body of Europe and the vigorous organism of America. And the most interesting of all the prophets of downfall is firmly convinced that none of these remedies can help, because the whole of Western civilization is doomed in accordance with an inexorable law of history.

These prophets go far below the level upon which one finds the political and financial and industrial experts of Europe and America. To say, as Hugo Stinnes, the great German industrialist, said during the worst of Germany's trials, that production and the most-favored-nation status would save Germany seems to such prophets pure nonsense, because they are dealing with moral and nervous disorders which cannot be cured by physical remedies. Primarily these prophets have ceased to believe in progress, and in this they mark the decisive break between the present and the entire nineteenth century, which ended, so to speak, in 1914.

One of the most interesting of the present-day seers of Germany is Count Hermann Keyserling. This extraordinarily cultivated and handsome gentleman became comparatively famous recently by the publication of The Travel Diary of a Philosopher. On the face of it the sensations and ideas of a supercultivated man traveling around the world some twenty years ago ought not to have so profound an effect today. But Keyserling's ideas are full of dynamite. He is himself a member of the German nobility in the Baltic Provinces, which act at the same time as a bulwark against Russia and as a channel for Slavic ideas in their westward course. After his estates had been ruined by the war Keyserling returned to Germany, married the only granddaughter of Prince Bismarck and founded the School of Wisdom in the city of Darmstadt. The aim of the School of Wisdom, according to a sympathetic observer, is neither more nor less than to reform mankind—"not to teach a special doctrine, but to attain a state of understanding that transcends the limit of any single doctrine." Here are some of Count Keyserling's ideas on the future

"The epoch of dizzy progress we experienced during the last century is definitely over." Improvements, he says, and innovations there will certainly be, but they "will not have the same significance as formerly. . . . We are living today in the most critical period of human history," he continues, and explains that "today we abruptly find ourselves face to face with the truth that the greater our command over Nature, the greater of soul we must be to exercise that command"; and he adds that "we lack this essential quality so utterly that we are threatened with destruction by our own inventions."

All Singing the Same Dirge

THIS is not the only point of interest in Keyserling; but I pass the others, temporarily, in order to balance the account with the prophecy of an intelligent Frenchman. André Gide is a notable leader of French thought, particularly known as a novelist and essayist. "I believe," he says, "we are witnessing the end of a world, of a culture, of a civilization."

Or a Russian, exiled from his home, cries out: "Is it not already too late? Perhaps Europe, 'the land of holy miracles,' . . . is already a cemetery. Perhaps the soul is already dead in the hearts of her people."

The Spanish critic, Miguel de Unamuno, who is in exile for his opposition to the Spanish dictatorship, foresees the Middle Ages returning after the "pessimism and despair" of Europe, and compares the present despondency with the belief in the approaching end of the world in the tenth century A.D.

To continue the international chorus: The Dane, Georg Brandes, noted that "the strongest voice in the world is no longer that of Europe"; the Italian, Francesco Nitti, once Premier of Italy, says that "the process of dissolving the economy of Europe has already begun." The Frenchman, Jacques Bainville, says that we are haunted by the thought of slipping backward and—since he is, in politics and religion, exactly at the opposite pole to André Gide—he wonders whether human degeneration and retrogression may not be part of the divine plan of Providence. Mahatma Gandhi declares that "the brute in man has gained supremacy"; the great English philosopher, Bertrand Russell, writes: "Since the Renaissance, Europe has been like a clock running down; its positive institutions have come to it from the Middle Ages and the changes effected

(Continued on Page 110)

Cassandras, 1927 Models

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

The Old Refrain

WHEN we were young, Evangeline,
A livelier pace we longed to try.
But parents on their job were keen
And very hard to satisfy.
We found them priggish, you and I,
Too slow for young America;
We muttered with impatient sigh,
"Nous avons changé tout cela!"

They deemed us wild, though sweet sixteen
Was still demure, and often shy;
We seldom recked of nicotine,
Our parties on the whole were dry;
And when a wooer ventured nigh,
The casting vote was claimed by Pa,
Who disapproved that pert reply,
"Nous avons changé tout cela!"

Grown grave and gray, we view the scene
With bodeful heart and anxious eye,
As lad and lass of rebel mien
Our sage philosophies defy;
Whene'er we counsel or deny,
Their cheerful voices answer, "Blah!
Your ancient maxims don't apply
Nous avons changé tout cela!"

Envoi

Have patience, Prince, for time will fly,
And soon, with insolent éclat,
Their young shall chill them with the cry,
"Nous avons changé tout cela!"

—Corinne Rockwell Swain.

Height of Modern Youth?

WILLIE: Maw, do I have to wash my face again before dinner?

MOTHER: Certainly, dear.

WILLIE: Aw, gee, why can't I just powder it again like you do yours?

With or Without

I KNOW, of course, for I'm up-to-date,
That marriage isn't a perfect union;
That there are times in the wedded state
When two hearts fail of a close communion.
But still, I'll risk it, for this is true,
More true than poetry I might spout you,
I'd rather be seldom at peace with you
Than possibly quite at peace without you.

DOGVILLE ITEMS—The New Dog at the Fire House Did His Stuff at Yesterday's Alarm and in Consequence There Is a Popular Demand for a Traffic Cop

I know the happiest married life
Is, not infrequently, far from clubby;
Sometimes he's bored with his little wife,
Sometimes she's bored with her dearest hubby.
But I'm not frightened at such a view,
Prospective boredom won't make me flout you,
I'd rather be badly bored with you
Than possibly not be bored without you.

We may be happy; I'm sure we will—
So say the lovers in all romances—
But even so it's a gamble still,
We pays our money, we takes our chances.
But even should misery chill us through
I still would center my life about you.
I'd rather be miserable with you,
Than miserable alone, without you!

—Berton Braley.

Two of a Kind

ABOUT the only thing that frightens a horse today is another horse!

Blunder Supreme

HE: WHY did you cross Jack's name off this week-end party list?

SHE: Because the last time he was out here he wiped his hands on one of my guest towels.

The Pugilistic Reporter's Catechism

WHAT did the experts say on the eve of the championship bout? ANS. The experts declared the champion would win in the third round.

What did the experts say the morning after the champion lost his title? ANS. The experts declared that the champion was a mere shell of his former self.

What did the champion say on the eve of the big fight? ANS. The champion declared that he had never been in better condition. "I simply can't keep from winning the fight tomorrow," he added.

What did the champion say the morning after his defeat? ANS. The ex-champion blamed his defeat on the fact that he just couldn't get started. "I wasn't myself last night," he declared. "Somehow I just wasn't up to my usual form."

How did the champion look before the battle? ANS. The champion was scowling behind a three days' beard.

How did the champion look the morning after the fight? ANS. The left eye of the champion was closed and his jaw

(Continued on Page 110)

If the Colonel's Lady and Judy O'Grady Were Really Sisters

He—"I Want the Last Dance Too." She—"You've Had It"

The beans you eat should always be slow-cooked— To bring out the full rich bean flavor!

Nature stows away in beans a splendid treasure. Each bean is like a nugget—a real "find" in body-building nourishment, if only it is properly cooked to yield all of its valuable food. You should be careful to eat beans prepared to give you the full benefit of this exceptional and hearty nutriment.

People realize that Campbell's Beans are better value because they are slow-cooked. You get bigger return from every plateful because the heat has penetrated to every fine particle of the bean and has been kept there so long that the "meat" of the bean is tender, yielding, thoroughly digestible. The flavor is richer, the beans delightfully wholesome. Insist on Campbell's.

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Campbells' BEANS

SLOW-COOKED DIGESTIBLE

Helen of the Hundred Waves

It Seemed Ten Minutes—it Was Probably Twenty Seconds—Before She Said Briefly, "It's Charles; He's Hurt. Please Carry Him"

The Tale of the Dead Hotel

By BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

THERE are those who have a personal love for the equator and its children latitudes, the places below the tens, where seas are tinseled blue and seasons run in slices of half a year and anything may happen—and does—so often that, to those who live beneath the spell of the line, it seems as if nothing of importance ever happened at all.

Charles Pentecost III, half brother of Helen Elizabeth—known as Helen of the Hundred Waves—was fifty and a true Victorian; he did not think about his thoughts. He may have known, after some dim fashion semiobscured by whisky, that he was happy on the day when the launch, creeping along enormous wastes of biscuit-colored empty coast, came in sight of the hotel on Parrot Point; but certainly, since he and his sister, unaccompanied, had left Darwin—and that was days and days ago—he had not been heard to express any emotions, save those connected with food or prospects of sport on the almost uninhabited mainland.

Still, as they ran day after day by sandy glittering coasts, by white-beached islands, where scarcely anything moved or breathed at any time, save pelicans and gulls and the dusty-green wonga pigeon; where little creatures, such as himself and Helen and the launch, sank, lost, into the giant perspective of North Australia, like Buddhist souls into a limitless blissful Nirvana—Charles was happy.

He went whistling and humming about his duties on the launch. He steered her with his milky-blue, faded eyes fixed half on the leading marks and half on some bright Hy Brasil of his fancy; he cooked—Charles was a heaven-born cook—with a touch of happy dexterity not at all affected by the too many whiskies that, according to custom, he poured himself during work; and as he fried and stirred and kneaded, he laughed often at nothing at all. The wheels of existence, for him and for the twenty-year-old, hard, vivid little sister alike, were oiled.

By what? You must have met and loved and embraced the latitudes of the line to know. And then you will never tell; for the best of reasons—you cannot.

They had got a launch in Darwin. It was not theirs, but someone—surely hypnotized by Helen Elizabeth—had given them the job of running it down the coast as far as Thursday Island; and they did not propose to hurry on their journey. Helen Elizabeth, the girl with the amber-haired and amber-eyed Gloriana face, handled a launch engine as she handled everything she touched, with a certain fierce efficiency. She had not known anything at all about a launch three weeks ago, but since then she had taken the engine determinedly by the throat and forced it to yield its secrets. Charles, son of an elder and more leisurely day, hated all engines; but he could steer incomparably when he chose, and manage the sails that saved the petrol, as well as Helen Elizabeth herself.

So they ran, and saw great liners, far out in the blue, pass stately by on the unbroken road to Java and Cathay, and the sun soaked them, and the seas ran gold, and at last they came to Parrot Point, where was the dead hotel.

They had heard about the place, from wandering *bêche de mer* fishers and pearling folk, few of whom had ever seen it. Parrot Point ran out into waters where, for some unknown reason, neither *bêche de mer* nor pearl oyster flourished. In consequence, it was left unvisited. The coast behind it was hopelessly barren, the seas too shallow to allow the near approach of steamers. A more impossible place for a hotel surely never existed on the earth's surface.

But to Helen Elizabeth and to Charles it presented no mystery. They knew the story of the surrounding country—how, in old times, a barrack had been built for the soldiers who protected an early, unsuccessful attempt at settlement; how, later, a gold mine had been discovered and the empty barrack turned into a mining hotel; how the gold had been worked out, even as the early settler had died out, and the natives mostly been killed off; how, at last, there was no use for the land, the hotel, for anything at all connected with Parrot Point. Once, passenger boats had been used to call for wood and water; but with the advent of great liners that passed, remote as planets, upon the waters of the Straits and the Gulf and the Arafura Sea, calling cutters and schooners had almost disappeared; and now on ninety-nine days out of a hundred there could be nothing in the world more lonesome, deserted and gay with the subtle gayety of free unhaunted places than Parrot Point and its dead hotel.

The very water was gay; it passed from washtub blues of open sea, through lights of porphyry and mauve, into the one incomparable pale green that has no name and no compeer; the green that, under tropic skies, can laugh so that you may almost hear it. Through running jewels the brother and sister took their launch; Charles, for one, cursing the colors that stood for dangerous shoals and horseheads in the way, but steering ably. There was but one place where a launch could be moored; he found it with the instinct that is second nature to South Sea folk, dropped anchor.

"Hel," he said, "this is a good place; we'll have a spell."

Helen Elizabeth nodded, without speaking. She had never been free with talk, and since the loss of their famous island home, where three generations had lived and ruled, she was more silent than ever.

Charles, pulling at the oars, remarked cheerfully, "The abos all say that the place is full of debil-debils. Bunyips, too—sea bunyips that come up out of the water and eat you alive. B'gad, they ought to send some of those bally naturalists along here. Better worth collecting than bugs."

Charles had the fine contempt for science that belonged to his class and day; it appeared to him merely funny that any man should devote a lifetime to natural history.

Helen Elizabeth, with half his bulk and less than half his age, had twice his brain. Not much escaped the amber eyes beneath her arched, proud brows, or the small ears that told of long descent as plainly as the fine, sensitive ears of a racing mare. She had heard scientific talk in her late travels. More, there was someone—someone a long way off; someone not likely to cross her wandering path again—who had kept himself always in touch with new ideas, as a journalist must do; and she remembered his dictum—"Don't despise native talk about any sort of natural-history question. They may be very far wrong, but there's always something at the bottom of what they say, and it's generally something worth knowing."

The thought came and passed like a winging gull; it made little impression at the time, but later she was to remember.

In the minds of both, as they landed, reigned the leaping joy of the eternal picnic spirit. So much, at least, the daughter and son of an island race had in common. No Pentecost of Man-o'-War but had loved the wild, the unknown, better than home or wife.

"Got it all to ourselves," said Charles, scanning the beach that was printed delicately with the little arrows of bird tracks, the long snaky tracks of crabs, and these only. "Got the whole peninsula, whole hotel, whole bloomin' bit of coast for Lord knows how far, all for little me and you."

(Continued on Page 36)

Libby's 100 Foods

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Ask for LIBBY'S *when you buy the following foods*

Pickles, Condiments
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Sweet Mixed Pickles
Sweet Mustard Pickles
Dill Pickles
Sweet Relish
Sweet Cauliflower
Sweet Onions
Chow Chow

Salmon
Red Alaska Salmon

Canned Meats
Cooked Corned Beef
Roast Beef
Vienna Sausage
Beef Steak and Onions
Ragout
Hamburger Steak
Veal Loaf
Meat with Spread
Chili Con Carne
Corned Beef Hash
Lunch Tongue
Ox Tongue
Genuine Deviled Ham
Potted Meat
Boneless Chicken
Potted Chicken
Sliced Dried Beef
Sliced Bacon
Mince Meat
Plum Pudding
Mexican Tamales
Bouillon Cubes
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Milk
Evaporated Milk
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Sliced Pineapple
Crushed Pineapple
Peaches, Pears
Apricots
Cherries, Royal Anne
Cherries, Maraschino
Fruits for Salad
Plums, Apples
Apple Butter
Jellies, Jams
Strawberries
Raspberries
Loganberries
Blackberries
Prunes, Figs
Asparagus
Spinach
Pork and Beans
Tomatoes
Sweet Potatoes
Sauer Kraut
Tomato Soup

(Partial List)

Grown from our own pedigreed seed in favored garden spots — the full-ripe tomatoes from which Libby's Catchup is made. Their juice is combined with spices, choice vinegar and sugar according to a special recipe to yield that zestful flavor which has brought this catchup such fame

A dainty "hot and cold" luncheon: piping hot potato puffs with slices of Libby's Lunch Tongue. And what zest a dash of Libby's Catchup gives! To make puffs, pack mashed potatoes in greased molds, turn out and brown in hot oven

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Canadian Kitchens,
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Chatham, Ontario

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Helen Elizabeth, marching in front, made no reply. It was an odd thing—she agreed entirely with Charles—and yet she couldn't feel altogether alone. Which, in the face of that beach and the known history of Parrot Point, was absurd.

Before them, like a long-wrecked liner, lay the hotel; two-storied, balconied, blackened with empty doors. From stray windows that had kept a little glass, shot staring-bright reflections of the sea and the white sands. Sand was banked deep in the doorways; sand crusted the window sills, and lay upon the long outside staircase like snow upon the ladder of a barn. Indigo blue as snow shadows were the pools of shade about the house. There was, indeed, a strange air of Arctic desolation about the whole of the white, blue, sparkling scene; one would scarce have been amazed to see a polar bear stalk round the corner. Yet the heat at this hour of poising sun was enough to simmer the marrow in one's bones.

To the two wanderers it seemed good to pause a while. There was no date set for their arrival at Thursday Island; the ruined hotel promised shelter and rest such as one could not hope for on a little reeling launch; and, most of all, they wanted to take possession. Lost and abandoned property fascinates most folk; the Pentecosts—like you and myself—loved to pick things up.

"B'gad," commented Charles, stepping through the empty doorway, "at all events, they've left the bar behind."

It faced them as they entered—a long counter of some dark, fine wood, frictioned into dullness by the ceaselessly flying sand. Points of broken bottles stood out from sand drifts on the floor. The shelves were empty, but one or two ornamental barrels, labeled in gilt and green, still defied time from a stand at the back of the counter.

"Makes me thirsty just to look at the place," said the Pentecost who had walked his way to loss and ruin over hundreds of thresholds such as this. "Homesick . . . b'gad, Hel, I'd give a year of my life for a taste of the brandy they must have kept in that barrel. I can almost smell it."

Helen Elizabeth wondered for a moment whether Charles' hallucinations of sense were possibly infectious. She almost thought she could smell brandy herself. But that was, of course, impossible.

Charles, who had carried up the roll of baggage, heaved it on to the derelict bar counter and unwrapped with care a large, wickered flask.

"Not at sea now," he mumbled, somewhat defiantly. "You can go explorin' about all you like; I'll make myself comfortable in here."

"Very well," agreed the girl quietly. She never depended on Charles; he was a mere scarecrow figure, useful in the matter of keeping off birds of prey, but nothing as regarded real protection. Helen Elizabeth, fortunately, was the last girl in the world to want protecting; she was well content to look after herself, as a rule.

Still, today ——

Well, what, today? She did not know. But her exploring enthusiasm somehow seemed to have waned.

The mere suspicion that she was afraid of anything in heaven or earth or sea was, of course, enough to send her chin skyward and herself straight into the dusky, echoing hotel.

It seemed, however, as if the wandering shadow of fear that had touched her with one chill finger tip was a shadow only. There was nothing there; she had known there would not be anything. Only a long dining room, with rifts in the timber walls, and blue-and-white sea looking through; sand, light and dry as pepper, piled in heaps; a table, too huge for removal, tipped drunkenly sidewise by the collapse of the floor.

Beyond, a lounge that communicated with the bar; nothing there but a solitary looking-glass, starred by bullets and reflecting in shards and patches the grave, watching face of Helen Elizabeth. One couldn't go upstairs, because the whole staircase was eaten away by white ants and had collapsed in a heap of ruin. But the upper story looked as ruinous as the lower. Undoubtedly, the dead hotel was dead.

So much the better. Helen Elizabeth, whistling softly, unfastened her own small sack from the baggage roll and conveyed it to the lounge. Charles seemed to have settled down in the bar. He was asleep by now, lying on the floor, his palish, fine-cut face, that never showed the effects of any excess, looking as innocent as a schoolgirl's. He did not even snore.

"I'll give him till five o'clock," thought the girl. "He'll have to get up and cook the dinner then. There wasn't enough left in that flask to make him more than sleepy, and I know it was the last he had."

Dismissing him from her mind, she wandered off to the mass of shady rocks that stood invitingly on the farthest white point of the peninsula. One imagines that long, long thoughts were hers as she looked across the glorious, empty Arafura Sea, farther than eye could reach, toward the palmy island in the mid-Pacific that had been home and kingdom once. A minute, perhaps, went by.

Suddenly an exclamation burst from her lips.

Something had, for an instant, risen in the sea beyond the point, and just as instantly disappeared. No common landsman's eye could have made anything of it; but the Pentecosts were island folk, which means sea folk; and Helen Elizabeth, in that swift upflash, had caught the outlines of something so unusual that for the moment she came near to believing the aboriginal tales related by Charles.

If this was not the typical Australian bunyip, she did not know what it was. A monster, certainly—not a dugong, though it thrust its round dark head up as a dugong does; not a shark or straying whale, not anything of the serpent kind. She didn't know what it was, except just plain bunyip. It had flippers of some sort, vague and weedy in

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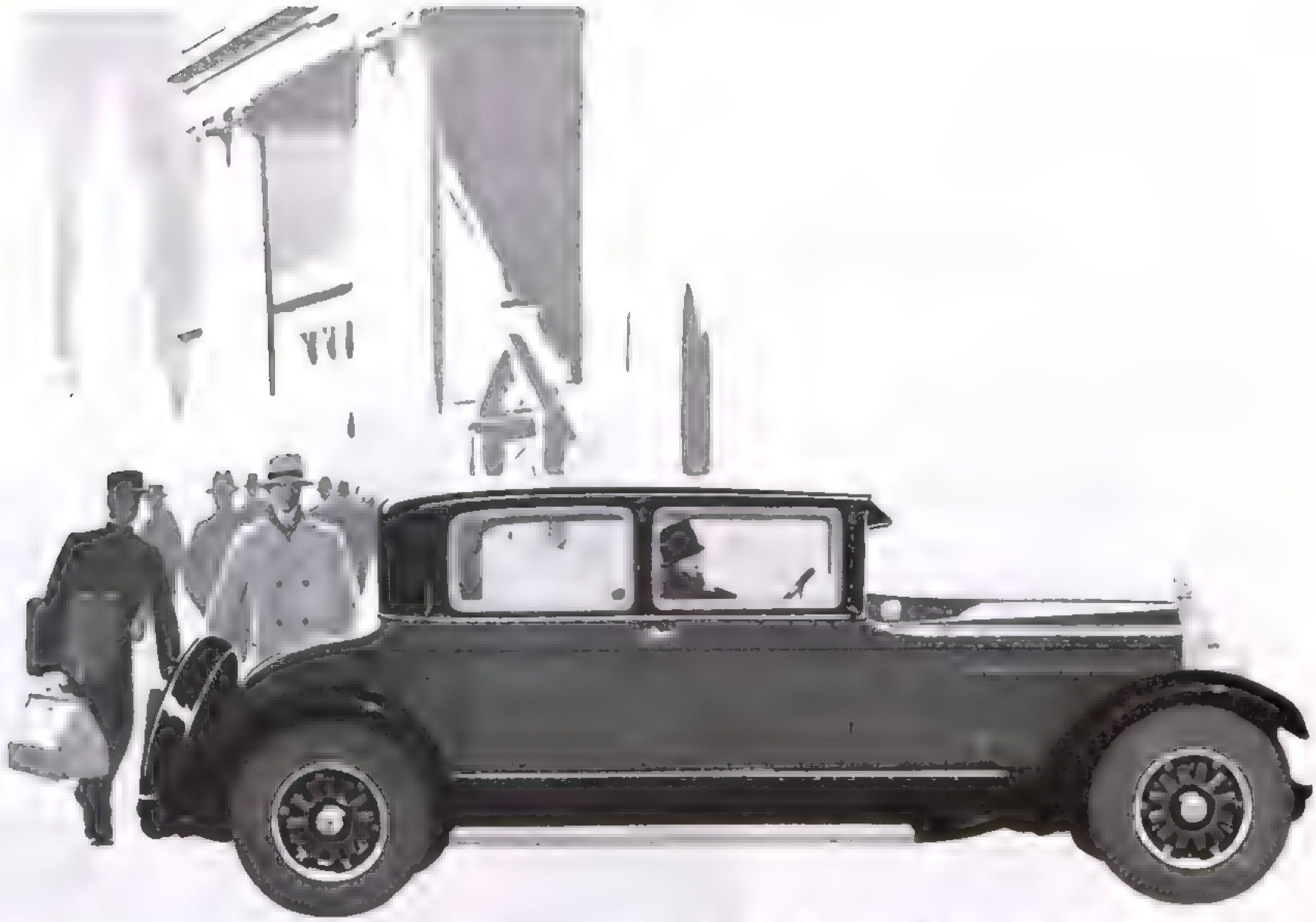
Telford Stared Till His Eyes—Good Eyes, But Somewhat Tried by Constant Reading and Writing—Shed Tears



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NEW ORLEANS NOTES

By Kenneth L. Roberts

THERE is frequently a peacefulness and tranquillity about various ancient things like old furniture and old books and old clothes and old cities, provided they were good before they began to grow old, that tends to soothe the minds of those who associate with them. This statement, like all generalities, is susceptible of being argued with all the bitterness and persistence that characterized the Thirty Years' War. None the less, it contains a grain of truth sufficiently large to choke an emu or any other bird with an oversized larynx.

The inhabitants of the youngest nations and the newest cities, for example, are the ones that are constantly emitting ear-splitting screams of wounded pride and injured innocence at the mildest and most justified of criticisms; while the residents of the oldest cities and nations—barring those that have been brought back to life after generations and centuries of lethargy or living death—may usually be depended on to refuse to produce much more than a half-hearted growl when attackers thrust their keenest harpoons into what ought to be the tenderest portions of their anatomies.

PHOTO, FROM H. J. HARVEY

New Orleans as Seen From an Aeroplane

The Scotch, accused publicly and in a ribald manner of refusing to part with a ten-cent piece unless it is separated from their persons by means of three cents' worth of dynamite, smile dourly and continue to roll up the surplus peculiar to Scotchmen. But when Rumania, which is a young nation as nations go, is innocently referred to as a Balkan nation, Rumanians are wont to leap up and down in a frenzy of rage and protest bitterly that Rumania is not a part of the Balkans and that the statement is made for some nefarious purpose, such as the weakening of Rumania's credit with the Mid-European League for the Nonpayment of Debts to America and other large financial interests.

A City From the Old World

PHILADELPHIANS smile pleasantly at the whispered vaudeville joke about spending a week in Philadelphia last Tuesday, and Bostonians of the old school show no signs of distress when they are freely accused of subsisting exclusively on baked beans and of being surrounded by the world's worst climate.

Things are different, however, in newer cities, where any mention of such obvious matters as the high prices or climatic peculiarities that obtain in them is very apt to cause mass outbursts of hysteria, and so to inflame the residents that they disseminate heated charges of fraud, robbery, bribery, conspiracy and paid propaganda of the most foul and loathsome complexion.

The city of New Orleans is an old city—a city that, in its time, has seen moats and drawbridges and ramparts; French and Spanish adventurers in jack boots and leather jerkins and feathered hats; pirates who planned their expeditions in the heart of the city and skillfully buried their plunder so that treasure hunters have dug beneath more than 487,000 live oaks in their efforts to locate it.

Over its streets padded the feet of the Creole Battalion and the Freemen of Color and the pirates of Dominique You as they poured out to the Plains of Chalmette under Andrew Jackson to mow down the red-coated ranks of the British; in its alleys and beneath its Dueling Oaks sounded the slither and clash of rapiers and the cruel thud of dueling pistols.

It was a city of traditions and substance and flavor when it staged its revolution against Spanish rule; when it laid its plans for the rescue of Napoleon; when New Orleans and all the tremendous empire of the Louisiana Territory were sold to the United States for a smaller sum than France would have to pay today if she wished to buy back one block in the business section of the city.

Because of the city's antiquity, the people of New Orleans have acquired the tolerance and the detached viewpoint that go with age and rich experience. For each Orleanean who waxes lyrical with pride over the skyscrapers and office buildings that push out steadily from the city's center in ever-widening waves, there are three or four who moan lugubriously over the city's increasing size and noisiness.

For each Orleanean who struggles manfully to swamp the inquiring visitor with reams of unintelligible statistics dealing with New Orleans' manifold activities, there are four or five who are vitally concerned in knowing whether he is enjoying himself.

For each Orleanean who wishes to take the visitor affectionately by the hand and lead him over the seven miles of municipal docks and through a fascinating sugar factory, there are five or six who are filled with an almost uncontrollable urge to take him fishing or duck shooting, or to escort him to one of the eighty-seven places where the only perfect crab gumbo in New Orleans can be obtained.

In a word, the Orleaneans are not good boosters. Some of them have made cursory investigations of the boosting that is perpetrated in other American communities, and have come to the ultra-conservative conclusion that New Orleans possesses as many attractive features as do sundry cities whose inhabitants seem to devote all their waking hours to screaming passionately that their particular city is the most wondrous, prodigious and miraculous community on the North American Continent.

This conclusion, it might be remarked in passing, seems to be confirmed by experienced travelers, who are given to observing that New Orleans is one of the two American cities that are fortunate enough to possess the elusive quality that, for want of a better term, is called atmosphere.

Some unbiased travelers go so far as to say that the accomplishments and the advantages of New Orleans are such as to make the claims of cities that modestly advertise themselves as marvel cities or enchanted cities sound by comparison like a child's description of a new henhouse—which may or may not be an exaggeration. The fact remains, however, that when an Orleanean attempts to take a leaf out of the book of newer and noisier places and burst into a sustained and deafening bellow concerning the progress and glory of his native city, he experiences great difficulty in escaping the burden of affability and conservatism that seems to be one of the penalties of residence in an ancient community.

An Agreeable Booster

INSTEAD of seizing his victim by the throat and forcing him to listen to his enthusiastic outbursts by main strength, as is the custom frequently followed by trained boosters in neighborhoods that stand most in need of boosting, the Orleanean booster approaches his subject in a gentle and diffident manner.

"I would like to call your attention to the fact," says he, drawing a bundle of papers from his pocket, clearing his throat and looking nervously over his shoulder, "that New Orleans, at the mouth of the great Mississippi Valley funnel, is soon destined to be one of the greatest cities in the United States. In the year 1925 more than 8,500,000 tons of goods passed over our wharves, and the value of these goods was nearly $672,000,000. As you know, New Orleans is the second largest port in the United States. Now if we count in the coastwise traffic, we find that ——"

In this short time his victim has sensed the fact that the Orleanean is not prepared, like some boosters, to shoot him if he refuses to listen. He accordingly rebels. "Statistics," says he tentatively, "make me sort of sick."

"You don't surprise me in the least," says the Orleanean sympathetically. "They make me sort of sick too."

(Continued on Page 41)

Why *changed* motoring conditions demand a new margin of safety

You know that the past few years have brought marked changes in the outside appearance of automobiles. But do you know that even more radical changes are to be found inside the engine?

These changes have come gradually. They bring changed operating conditions. Smaller bore and longer stroke designs have grown in favor. Compressions have been increased. Higher engine speeds are the rule. Operating temperatures are hotter. Oil purifying devices are frequently used. Many other changes are being made. Automobile manufacturers constantly feature the changes they are making in their designs.

As the authorities in scientific lubrication, we are being asked to define the relation of these many changes to lubrication.

Every change mentioned above puts a greater burden on the lubricating oil. Every one of them calls for an increased margin of safety.

First announcement in an important series

The need is emphasized still further by today's driving conditions.

Car owners are now more numerous than telephone subscribers. City streets are congested. The need for quick acceleration has increased. Every start, and shift of gears puts added strain on the engine.

Improved highways in the open country invite faster travel for long continuous periods. Only the automobile engineer can fully appreciate what severe strains this continued fast driving puts on both the engine and the lubricating oil. Here the need for a new margin of safety is imperative.

Always in step with the developments in automotive design, the Vacuum Oil Company has constantly improved Gargoyle Mobiloil to meet changed conditions and to assure an ample margin of safety.

The correct grade of Mobiloil provides this added margin of safety your car requires and represents our professional advice as determined by our Board of Automotive Engineers.

On this page we have only hinted at the changed conditions. In later issues of this publication we will explain more fully—"Why changed motoring conditions demand a new margin of safety."

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(Continued from Page 39)

"The trouble with most statistics," continues the victim in more assured tones, "is that they don't mean anything to anybody."

"How true that is!" exclaims the Orleanean. "I never look at one of them without wondering why they were invented."

And he tosses his bundle of papers into the wastebasket and looks inquiringly at his erstwhile victim.

"Well," says the victim, "what is there about New Orleans besides statistics that would be of interest to an outsider?"

The Orleanean thoughtfully studies the toes of his shoes. "Have you been through a sugar factory?" he asks at length.

"No," says the victim firmly, having learned that there is nothing whatever to be feared from an Orleanean booster; "I have not been through a sugar factory and I am not going through a sugar factory."

"I don't blame you," says the Orleanean weakly. "Have you been through the Vieux Carré?"

"I have," replies the victim, "and I know all about Madame Lalaurie and the haunted house."

"Madame Lalaurie, you know," says the Orleanean, brightening up perceptibly, "was highly esteemed, and entertained Lafayette when he was here."

"Be silent!" orders the victim in his most commanding voice. "I know all about the mutilated slaves and how Madame Lalaurie escaped down the Mississippi in a molasses barrel or something, and how the house is haunted by a little black ghost that is seen only at night."

"Well," says the Orleanean, subsiding reluctantly, "people say that there are more pretty girls in New Orleans than in any other city in the world. Would you be interested in that?"

"What do you mean—people say?" asks the victim belligerently. "Don't you think so yourself?"

"Oh, I don't know," replies the Orleanean cautiously. "A lot of 'em are pretty, but some of 'em aren't so pretty."

"Well, what else?" asks the victim impatiently, after the booster has plucked for a time at the loose threads in his linen suit in meditative silence. "What ever became of all the muddy streets you used to have around here? And doesn't the Mississippi River try to drown you every little while, as it did in the good old days?"

"Oh, there's nothing interesting in that," says the booster moodily. "We've got old Mr. Mississippi pretty well licked. He gets a little higher every year, but he can't hurt us any more. When he gets high we keep 1700 men watching him, so he can't do much. Let's go down to Antoine's and get Jules to make us a jambalaya."

Thus speaks the New Orleans booster, who nearly expires from boredom and bad food in almost every other city in America; who is distressed at the thought of tourists that visit a score of rubber-stamp and mushroom towns and never know the delights of New Orleans; who fishes and hunts and plays golf and makes merry during carnival time and motors over good roads throughout the winter, and lounges comfortably in linen clothes throughout the summer; who knows that he ought to boost and tries his best to do so, but through one of New Orleans' natural advantages is more reticent and inarticulate than becomes a true dyed-in-the-wool booster—and so has been delivered from the blight of motor hobos that in recent years has put the curse of commonness on many a community that might otherwise have remained peaceful, beautiful, unspoiled and unboomed.

Where Mr. Mississippi Detours

"THERE'S nothing interesting in old Mr. Mississippi," says the Orleanean; "we've got him pretty well licked." Also, possibly, there's nothing interesting in a prominent war, or in a fight to discover the South Pole or to climb Mt. Everest. It all depends on the point of view. Let us, therefore, permit the amiable Orleanean to depart in search of his jambalaya, while we devote a little time to examining into the conduct of that violent, unscrupulous, wicked, herculean, hell-raising, yellow-faced reprobate, old Mr. Mississippi.

To the Orleaneans the river is a personality—a giant personality that is sometimes gentle, but more often malevolent and tricky and greatly to be respected and feared; in short, a male giant, or old Mr. Mississippi.

The Mississippi comes down out of the North, roaring and gurgling and lapping its chops, full of mud and logs and snow water and seventeen million different varieties of trash from every state in its enormous valley; and when, 110 miles from its mouth, it reaches the site that those wise young Canadians, Iberville and Bienville, selected more than 200 years ago as the location for the town of New Orleans, it makes a large and graceful curve and starts back north.

It soon recovers from this momentary skittishness and turns south again; but as a result of it the city of New Orleans, when one looks at it from an airplane, hangs in a sack formed by the Mississippi, just as ten cents' worth of striped candy hangs in the toe of a Christmas stocking. Above the sack, as though pressing New Orleans down into it, lies the broad expanse of Lake Pontchartrain, forty-two miles long and twenty-one miles wide.

Today, on the Mississippi Delta, where there are no levees to restrict the river, so that it divides into many mouths and empties into the Gulf of Mexico, one can get an idea of the sort of land that bordered the Mississippi in the days when New Orleans first began to try to pull its feet out of the mud. Limitless marshes stretch away to the horizon in every direction; and when one pushes a boat against the river bank he finds that the sedges and grasses are growing out of a foot or two feet of mud and water.

In seasons of drought the river may fall to such an extent that there is genuine land—soggy, but genuine—above the water; but when the seasons are wet, or even damp, the Mississippi spreads out over the entire delta and there is rejoicing among the ducks and the muskrats.

And in connection with muskrats and their furry friends, it should be remarked that the state of Louisiana, thanks to the moisture that is so liberally disseminated by old Mr. Mississippi, not only produces more fur pelts each year than any other state in the Union but even sends to market more than are annually taken in all of Canada—a fact that ought to be something of a jolt to the numerous novelists of the great outdoors who seem to regard Canada as the home of all the trappers, fur-bearing animals and Royal Northwest Mounted Police in the world.

At any rate, the followers of Iberville and Bienville worked in mud and water to found New Orleans, and they lived in mud and water for many a long day after they had founded it. It was a warm and steamy country, and the mosquitoes were so plentiful that men's lungs would have been clogged with them if they had not worn mustaches through which to strain their breaths. It was the custom of the times, moreover, for men to wear vests of nickel steel or shoe leather through the interstices of which a mosquito or a red bug could pass with comparative ease, but through which nobody could scratch himself without being a contortionist of the first rank.

The Pilgrim Fathers Missed a Chance

IT HAS come to be a generally accepted fact that the Pilgrim Fathers, bravely defying the rigors of a New England winter, were confronted by the most trying experience that ever pained a body of pioneers. Yet there are residents of New Orleans who maintain firmly that since the Pilgrim Fathers had dry feet most of the time and were not troubled by mosquitoes, their sufferings were nothing as compared with those of Bienville's men. The inference that they draw from this fact—if it is a fact—is that the Pilgrim Fathers could have endured twice as many hardships, if they had settled in New Orleans, as they were able to endure in Plymouth, Massachusetts.

From this they easily progressed to the argument that Louisiana must necessarily be twice as good a place as New England in which to live, and that New Englanders will have to realize it some day and migrate to Louisiana in a body.

This argument may strike New Englanders as remarkable, in which case they may have the satisfaction of knowing that the willingness of New Englanders to spend their winters amid snow and slush seems at least ten times as remarkable to Orleaneans.

The earliest residents of New Orleans built dikes around the town, so that old Mr. Mississippi was kept out of its streets and houses, except when he went on a rampage, which he frequently did. Then, as the land became more populous, levees were built to keep old Mr. Mississippi within his banks—great ramparts of earth extending hundreds of miles along both sides of the river.

For the most part, the levees were successful—except when old Mr. Mississippi took it into his head to be mean and ornery. And to know anything about the meanness and the orneriness and the diabolical strength of the Mississippi, one must have lived along the lower reaches of the river and seen its terrific, boiling, growling, yellow, swollen surface, high above the level of the surrounding countryside, gnawing and slobbering and sucking at the pitiful little man-made earthen levees that stand between it and the good dry earth on either side of it; gnawing and slobbering within twelve inches of the levee top—within four inches of the levee top; so close sometimes to the top that the levee workers pile sandbags along the crest and nervously trust to them to hold back all the waters of the Mississippi Valley.

One must have stood on the levee top at such a time and wondered what that dirty and offensive rowdy, old Mr. Mississippi, was doing with all his hidden strength, and whether or not he was engaged in such refined pastimes as hitting below the belt and biting in the clinches.

Some years ago an ocean-going steamer of several thousand tons' burden lay at her dock in New Orleans. In an evil moment her cargo shifted and she rolled over and sank. For a little while she rested on an underwater shelf, so that the tops of her masts could be seen. Then old Mr. Mississippi, in a burst of petulance, snatched her off the bank and she vanished.

Owners and wrecking companies hunted high and low for that steamer, but no trace of her has ever been discovered. Old Mr. Mississippi swallowed her up and digested her and went gayly off about his business. Anybody who fails to appreciate the unusual aspects of this feat might try to find some other body of water in which a 5000-ton steamship can be so enthusiastically sunk that no trace of it can be found.

Whom Care Has Forgotten, if Any

SINCE old Mr. Mississippi is 200 feet deep in the vicinity of New Orleans and has all these concealed assets with which to play, there are frequent opportunities for a *crise de nerfs* and a well-developed case of cold feet on the part of the person who stands on a Mississippi levee and watches the surging, log-laden flood rise inch by inch and inch by inch, and wonders whether it is undermining the levee under his feet.

Consequently there is little wonder that when the river becomes dangerously high, the levees of New Orleans are patrolled by 1700 men, ready to hustle sandbags into place if the water begins to overtop the levee; nor is it surprising that the twittery nerves of these watchers would unquestionably lead them to do some quick and accurate shooting at any craft that dared to travel with sufficient speed to force waves against the levee top.

As time went on, the warfare between New Orleans and old Mr. Mississippi became more acrimonious and pestiferous, instead of easier and mellower, as is usually the case in most long wars. The land along the lower Mississippi is alluvial land, built up in bygone ages by the constant overflowing of the countryside by the river. The river overflowed and distributed a rich layer of silt. On this layer cypress forests sprang into existence, and various rank tropical growths.

Then a heavier flood than usual would burst over the banks and pour silt over everything and the first cypress forest would die. A second forest would spring up and silt over and die; and a third forest would spring up, silt over and die, and so on and so on and so on.

The land was built out of decomposed vegetable matter mixed with silt, sand and clay. Soil of this sort is extremely rich—so rich that there are serious and hard-headed people in the vicinity of New Orleans who propose to ship it to Northern farmers and sell it as fertilizer. But in spite of being rich, it is a trifle loose in its texture. As a result it shrinks and settles in a determined manner as soon as it begins to dry.

Consequently, as the land on which New Orleans was built became drier, it settled farther and farther below the level of the river. At the present time the high-water level of the Mississippi is twenty-one feet above the street level of the city.

This land shrinkage has also resulted in the street level of New Orleans being five feet below the high-water level of Lake Pontchartrain, which is connected with the Gulf of Mexico and is therefore subject to its tides.

The complexities of life that have been brought on the good people of New Orleans by the activities of the Mississippi are sufficient to give the most sanctimonious angel a series of slow shooting pains. Instead of carrying down approximately the same amount of water year after year, the Mississippi carries down more and more water each year and, as a natural result, rises higher and higher. This is due to the fact that whenever trees are cut down in all the great expanse of the Mississippi Valley, or additional sewers and paved streets are installed in its countless towns and cities, more water runs into the Mississippi than ran into it before these changes were made.

The levees, being made of earth, are about as high as they can be made without slumping and collapsing under their own weight. New Orleans has a reputation of being a joyous and carefree city—"The city," in the words of one of its unexpectedly industrious slogan makers, "that care forgot." So far as the average Orleanean is concerned, he is willing to have almost any slogan pinned on him; but the gentlemen who have to attend to the highly important business of keeping the Mississippi where it belongs are burdened with a sufficient amount of care—of carking care in fact—to more than make up for all those who have been forgotten by care, if any.

(Continued on Page 90)

NEIGHBORS

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

"For Everything—My Clothes and All I Need—a Hundred Dollars a Week."
"We Can Afford It," Said James. "She Gets It"

VIII

THE Perrigo house sat on a hilltop half a mile from the center of Barchester, and from its broad piazza one got such a view of mountain and valley and river as is seldom to be found even in regions of magnificent prospects. Even the natives admitted it to be sightly. It was a big house, preening itself upon that crest and patronizing the bowl in which the village lay. When it was erected by the father of Walter and James and Eunice the village resented it with some justice, recognizing the purpose of its owner to impress it with his wealth and his importance. He had not built it in that pleasant spirit in which a man usually makes himself a home, but boastfully, with intent to show his peers to what a height he had risen; and he had tried to assume the attitude of lord of the manor.

Once each year it had been his custom to invite the village to a merrymaking upon his grounds—a condescending gesture to the peasantry. The peasantry came, trampled his grass, danced to his music, ate his ice cream and cake, but failed signally to pull its forelock; and when it went away again, it asked repeatedly the question, "Who in tunket does Amos Perrigo think he is?" It is difficult to found a local aristocracy with but one member.

Amos had amassed a fortune by various means and therefore was tendered a species of respect. A money-maker is always respected in that latitude where thrift is one of the cardinal virtues. But deference he never received, and it was one of his grievances against life that his contemporaries would not give over the habit of calling him Amos for the more respectful greeting of Mr. Perrigo.

Few people in that region are given the title of mister. The minister of the Gospel, of course—though the older-fashioned prefer to entitle him reverend—strangers who have not been admitted to the fellowship and visitors of note are spoken to by their family names. But all others, from eighteen to eighty, use the given name, as in the very nature of things it was intended to be used. A man who moves to Barchester and continues to be called Mr. Jones after six months of residence should pick out a new vicinage, for he will never succeed in this one.

So Amos Perrigo built his house and abrogated to himself importance in vain. Amos he was born and Amos he died. Nor did his children seek to carry on his tradition, though Walter showed sporadic signs of it in his earlier life.

But Walter was astute: in his maturity he wore democracy as a well-fitting coat—but obviously tailored.

Strangely enough, in his will, Amos did not follow the law of primogeniture, as might have been expected. He did not leave the family seat to his eldest son; but, much to Walter's disgust, made it the property of his daughter. His property over and beyond that farm, with its mansion and its great, splendid barns and buildings, he divided into three equal parts, making Walter his executor and the guardian and trustee of his minor daughter.

But Walter, either with James' willing assent or by overriding his desires, continued as sole master of the property, managing it as his own and apparently accounting to nobody. Or, if he accounted to James, it was done privately, between themselves. At any rate Barchester came to look upon Walter as the man of wealth and his brother and sister in the light rather of son and daughter, who might inherit, but did not presently possess—which suited Walter to a nicety.

The three Perrigos sat at table, for it was one of those rare meals at which James was present, and held their peace while the servant was in the overlarge room serving the dinner. But, as soon as the pantry door closed behind her, Eunice threw down her fork and turned furiously upon Walter.

"I shan't stand it any longer!" she said furiously. "Anybody would think I was a poor relative living on your charity."

James directed his attention upon his plate; if he saw the effect of Eunice's words it was not visible upon his tanned, expressionless face.

"Now what?" Walter asked provocatively.

"I'm sick and tired of coming to you for every cent I need. Anybody 'd think I was your wife."

"Lucky for you you aren't," said Walter.

"The money's mine, and I've a right to it."

"You've a right to what I give you."

"It's mine—mine as much as it's yours."

"It's mine—to take care of, and I'm going to take care of it. You throw away what I give you."

"And that's none of your business."

"It seems to be," Walter said in his most irritating tone.

"It won't be long," Eunice said furiously. "In ten months I'll be of age. . . . And right now I want an allowance—a decent allowance. I'm entitled to it."

"You won't get it," Walter said shortly.

"Won't I?" demanded Eunice.

"I think not."

"I'm not a complete fool."

"Not complete," Walter said.

"And I know my rights."

Walter laid down his knife and fork and leaned forward with sudden intentness.

"What are you talking about?" he demanded.

"My rights. And if you drive me too far I'll have them too."

"Who have you been talking to?"

"Never mind who I've been talking to."

"I won't have you running around blabbing family affairs."

"I'll do more than blab them. . . . I know, for instance, that a guardian must file an annual accounting, and I know you haven't for two years."

Walter's eyes became curiously blank, his round bald head moved forward with the movement of an angered turkey cock. "Who have you been talking to?" he demanded again, this time in a flat voice, with no syllable emphasized. The effect was menacing.

(Continued on Page 47)

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For greatest economy all loud speaker sets

IT WILL pay you, in convenience and reliability, as well as in dollars and cents saved, to use this remarkable battery.

The reason for the Eveready Layerbilt's surprising performance lies in its exclusive, patented construction. No other battery is like it. It is built in flat layers of current-producing elements, making practically a solid block. The layers make connection with each other automatically, and occupy all available space inside the battery case. Layer-building packs more active materials in a given area, and makes those materials produce more electricity.

Every loud-speaker set should use Heavy-Duty batteries, for they alone offer economy on modern receivers. When you buy new "B" batteries be sure to get the Heavy-Duty size, and remember that the Eveready Layerbilt has proved

DIFFERENT!

The Layerbilt patented construction revealed. Each layer is an electrical cell, making automatic contact with its neighbors, and filling all available space inside the battery case.

require the new Eveready Layerbilt "B" Batteries

to be the longest lasting, most economical of all Heavy-Duty batteries.

Our laboratories are continually testing batteries and in all our tests we have yet to find a battery that is equal to the new improved and radically different Eveready Layerbilt "B" Battery No. 486. The development and perfecting of this remarkable battery is an outstanding battery-building achievement. It is the result of many years' experience plus the facilities and resources of the pioneer manufacturers of all dry cell batteries.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
New York San Francisco
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

Tuesday night is Eveready Hour Night—9 P. M., Eastern Standard Time, through the following stations:

WEAF–*New York*	WGR–*Buffalo*	WGN–*Chicago*
WJAR–*Providence*	WCAE–*Pittsburgh*	WOC–*Davenport*
WEEI–*Boston*	WSAI–*Cincinnati*	WCCO {*Minneapolis* / *St. Paul*
WTAG–*Worcester*	WTAM–*Cleveland*	
WFI–*Philadelphia*	WWJ–*Detroit*	KSD–*St. Louis*

WRC–*Washington* WGY–*Schenectady*

TOAST .. *good* and *good for them*

Make it at the table

SERVE IT HOT! Toast is best when served hot. Made at the table it delights the eye and stimulates the appetite. Children eat eagerly this simple, health-giving food that's good and good for them.

Every home should have a Hotpoint Toast-Over Toaster and enjoy toast made this way. It toasts two large slices at the same time. The toast is turned *automatically* when the side is lowered.

You will use the Hotpoint Toast-Over Toaster on many occasions. For breakfast, hot buttered toast helps give excess energy to start the day. When the children come rushing home from school—hungry as little bears—you'll use it again. And for the club luncheon and that midnight supper, delicious toast sandwiches can be made quickly and easily.

Insist on a "Hotpoint" Toast-Over Toaster and be sure of lasting quality and satisfaction. Prices, $6 to $8.

Send for the Hotpoint Toast Recipe Book. It tells of many delightful ways to serve toast. Sent free by mail, or ask your nearest Hotpoint dealer or electric light company.

Make Delicious Coffee at the table

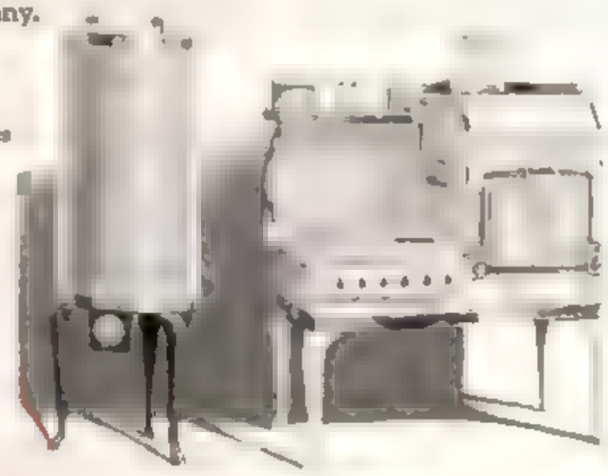
with a Hotpoint Percolator and you'll say you never before tasted coffee so good. For a Hotpoint makes it scientifically. No other electric percolator uses a valveless pump and Hotpoint's famous "HOT drip" method. Every drop of water percolated is HOT—and it drips through from top to bottom of the coffee in the basket, extracting the full aromatic flavor and fragrance. There are Hotpoint Percolators from $10.00 to $36.50; each is of guaranteed Hotpoint quality.

Hotpoint Electric Ranges and Water Heaters

Electric Cookery is Modern. It is fast, convenient, clean, cool and better. When once you have tried it you will never cook any other way again.

Think of having a range that creates no soot, that keeps as clean as a china plate, on which your utensils always keep clean, bright and new!

There are models and sizes of both Hotpoint ranges and water heaters for every purse and purpose. Ask your electric light company about electric cooking in your community.



EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., Inc.
5600 West Taylor Street, Chicago
Factories: Chicago, Ill., and Ontario, Calif. Branches and Factory Service Stations in all principal cities
In Canada: Canadian General Electric Co., Ltd., Toronto

Hotpoint SERVANTS

GRILLS

CURLING IRONS

TRAVELING IRONS

WAFFLE IRONS

HEATING PADS

HEDLITE HEATERS

IRONS

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF HOUSEHOLD ELECTRIC HEATING APPLIANCES

Continued from Page 42

"It was about time I was finding out something. Now do I get a decent allowance or not?"

"You don't."

"You know," she said, and succeeded in making her voice maddeningly tantalizing, "I can have a next friend appointed by the court, and get an accounting, and ask the judge to order me an allowance—a suitable allowance, I believe is the word. Do you want me to do that?"

James looked up and spoke. "Oh, shut up," he said, his words directed impartially to both of them.

"I'll not shut up! And if you had a spark of decency in you, James, you'd help me out. You get what you want, don't you?"

"I don't want much," James said, and went on eating.

"I own this house," Eunice said.

"Who have you been talking to?" Walter demanded again.

"And you live all over it. You run it. You act as if it was yours."

"I want to know ——"

"Then find out," Eunice said, and then made a shot in the dark. "I'll bet you don't dare make an accounting," she said, "either to James or me. . . . I think now, and I've always thought, and I always will think, Walter, that you want it all—and you're trying to get it all somehow"

"Do you mean ——"

"I do. I think you're crooked. I think the mill people have found out you're crooked, and that's why they've sent Mr. Cross here. Why father ever trusted you ——"

Walter struck the table with his fist. "I want to know who's been putting this into your head, and I'm going to know."

"Go ahead and find out," Eunice jeered

"I'll find out—and you'll tell me. Don't forget I'm running this place—and you too!"

"Guardian of the person and property," Eunice sneered. "Well, what do you think you can do about it?"

"I can stop your infernal tongue"

"You can—temporarily—by giving me an allowance. I'm not crazy about having our family rows gabbled about by everybody in the county. But that's the only way you can stop it for ten months. Then you'll account, Walter, and I'll have a lawyer on the job to see you account right."

"I'll shut you in the house. If you're running around spreading stories ——"

James lifted his head again and looked frowningly from Eunice to Walter. "No," he said

"Oh," Eunice said with curling lip, "so you won't let him lock me in my room, eh? That's nice of you, James. I wonder if maybe you aren't sort of afraid of the talk it would cause. Sometimes, James, I think you've a lot more brains than Walter. I've even had the idea Walter might be afraid of you."

James said nothing; Walter's eyes were baleful.

"Do I get my allowance?" Eunice demanded

"No!" Walter shouted.

"Yes," James said quietly without looking up

"Don't you meddle with this," Walter said angrily.

James continued to eat. Walter sat back in his chair, his cheeks an unsightly gray, his breath audible.

"One thing or the other," Eunice said—"an allowance or dirty linen on the line."

"I'll ——" Walter began, but James interrupted.

"How much?" he asked.

"For everything—my clothes and all I need—a hundred dollars a week."

"We can afford it," said James. "She gets it"

Walter pushed back his chair so that it crashed to the floor, and stamped out of the room. Eunice sat still for an instant, surprised into silence. She had won where she had not expected to win, and with aid she had not anticipated to receive. More than that she was astonished at James, amazed that he should have asserted himself, and that, having asserted himself, he should so have dominated Walter. What did it mean? What was going on? Who, after all, was the actual head of the family?

In common with the rest of the world James had been a riddle to her. He had never opened his mind to her, as Walter had exhibited the contents of his mind. Walter was her natural enemy; they hated each other and made no pretense, in the privacy of their home, to conceal it. She never had been able to discover if James sided with her or with her brother, or if he were indifferent. Somehow his action today raised her suspicions. She concealed them.

"Thank you, James," she said.

He brushed aside her gratitude perhaps recognizing it for what it was worth

"Now keep your mouth shut," he said succinctly

"Oh," she said ironically, "so I'm bought off, eh? You figured it was better to bribe me than take the consequences! Well, I'm bribed for ten months."

He got to his feet and stood over her, slender, dark, handsome, impenetrable, and looked down into her eyes calculatingly, with the scrutiny of a scientist studying a specimen. His eyes narrowed.

"Don't be a fool," he said.

With that he turned his back and left the room with that long, graceful, silent stride which always marked his progress. Eunice thought of leopards.

IX

WARREN CROSS, driving his car toward Barchester, picked up Knuckles and his rod and his fish basket, for Knuckles had been whipping the East Branch. The young New Yorker was rather glad of this opportunity, for though his acquaintance in the village was enlarging

Continued on Page 122

"Is This What They Call Amusing Themselves?" "Hush! I Don't Know When I've Had More Fun," He Said

CARTOON AND COMEDY

"Here's Where I Get the Blame for Chasing This Fool Horse"

"Wouldn't a Guy be a Funny-Looking Nut if He Looked Like a Wax Model?"

A Press Agent's Son Explains How He Lost His Hat

The Man With the Bright Idea Gets Titbits From the Lobster Claws

Centuries ago Oriental weavers made beautiful fabrics from "mohair" the fleece of the Angora Goat. Today the most luxurious closed motor cars are upholstered in mohair velvet.

Mohair—a Heritage from the Orient—for the Upholstery of your Closed Motor Car

THE choice of Velmo—a triumph of mohair velvet weaving—for the upholstery of their closed cars is a natural one for those textile-wise people who realize that since the dawn of history mohair fabrics have been prized for their superb beauty and matchless durability.

Velmo gives the touch of elegance and smartness women demand—creates that atmosphere of dignity and hospitality men instinctively admire.

Unlike other fabrics used for closed car upholstery, Velmo is *enduringly* beautiful. It retains its original good looks after long and strenuous service—an achievement impossible alike to fabrics not containing mohair and to the inferior mohair velvets found in some closed cars.

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL

"FOR MORE UPHOLSTERY MILEAGE MOTOR ON MOHAIR"

CHASE

Velmo

The Perfected Closed Car Upholstery

Made by SANFORD MILLS, Sanford, Maine
L. C. CHASE & CO., Selling Agents, BOSTON
New York Detroit Chicago
San Francisco

OUT-OF-DOORS

Greyhound Racing

UNHERALDED and comparatively unknown in the eastern centers of population, but already established in the South, West and Middle West, a new form of sport gives every indication of becoming one of the favorite diversions of modern America. This is greyhound racing, which has developed from the obscurity of Midwestern coursing to the eminence of a well-organized and intelligently conducted amusement.

There are now twenty greyhound racing tracks in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Operated during the outdoor season in their respective localities, they supply thrilling and fascinating amusement to hundreds of thousands. Twelve of these tracks comprise the circuit of the International Greyhound Racing Association, governing body of the sport and the first organization of its kind to function. The chief officer is the high commissioner, Owen P. Smith, whose powers are no less arbitrary than those vested in Kenesaw Mountain Landis, the ruler of organized baseball. The president is John T. Murphy, an attorney of Covington, Kentucky, and the secretary-treasurer is E. H. Daugherty, a banker of Ludlow, Kentucky.

The transition from coursing on the plains to track racing followed the invention of a mechanical hare operated by electricity. Running around the outer edge of a quarter-mile oval track, this ingenious device arouses in the greyhound the same incentive to pursuit as does the live rabbit scampering across the prairies. Paradoxically, the greyhound appears to be the most stupid and yet is one of the smartest of animals—dumb because he is tempted to chase a dummy rabbit, and wise because he eventually learns that he is playing a game and has no chance to catch his prey. Once he has learned this, the racing dog pays scant attention to the electric hare and enters into the competitive feature of the sport.

Unlike horse racing, greyhound contests appeal principally to the masses. This is due to the fact that the races are run at night under powerful lights and at a time when the majority have their leisure. The automobile has forced king horse into the discard as motive power for the family carryall, and as a consequence the major portion of our present population is completely isolated from any first-hand knowledge of equine courage and devotion. But even in this radio age the dog still remains a faithful companion and a loved household pet. This may explain why women and children particularly are fervent devotees of this new pastime.

The development of greyhound racing as a recognized sport and the opening of new tracks has encouraged breeding and resulted in a sudden increase in the value of pedigreed racing dogs.

So rapid has been the growth of greyhound racing in the past twelve months that the supply of American dogs has not been sufficient to meet the demand. As a result hundreds of royally bred runners from the coursing fields of England, Ireland and Scotland have been imported to this country. This will undoubtedly improve the breed in America, as the imported dog is much better at sprinting, though his domestic brothers and sisters have more endurance and gameness. Thus the combination of foreign speed and American stamina may produce a new super-greyhound.

Indeed, the results of crossing these strains of racing dogs already are apparent. Many trainers have noticed recently that their pups will pursue and play with a live rabbit, but will not harm it. And many of them become adept at rail running and other racing tricks in a remarkably brief period, whereas in the early days of the game it required months to teach them to save ground by taking the inside route around the track. One of the greatest performers in the history of the sport—Sunny Concern—will not chase the electric hare, but is a wonder in the art of competitive running with other dogs. She was placed on the track alone for the purpose of a test, her owner releasing her out of hand as the bunny came whizzing by. Sunny Concern trotted a few steps down the track and then returned to her master. A few minutes later she was joined by a kennel mate, and together, without the inducement of the mechanical hare, they staged a thrilling race around the oval. Such traits appear to be inherited.

Training greyhounds is similar to the conditioning of Thoroughbred horses. Both are delicate and require constant attention, and one who does not understand dogs is unlikely to make a success of racing them. After a greyhound reaches maturity his correct racing weight is ascertained and this becomes the barometer of his health. As long as a dog's weight remains at the proper figure the owner knows that he is in good condition. The minute he becomes a pound or two over or under weight, it is a sign that the animal has gone stale or is ailing. Usually the medicine chest is resorted to and in a short time Fido will be wagging his tail and otherwise indicating that he feels good. The greatest source of trouble in a racing greyhound is his feet. Constant running on dirt tracks frequently results in sore and bruised pads. Unless the accumulation of soft dirt is removed from under the dog's nails they are likely to crack or split when the dirt hardens. Likewise dirt remaining between the toes will cause infection.

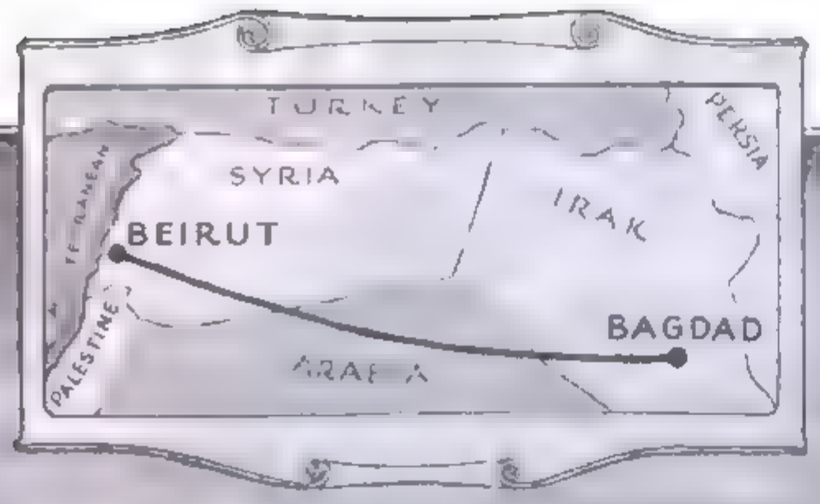
(Continued on Page 150)

Taking a Hurdle

Racing Ramp, One of the Greatest Greyhounds Imported From England

Rags, World's Champion Hurdler, Owned by Jess Bingham, of Wichita, Kansas

Actor Boy, Owned by James A. Corbett, St. Louis, Missouri



BEIRUT to BAGDAD

Buick carries the Desert Mail

Oil discovered in Irak!

Overnight sleepy Bagdad became a feverish center of commerce. Transportation facilities were swamped—mails delayed. By the established trade route, Bagdad was 30 days from London.

A new way, and a shorter one, had to be found to carry passengers and the mail to Bagdad.

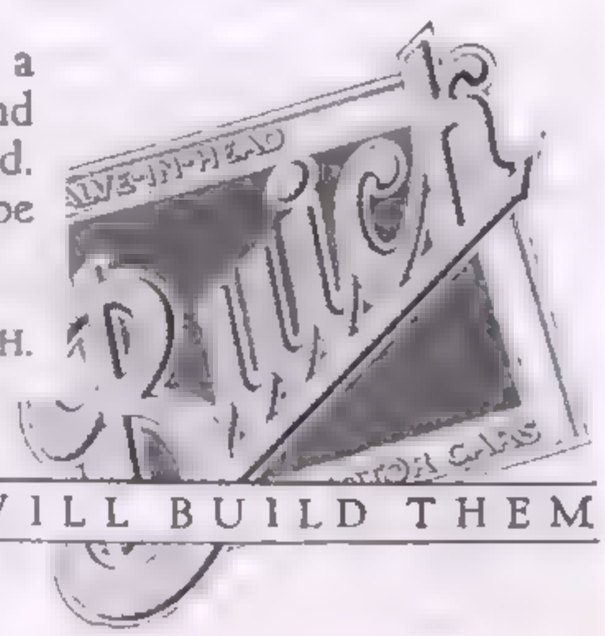
The motor car suggested itself. And the difficulties of the situation suggested Buick. The route chosen was an abandoned camel trail, leading from Beirut on the Mediterranean—500 miles through the mountains and across the Syrian Desert.

This happened two years ago. Today, Major McCallum of the British Army and the Nairn Transport Company has this to say of his fleet of Buicks:

> "I should always use Buick again under the same circumstances.
>
> "This car maintains a high speed for hours on end.
>
> "It has the power to carry excessive weight over two ranges of mountains and the desert, without overheating. Our cars go to Bagdad and back again, 1000 miles, without adding a drop of water to the radiator."

Buick quality and design produce a reliability of performance known and spoken of all over the civilized world. Whenever there is hard work to be done, Buick is the car to do it.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICH.
Division of General Motors Corporation



WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

SOME OTHERS AND MYSELF

By George Broadhurst

Denman Thompson in The Old Homestead

IN THE days when the road, including the one, two and three night stands, was vitally important to the producer and to the star—the road being, in fact, the territory where many important stars made the profits which enabled them to pay their city losses, and where stars of lesser importance played a yearly route in which a week stand was a luxury and a rarity—the beginning of every engagement, even when it was both the beginning and the end, as in the case of a one-night stand, was treated as a first night.

Stars of lesser importance made a business of belonging to all the secret societies possible, and their advance agents made a great point of visiting the respective lodges and working up theater parties for the coming visits of their principals. The star, in return, would go to the lodge room after the performance and entertain the members with stories and recitations. This built up the individual following of the star and made his annual appearance a personal matter to the men of the town, for he was one of them and they could call him by his first name.

Curtain speeches were made in every town and were, in fact, an integral part of the performance. Stars of the first magnitude did not think it beneath their dignity to "work up the curtain" so that they could go out and make their carefully prepared impromptu speech. I was sitting in the front row at the Mason Theater, Los Angeles, one night when Richard Mansfield was appearing there. The applause at the end of the climacteric act was not sufficient to suit him, so he went to the wing and shook the curtain vigorously, being plainly visible to everyone in the row next to the stage. This shaking of the curtain is the most usual backstage trick for working up applause, and with the assistance of the house employes, it had its usual effect.

Mansfield came out, bowed, and said, "Ladies and gentlemen: I wish to thank you most sincerely for the appreciative manner in which you have received my performance. I beg your pardon; I should have said my characterization, for I am not a monkey and I do not perform."

Early in his season, an actor, now dead, and whose name is revered among the greatest in the history of the American stage, was surprised, when he went out to make his nightly speech, to have a carefully arranged and formal bouquet handed to him over the footlights. Recovering quickly, he said, "I am greatly touched by the kindness of the sender, but evidently he thinks I am a prima donna." This, which was a genuine impromptu, was received with a hearty laugh, and warmed up the audience for the regular speech. Every first night thereafter during that entire season, including the one-night stands, a similar bouquet, which had been secured from a local florist by the business manager of the company with the omnipotent pass for two, was sent over the footlights, to the star's adroitly simulated surprise and to the same apparent impromptu.

Coincidences Will Happen

THIS same actor, a brilliant and widely read man, was invited to deliver an address at one of America's major universities, which he did, to the glory of himself and of his profession. When it was finished he said that if any undergraduates desired to ask him any question regarding the drama, he would be very happy to answer it. Four questions were asked, among them being: "Was Hamlet really or only feignedly insane?" and "Should an actor feel his part emotionally or should he simulate the emotion?" To all the queries the actor gave brilliant, lucid and illuminating replies.

Some time after this incident I was present at an annual meeting of one of the important actors' clubs in New York, and the same actor made the address of the evening. It was a delightful speech, charmingly delivered, and included wit, humor, understanding and knowledge. After the applause had subsided, the speaker added that if any young player wished to ask him any question regarding the drama, he would be very happy to answer to the best of his ability. Four questions were asked, and they were identical with the four that had been put to him at the university.

I knew that coincidences happen, but that only four questions should be asked on both occasions, and that the four should be identical, was entirely too improbable, and so I began a little investigation. It proved conclusively the thing of which I had been morally certain, which was that on both occasions the speaker had planted the questions before beginning his address.

The actor stood in the very foreground of his profession; he was admired and respected and highly honored, and he was a friend and associate of the most distinguished men in the land. Why, then, did he descend to such paltry means of self-glorification? The only answer I can find is that his omnivorous vanity demanded that it be fed, no matter what the quality of the food or how it was obtained.

Many managers try to keep actors from their first nights, on the ground that they are too captious and difficult, and that they see themselves in the various parts, always to the detriment of the players who are enacting them. Such has not been my experience. I find that actors appreciate good work on the stage even more quickly than does the layman; that if a character is new or a line witty, it receives from them a full measure of approval, and that they respond promptly and enthusiastically to anything that is fine, strong or humorous. In other words, it has been my experience that the most demonstrative of audiences is one composed of players who are witnessing a really good play.

During the early run of Bought and Paid For, its manager, William A. Brady, conceived the idea of giving an invitation performance on a Sunday night for actors only. Though his motive was mainly altruistic, it was not entirely so, for he arranged to have flash lights taken of the actors going into the theater and of their leaving it. This he announced in the press paragraphs, but he did not announce that he intended having a photograph taken of the audience while it was seated in the theater. While the audience was still applauding after the third act, the photographer stepped onto the stage and as quickly as possible took his flash light. It turned out to be a splendid picture, showing most of the stars and players then acting in New York. Gaping in the very front row, however, was a vacant seat; in the seat beside it was a lady with a program opened and spread before her face, and in the aisle could be seen the rear of a man who was hurrying away as fast as his feet could carry him.

Only once have I seen a man go up the aisle more quickly than that man appeared to be doing. It was in the Columbia Theater, San Francisco. Denman Thompson was playing The Old Homestead, and when he came on the stage in his nightshirt and red underclothing and said that the house was on fire, this man dashed out of the auditorium at a pace that made a jack rabbit in front of a prairie fire look like a tortoise walking in his sleep. In the lobby off the auditorium was an enormous mirror, and thinking it was an exit, the sprinter dashed into it so effectually that he sent the mirror to the dustbin and himself to the hospital. J. J. Gottlob, the manager of the house, magnanimously paid the hospital bills, which pleased the mirror smasher so much that he promptly brought suit against the theater for damages. The plaintiff lost the case and another mirror was placed in the lobby. This time a railing was put in front of it.

The Rocky Road of First Nights

IN THEIR verdict on a play, most actors go to extremes. They either love it or hate it and they are quick to give their decisions. Rupert Hughes wrote a farce called What Ails You? which he hoped would duplicate the great success of his Excuse Me, one of the most novel and clever comedies ever produced in America. It was presented at the Criterion Theater, just a few yards from The Lambs, and after the performance into that club came Robert Mackay.

"Have you seen What Ails You?" someone asked.

"Yes," replied Mackay.

"What's the answer?" was the next question, to which Mackay promptly responded, "Malignant cancer."

The next arrival was Morgan Coman. "How did you like it?" someone inquired.

Coman replied, "Well, just as I was coming out a policeman stepped up and said, 'Back! Women and children first.'"

At this time Thomas B. Clarke was the Shepherd of the Lambs and he was probably the best loved member of it. Inveterate first-nighter that he was, he had never been known to say anything disparaging about a play. We knew that he had been present at the performance, and we waited to see how he would avoid the issue this time. When he arrived, one of his cronies called, "Tom, what did you think of it?"

Clarke, in his gentle, smiling way, responded, "I understand that the last act was much better than the others, but unfortunately, I could not stop to see it."

Nothing is so terrifying to the majority of actors as a first-night performance. To most of them it is agonizing. Days ahead of it they begin to dread it, and their nervousness increases as the feared day approaches. Many of them do not even try to touch food on this day of apprehension, and others arrange to keep busy with long walks and golf, so that their minds will not be on the dreaded ordeal. So much depends on it and things can go badly so easily.

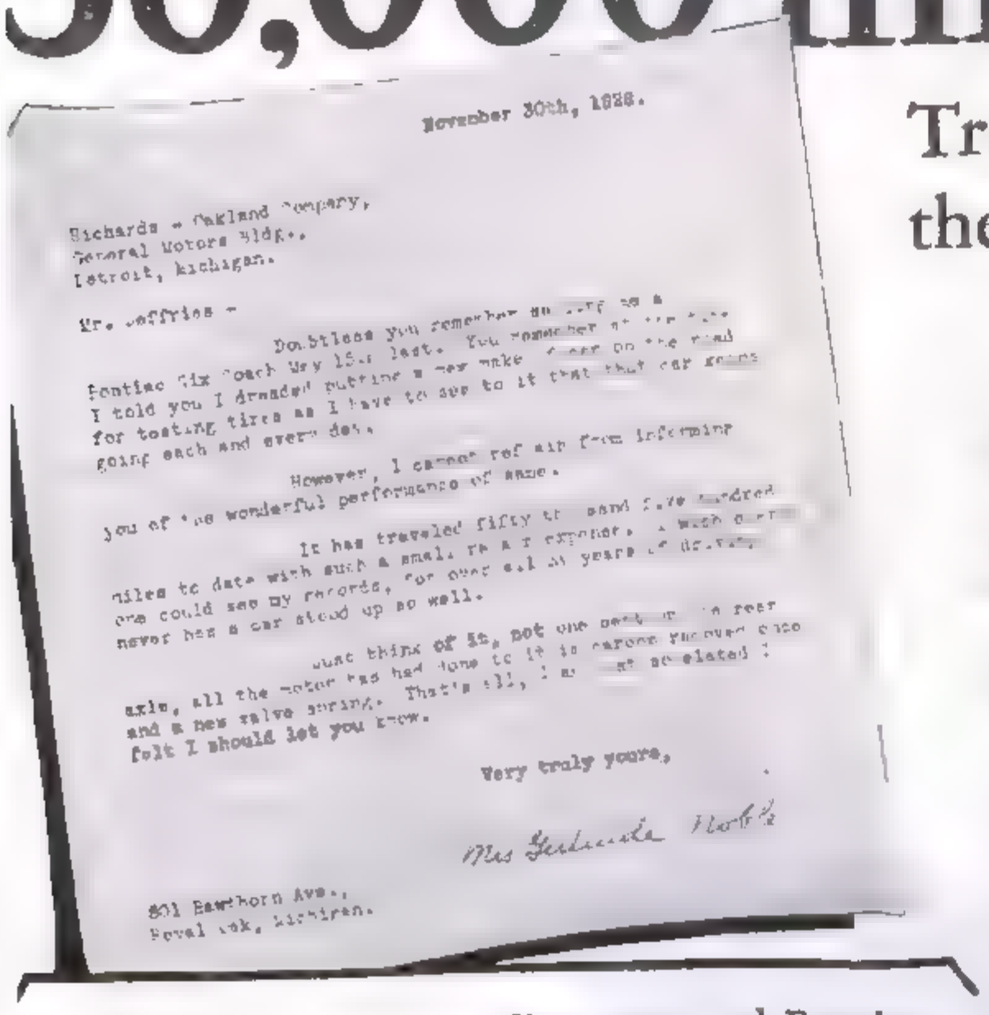
A wrong cue given or taken may wreck a scene or even an act, and memory is such an uncertain jade on these occasions; a speech which has come surely and glibly for weeks, may refuse to unroll, and so cause a stage wait; a property may be forgotten or may be put in the wrong place, upsetting all the seemingly natural—but in reality, carefully worked-out—business; one's voice may play tricks and refuse to strike the right key—these and a hundred other things may happen to wreck the craft they

(Continued on Page 54)

Detroit woman drives Pontiac Six

50,000 miles in 197 days

Travels a distance equal to 16 times across the continent, condensing five years' mileage into six months



November 30th, 1928.

Richards - Oakland Company,
General Motors Bldg.,
Detroit, Michigan.

Mr. Jeffries -

Doubtless you remember the day on a Pontiac Six Coach May 15th last. You remember at the time I told you I dreaded putting a new make car on the road for testing tires as I have to see to it that that car keeps going each and every day.

However, I cannot refrain from informing you of the wonderful performance of mine.

It has traveled fifty thousand five hundred miles to date with such a small repair expense, a week over one could see my records, for over six years of driving never has a car stood up so well.

You must think of it, not one penny for rear axle, all the motor has had done to it is carbon removed once and a new valve spring. That's all, I am so elated I felt I should let you know.

Very truly yours,

Mrs Gertrude Noble

801 Hawthorn Ave.,
Royal Oak, Michigan.

Official Record of all Adjustments and Repairs

	Mileage	Cost
New fan belts	14,500	$ 3 00
Gear adjustment		1 50
New valve spring and cleaning carbon	16,841	10 35
New battery terminal	22,000	1 50
Ad usting starter	24,286	No chg
New fan belt and upper hose	24,000	1 60
Clutch repair	29,799	19 92
New brake linings	34,452	8.40
New ground wire to battery and fan belt	37,810	2.00
New light bulbs		1 65
New distributor points	40,156	1 85
Parts for universal joint	48,481	5 75
Work on same		5.00
Total to December 1st	50,500	$60.52

Read here a story of day-in, day-out dependability, unsurpassed in all motor car history—

A record of economy and rugged stamina so far beyond the ordinary as to be almost unbelievable—

The amazing story of Mrs. Gertrude Noble, tire tester for the United States Rubber Co., and her Pontiac Six Sedan.

Mrs. Noble's work requires her to be on the road seven days a week, rain or shine, and to average 250 miles daily, or from 50,000 to 75,000 miles a year.

On May 15th she replaced her former car—one of the higher priced fours—with a Pontiac Six with Body by Fisher, bought from Richards-Oakland Co., Detroit. Since then—

She traveled 50,500 miles on gravel and concrete roads, between May 15th and December 1st.

She condensed five years' mileage (average motorist drives 10,000 miles a year) into six months of the hardest kind of gruelling service.

She experienced absolutely no engine trouble of any kind.

Her total repair bill was only $60.52, or one-tenth of a cent per mile.

Her car throughout the entire period was laden with sandbags weighing 630 lbs.—equal to four full grown passengers.

Her car today, carefully checked by Oakland engineers, is in perfect condition, capable of many more years of strenuous service.

Consider that this car has survived the terrific punishing ordeal of running from nine to ten hours every day, in all kinds of weather, without the frequent rest periods given the average car.

And then realize that it survived this ordeal with its fundamental serviceability unimpaired, and with repairs costing only one-tenth of a cent per mile!

Could there be more conclusive proof that the Pontiac Six represents a really revolutionary automotive development —that in dependability, stamina and economy, it transcends all other cars at or near its price?

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PONTIAC SIX

(Continued from Page 52

have built so prayerfully, but the actor must banish all thought of them from his mind and must devote his thoughts to his characterization. The older the actor and the more important the part, the greater is he affected, and I have seen players literally shaking with nervousness and dread while standing in the wings waiting for their first cue.

But no one is more faithful to his traditions than is the player, and the curtain must rise and the play must go on. His cue comes; he steps onto the stage, and in some mysterious and almost involuntary way his first lines are spoken. Then he begins to get hold of himself, but till the final curtain he is never free from that awful fear that something may slip and go wrong, and in so doing, send everything to smash.

There are actors, of course, who have no nerves and consider a first night practically as any other performance. It is a great thing to have one in a company, and the director often refers to him as a rock of dependability. One thing, however, is certain—the rock will never turn into a star.

A leading American actress, who has played much abroad, once told me that the worst case of stage fright she had ever seen was on the stage of a London theater. It did not occur on the first night of the play—in which she appeared—but in the middle of the run, when all nervousness should long before have disappeared. The King and Queen were present. That they were coming had been known to the company for several days, so that the element of surprise was eliminated. In spite of this, everyone, with the exception of herself—and she confessed to a slight trepidation—was in the worst state of funk that she had ever witnessed. The star, who had shown no unusual trepidation at the première, was actually on the verge of collapse, and walked up and down the wings, gesticulating wildly, and saying, "I have got to play before my King! I have got to play before my King!" When his cue came he had practically to be pushed onto the stage.

The visit of royalty, and especially of the King and Queen, means much to a London production. Their visit is, of course, duly announced in the press; and what is good enough for his sovereign is good enough for any Englishman, especially if he belongs to what is called "society," or even if he hopes to belong, as every well-regulated Englishman does. Royalty, except when the princes go incog, always occupies the royal box, which is an integral part of every London theater, and with which is connected an anteroom. If the performance pleases them they graciously send for the star, and perhaps the leading lady also, to come to their box for their thanks and approbation, at which the person or persons commanded nearly swoon with confusion and delight.

Royalty's Loyal Retainer

ON ONE occasion when I went to a London theater, and when the rain came down in torrents, as if from a gutterless roof, I told my taxi driver to come early and avoid the rush, and I assured his coming by the promise of an obese tip. A few minutes before the last curtain, my companion and I craftily left our seats, cautiously navigated the aisle and then smilingly asked the doorman to call for our car.

He was astounded! Did we not know that there was royalty in the house?

In all humility we admitted our unforgivable ignorance, and asked of whom and what the royalty consisted

In what was intended as an awe-inspiring whisper, he informed us that the theater had been honored by the presence of the Queen of Spain!

We thanked him for the information, intimated politely that we would rather depart than wait to see Her Majesty, and again suggested that he call our taxi.

His previous condition was as nothing compared with his present one, which can best be described as a combination of aghast and pop-eyed! He gasped, gurgled, sputtered, choked, and made hoarse and unintelligible noises in his throat. His color changed from that of a flaming sunrise in Sicily to that of a purple sunset in California. I was uncertain as to whether it was apoplexy or rabies, but at last I was assured that it was not the latter by the absence of froth on the lips.

Finally he recovered sufficiently to emit words, with business, as follows: Did we not know [Gasp] that when royalty [Gurgle accompanied by unconscious bending of the right knee, with left foot placed unostentatiously in the rear] was in the theater [Choke accompanied by incipient strangulation] no one was allowed to leave until royalty [As if swallowing the palate] had previously departed? [Harsh tone with rising inflection, together with a look combining untamable ferocity and fathomless disgust.]

Again we admitted our ignorance and pointed out that rain was falling as though for a garden party. Then we suggested that, just this once, he relax the rigidity of the rule and give our taxi one little call, for the sake of good fellowship and a golden sovereign.

After a gallant struggle, he refrained from striking us.

Then we intimated, if he would accompany us in our search for the car, holding aloft his huge umbrella, that much money would be forthcoming for every splash of his fallen footsteps.

Indignantly he refused to have either umbrella or footsteps polluted.

Then we had another idea, and one worthy of us. We would purchase his umbrella for an abnormal price, go ourselves and find the taxi, and as we drove past the theater, would return the umbrella to him with our compliments as a present. In that way the umbrella could not be considered disloyal, for it would be our umbrella and not his, and he could not be convicted of treason, for he had neither called our taxi nor left his post.

The proposition left him dazed but stubborn. It seemed all right, but snuggling somewhere in it was a Yankee trick. He refused to be suborned or tempted, and there was nothing left for us but to remain until royalty was on its way. For sufficient emolument, however, he would agree, after royalty's departure, to call our number first and to send his most efficient henchman in search of the taxi. The bargain was struck on condition that the emolument was forthcoming on the arrival of the taxi and that the amount of it would decrease in proportion to the tardiness of our vehicle's arrival. He collected every penny.

An American I know, after great difficulty, secured two seats, third row on the aisle, for the dominant musical-comedy success in London. He and his wife, after dining pleasingly, reached the theater just after the curtain rose. When he presented his seats to the doorkeeper, that individual scrutinized them with unusual care and then motioned to the manager of the house, who was fluttering about.

"Any trouble?" asked the American.

"Not at all; not even the slightest," replied the manager. "But royalty has dropped in quite unexpectedly and as the seats you have are their favorite ones, we, of course, have seated them in them."

Richard Mansfield as King Richard III

"I bought these seats and paid for them. By what right do you give away my property without consulting me?"

"I tried my best to find you, so that I could notify you, but you had purchased your tickets at an agency."

"Well, I don't want to make any unnecessary fuss. What seats have you given me in place of them?"

"That is the really unfortunate thing. The house is entirely sold out."

"What arrangement have you made for us to spend the evening?"

"Why—er—none. One never does that, you know."

"I want my seats."

"But royalty are already occupying them."

"Tell them the circumstances. If they are good sports they'll understand and give them up."

At this suggestion, the manager and his various aides, who had been listening, nearly collapsed, for to them the request was incomprehensible. The American repeated his request. Finally, at the earnest solicitation of his wife, he departed, leaving everyone connected with the front of the house to comment on these extraordinary Americans.

Advantages in High Position

WHEN one purchases seats at a London theater he is often asked for his name and address, so that such emergencies as the foregoing may be met. If, for instance, he has bought a box and royalty desires it, he is informed of that fact and he is expected to relinquish it without protest, as every Englishman will willingly do. In any case, protest would be unavailing. But, as in the case of my friend, who had secured his tickets through an agent, if the manager is unable to get in touch with the purchaser, royalty is given the seats just the same.

Being royal has its disadvantages, but it has its compensations too. I know of my own knowledge that just at theater time, the traffic in the Strand was held up for ten minutes to give the Prince of Wales a clear road to go to a prize fight.

Being President of the United States has its compensations also. One evening just before curtain time the manager of the Garrick Theater, where the Theater Guild was presenting one of its plays, was thrilled to receive the message over the telephone that President Coolidge was on his way from Washington and desired to witness the performance that night. Unfortunately, the train would be half an hour late and would the management be so kind as to hold the curtain for that length of time? The management would and did, but the President did not arrive. Afterward it was discovered that the message was a joke, but that was after the audience had been kept waiting for half an hour, thus proving that England is not alone in deferring to those who occupy high places.

The text of musical plays, and particularly of revues, is much more flexible than that of dramas or comedies, and considerable "ad libbing," as impromptu speeches are called, is indulged in. Some comedians, in fact, find it impossible to hold absolutely to the text, as it robs them of

(Continued on Page 71

George Gaul, Helen Menken and Herbert Druce in a Scene From Seventh Heaven, a John Golden Production

Two-thirds *of* Motorists the World Over Buy CHAMPIONS

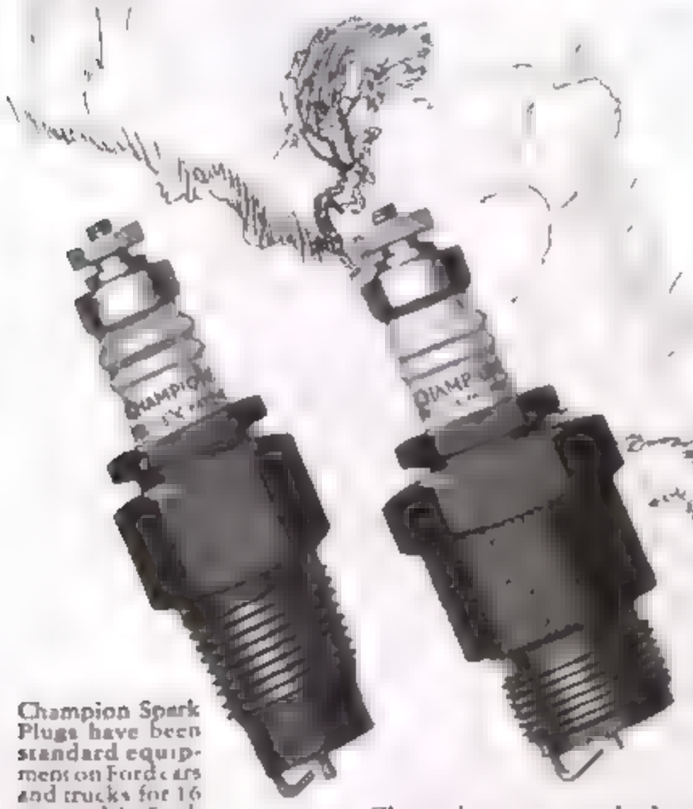
When two-thirds of *all* motorists the world over—Europe, Asia, Africa and the Americas—agree over a long period of years that one product is to be preferred above all others of its kind, not much room is left for doubt.

Over-seas manufacturers and motorists have preferred Champion Spark Plugs to their own makes for years. In America two out of three of all cars running are equipped with Champions.

Perfectly plain, clear structural and material superiorities have given Champion Spark Plugs this world-wide reputation of being the better spark plug.

For Champion has an insulator of sillimanite, a rare mineral which is exclusively Champion's. It has electrodes of special analysis alloy, and is of two-piece construction so that it may be taken apart for cleaning.

Motor car manufacturers and motorists by the hundreds of thousands are agreeing now that if you wish to have a sweet-running, perfect firing motor, the thing to do is to install dependable Champions.



Champion Spark Plugs have been standard equipment on Ford cars and trucks for 16 years and the Fordson tractor since it was introduced.

Champions are standard equipment on the entire range of motor cars from Ford to Rolls-Royce, and there is a correctly designed Champion for every type and kind of engine.

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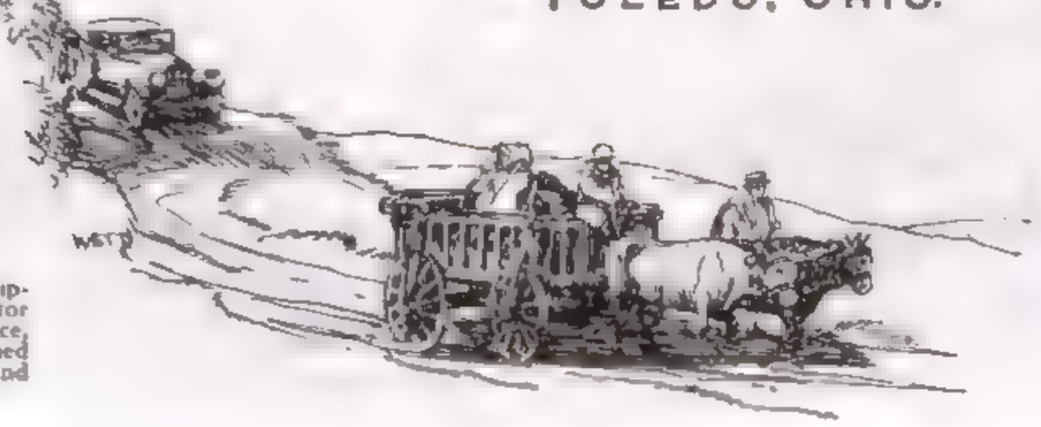


Watch This Column

If you want to be on our mailing list send in your name and address

REGINALD DENNY in *"Fast and Furious"*

REGINALD DENNY hit upon a clever plot for one of his motion-picture comedies, and after it was finished and we sat on the edge of our chairs and watched it unfold, we could think of no better title than *"Fast and Furious."* When you see it, you will know that no other title would do.

The hero's predilection for sitting at the wheel of a powerful car and tearing up the roads between Here and There, is startlingly illustrated by DENNY. He is performing in his usual manner when he meets a girl. She turns out to be the daughter of a very wealthy automobile-race promoter. Then DENNY has to drive the race of his life to win her.

This is one of the most thrilling comedies this young man has ever made. Every reel is a mass of action and excitement. You can't help liking it. The cast is excellent and Melville Brown directed.

"Taxi, Taxi," featuring EDWARD EVERETT HORTON and MARIAN NIXON, is proving a "tremendous puller" according to the letters I have received from many exhibitors. They are equally loud in their praise of *"The Collegians,"* Carl Laemmle Jr's stories of college life, featuring GEORGE LEWIS and DOROTHY GULLIVER.

HOOT GIBSON will be seen soon in *"The Denver Dude,"* from the story of Earle Snell a play exactly suited to this popular hard-riding Western actor. Don't forget to see *"Sensation Seekers,"* featuring BILLIE DOVE, RAYMOND BLOOMER, HUNTLY GORDON and others. Write me a letter about Universals you have seen.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

Send 10c for autographed photograph of Reginald Denny

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

AMONG OLD MANUSCRIPTS

(Continued from Page 27)

period. Perhaps publishers in those days had one fault that is prevalent today. They may have been too close to their writers to be able to appreciate the value of their original draft, or perhaps they had scrap baskets like Massingham's. Of Shakespeare's writing but six or seven signatures are known, and these are attached to his will and other legal documents. They are priceless, and have been kept with great care at Somerset House and at the Record Office in London. How unfortunate it is that not a single line of his original work remains. What would collectors not give now for just one page of Hamlet, or even a short note in Shakespeare's own handwriting. Surely, $500,000 would not be too much. Nor is there any manuscript left of either of his noted contemporaries, Christopher Marlowe and Robert Greene. Of these two, who opened the way for the greatest dramatist of all time, not even a signature remains. I was successful, this year however, in obtaining a letter of John Fletcher, who very probably collaborated with Shakespeare in the writing of Henry VIII. Fletcher addressed this rimed epistle to the Countess of Huntingdon. For years it had been in an old English muniment room neglected and unsung; and it is really the nearest approach to Shakespeare I have been fortunate enough to find. When you think that hitherto not a signature of Fletcher's had been known, it makes this find the more remarkable. There are many relics of his great contemporary, Ben Jonson—early drafts of his celebrated plays—and many books are known in which he inscribed interesting comments and notes.

The Faerie Queene

I have always been deeply interested in all that remains of the literary lights of the Elizabethan era, and especially in Edmund Spenser, another of the great masters of Shakespeare's magnificent day.

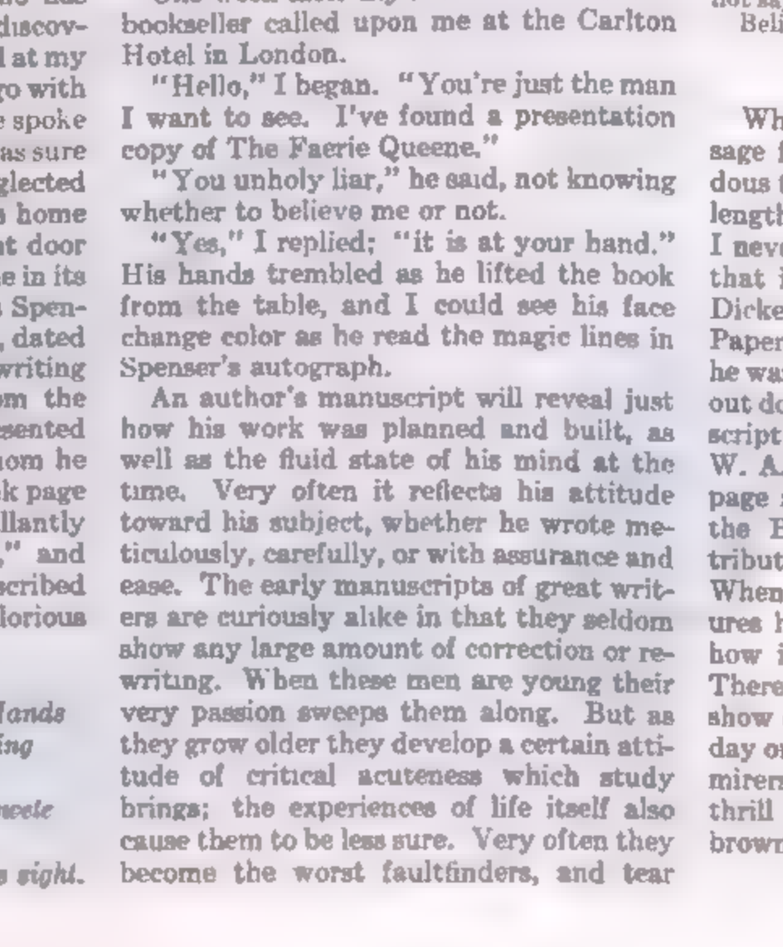
Last year, when I was crossing to England on the Berengaria, another bookseller, truly a friendly enemy, met me on deck one morning, and by way of greeting, said: "Speaking of association copies, what would you give to own a presentation copy of the first edition of The Faerie Queene?"

"Why talk nonsense?" I replied. "It's impossible. It doesn't exist." About two weeks later an eminent scholar who has made many great and outstanding discoveries in early English literature called at my hotel to see me, and invited me to go with him to inspect his fine collection. He spoke of one book in particular, which he was sure would interest me, but purposely neglected to say what it was. I arrived at his home and had hardly got beyond the front door when he placed in my hands a volume in its original binding of old calf. It was Spenser's own copy of The Faerie Queene, dated 1590, with an inscription in his handwriting on the title page in Greek: "From the author to himself." He had also presented this volume to Elizabeth Boyle, whom he married four years later. On a blank page toward the back of the book he gallantly wrote in French, *"À sa Mistresse,"* and under this elegant heading had inscribed the complete first sonnet from his glorious Amoretti, beginning:

Happy ye leaves when as those lilly Hands
That houlds my life in hir dead-doing might,
Shall handle you and hold in Love's sweete bandes
Like captives trembling at ye victors sight.

The Amoretti was not published until five years later - in 1595.

As I stood looking at The Faerie Queen I became quite speechless with surprise and delight, as no other presentation copy of Spenser was known to me. Almost before I could regain my equilibrium my host handed me another—a smaller volume. This was bound in old vellum—a quaint little English travel book. With a gasp I read upon the title page a presentation address to Gabriel Harvey, the poet's dearest friend, and incidentally, the bitter literary enemy of Ben Jonson. It read: "The gift of Edmund Spenser, clerk to the Archbishop of Rochester, 1578." What enhanced its preciousness was that Harvey had made notes throughout, commenting upon his happy friendship with Spenser. After such a startling introduction to his collection, I looked upon my friend, this learned book lover, with even greater admiration than before; and if he had further offered me a presentation copy of Hamlet I should not have been amazed. Today these marvelous mementos of the Elizabethan era are treasured among the outstanding volumes in my library.



A Page From the Original Manuscript of Dickens' Pickwick Papers

One week later my friend the American bookseller called upon me at the Carlton Hotel in London.

"Hello," I began. "You're just the man I want to see. I've found a presentation copy of The Faerie Queene."

"You unholy liar," he said, not knowing whether to believe me or not.

"Yes," I replied; "it is at your hand." His hands trembled as he lifted the book from the table, and I could see his face change color as he read the magic lines in Spenser's autograph.

An author's manuscript will reveal just how his work was planned and built, as well as the fluid state of his mind at the time. Very often it reflects his attitude toward his subject, whether he wrote meticulously, carefully, or with assurance and ease. The early manuscripts of great writers are curiously alike in that they seldom show any large amount of correction or rewriting. When these men are young their very passion sweeps them along. But as they grow older they develop a certain attitude of critical acuteness which study brings; the experiences of life itself also cause them to be less sure. Very often they become the worst faultfinders, and tear their work to pieces to build and rebuild glorious phrases that later become household words. The bugaboo of rewriting comes with the years, accompanying the stern virtues of maturity.

In later manuscripts you can almost see the author at work, bending over his pages, writing lines, whole paragraphs, then deleting them so they do not appear in the first drafts. These later manuscripts of noted men and women will show not only blotted lines but entirely new readings. However, the notable phrase in the verses prefixed to the first folio of Shakespeare by his editors, John Heminge and Henry Condell, dated 1623, does not apply to most of the modern manuscripts. "And what he thought," they wrote, "he uttered with that easiness, that we have scarce received from him a blot on his papers."

In Pickwickian Haste

There is also some impalpable quality in a great man's handwriting which draws one to it; people who have never dreamed of collecting, who never heard of the collecting mania, will suddenly react to old letters and documents. They are mad to own them. Some human attraction exists in the written word of other years quite different from the appeal made by printing. This appeal is primarily emotional, rather than intellectual. Especially is this true of autograph letters. They naturally hold a more personal message, in that they interpret the spirit and reflect the period of the writer, who in informal letters is off his guard, quite unlike the mood that an author brings to his work when he knows it may be published. I have known people to weep with delight at the sight of one of those delightfully familiar letters written by Bobbie Burns. Indeed, I once became rather dizzy with joy myself, when I bought the Harry B. Smith library, which included that famous letter of Charles Dickens about the inception of Pickwick, which he writes to his publishers, Chapman & Hall. It is dated 1836, and was written one Thursday evening from Furnival's Inn, London. It says:

Dear Sirs: Pickwick is at length begun in all his might and glory. The first chapter will be ready tomorrow.

I want to publish The Strange Gentleman. If you have no objection to doing it, I should be happy to let you have the refusal of it. I need not say that nobody else has seen or heard of it.

Believe me (in Pickwickian haste)

Faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

When I read this wonderful living message from Dickens—isn't there a tremendous thrill in those words: "Pickwick is at length begun in all his might and glory"—I never dreamed I should one day own all that is left of the original manuscript of Dickens' first great work—The Pickwick Papers. This—which Dickens wrote when he was but twenty-four years old—is without doubt the most valuable modern manuscript in existence. An earlier owner—Mr. W. A. White—abstracted from it a single page and presented it most generously to the British Museum. What a gracious tribute this was from an American collector! When so many of the great English treasures have come to this side of the water, how ingratiating was so splendid a gift. There the Pickwick page lies, in a glass show case, in the British Museum and any day one may see Dickens' never-failing admirers crowding in front of it to read and thrill to the broadly penned words, now browned and a bit faded. How rapidly the

(Continued on Page 58)

AMERICA'S FIRST TRULY *The little* MARMON 8 FINE SMALL CAR

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In two short months the little Marmon Eight has attracted an ownership which in both quality and numbers is the talk of the entire industry.

The reasons, of course, are quite evident—

First—As a truly fine and luxurious car in a somewhat smaller, more convenient size, it is an entirely new and refreshing development.

Secondly—It has introduced a uniqueness of performance without parallel in the industry—*Speed and acceleration* which issue a standing challenge to anything on the open road. *Comfort* that takes you in a five or six thousand dollar realm.

Thirdly—It is built by a company whose word the public has come to take as final in fine car manufacture—and at a price which sizable thousands can afford to pay.

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"Don't Buy, Yet—

Accept, first, a 10-day tube of this unique shaving cream to try"

GENTLEMEN:—

We've been in business enough years to know that major success of a product rests entirely upon the merits of the product itself—not upon advertising, not upon "selling talk."

So from the beginning we asked nobody to buy Palmolive Shaving Cream; but first to accept, free, a 10-day tube to try.

That has brought this comparatively new preparation to a top place in its field in a remarkably short time.

We made it on the expressed desires of 1000 men who told us what they wanted in a shaving cream. They named four things—we met them all, then added a fifth to make the supreme creation.

We think it will surpass your present favorite in these 5 ways. Please mail the coupon, and prove the point at our expense.

These 5 advantages

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
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Just send coupon

Your present method may suit you well. But still there may be a better one. This test may mean much to you in comfort. Send the coupon before you forget.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILL.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. There are new delights here for every man who shaves. Please let us prove them to you. Clip the coupon now.

3460

10 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After-Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1287, The Palmolive Company (Del. Corp.), 3702 Iron St., Chicago, Illinois.

Residents of Wisconsin should address The Palmolive Company (Wis. Corp.), Milwaukee, Wis.

(Please print your name and address)

Continued from Page 56

words seem to fly across the pages of this manuscript. You can't but feel, as you read, that Dickens was almost divinely chosen to give to the world a fount of humor which in its very humanity will delight man, woman and child throughout the years. All that is left of the manuscript is thirty-two pages, which Dickens himself arranged into two chapters. When I read them I feel the closest union with Dickens the author; in these pages the period just before the coronation of Queen Victoria is made alive and vivid to us, bridging the world of yesterday to that of today.

Pickwick Papers first appeared in serial form in 1836, and was issued monthly. I think he became weary writing it, although, heaven knows, there is nothing in the story which would give the reader the slightest inkling of this. But prefixed to my manuscript is a hitherto unpublished verse. Dickens marks it Private and Confidential, and it is written for the benefit of one Mr. Hicks as follows:

"Oh, Mr. Hick
——S, I'm heartily sick
Of this sixteenth Pickwick
Which is just in the nick
For the publishing trick,
And will read nice and slick
If you'll only be quick.
I don't write on tick;
That's my comfort anick.

July 26, '37.

At the auction sale of the library of the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts in 1923, in London, I paid £3700 for the manuscript of Dickens' The Haunted Man and the Ghost's Bargain. He had given it—the fifth and last of his series of Christmas books—to the baroness in 1850. Ten years after Pickwick, Dickens wrote this story, and the manuscript demonstrates what I have said earlier about the painstaking and less spontaneous work of an author as he grows older. The manuscript of The Haunted Man is filled with blottings, deletions and corrections. It is now in the choice collection of Mr. Carl H. Pforzheimer in New York.

Mr. Henry E. Huntington

I do not hesitate to prophesy that in time the works of Dickens will be the most valuable after Shakespeare. He is one of the few English authors whose appeal is universal. Even in translation his works are wonderful; and they have been translated into almost every language, keeping their peculiar raciness, though they must sacrifice their English idiom. Dickens will be read always, by the man on the street as well as by the scholar.

To His Native Heath

Speaking of the generosity of Mr. White in presenting the Pickwick page to the British Museum recalls to my mind the magnificent gift of Mr. John Gribbel, of the Glenriddel Burns manuscripts to Scotland. The great liberality displayed by this Philadelphian should do much to cement international relations. All the friends of Bobbie Burns in Scotland—and they are legion—gave up hope when they were purchased by Mr. Gribbel, believing them lost to the homeland forever. You can imagine the thrill in every Scotchman's heart—from Sidney to Edinburgh—when the stirring news came, hot over the cable, that these manuscripts were to be returned to their native land.

When Mr. Gribbel bought this collection in 1914, I was naturally disappointed that I did not secure the Glenriddel manuscripts myself. But I was as delighted as any bra' laddie directly descended from the celebrated plowboy when I learned of Mr. Gribbel's gift. However, there are always compensations in this game if you have the patience to wait. I recently secured probably the greatest collection of Burns manuscripts that is known—the one formerly belonging to that fine student and most charming of men, Mr. R. B. Adam, of Buffalo, New York. I had known of this collection all my life, but never dreamed that I should some day own it.

The Burns Collection

It includes the original manuscripts of the great poems that are enshrined in the souls of every lover of true poetry. Perhaps the foremost is the original draft of Tam o' Shanter, written on twelve pages, which Burns presented to Cardonnel Lawson in 1790. There is also the appealing There Was a Lass and She Was Fair; the beautiful poem, The Last Time I Came O'er the Moor; the exquisite lyric, To a Woodlark; and that lovely characteristic poem, Wilt Thou be My Dearie, in which Burns himself especially delighted. Indeed, these original drafts truly give Burns "an immortal life in the hearts of young and old," and when I read and reread Burns' On Hearing a Thrush on a Morning's Walk, the magnificent Address to Edinburgh, and the sonorous Lament of Mary, Queen of Scots, I am thrilled to the marrow. It is difficult to describe the emotions aroused when I read the original of that stirring battle song, the address at Bannockburn of Robert Bruce to his troops, which begins, "Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled." This manuscript the poet presented to his sister-in-law, with the inscription, "To Mrs. G. Burns, from her brother, the author." Burns used to wander through Leglen wood, supposed to be the haunt of Wallace, and confessed having visited it "with as much devout enthusiasm as ever a pilgrim did the shrine of Loretto."

My collection contains poems of noble sublimity and heart-melting tenderness, such as the first poem known to have been written by Burns, and one of his most charming, entitled, Once I Lov'd a Bonnie Lass. There are two, however, which make a terrific appeal to me—one is the poem in which he was inspired by the American Revolutionary War, beginning:

No Spartan tube, no Attic shell,
No lyre Eolian I awake,
'Tis Liberty's bold note I swell,
Thy harp, Columbia, let me take.

The other is in some respects the favorite one of all lovers of Burns—the magnificent For a' That and a' That. I keep this collection and the poet's priceless letters under lock and key in my vault in New York, lest the whole Scottish nation awaken one day, rise up and demand them. It is sad that Burns received very little money

(Continued on Page 60)

NASH

Leads the World in Motor Car Value

The New
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A New Body Style Reigns in America

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Revealing an alluring French-type rear contour, this ultra-new and arrestingly original body design has now entirely changed American ideas of motor car style.

First exemplified by the new *Ambassador* and *Cavalier* models, this unique body conception was immediately hailed as the most important creative achievement in the history of American enclosed car craftsmanship.

Today this inimitably distinguished body mode is available in the new *Special* Sedans just introduced on both the Special Six and Advanced Six chassis at prices of wider popular appeal.

The *Special* Sedan on the Special Six chassis, colorfully finished in an exquisite new blue tone, is pictured above. The extreme luxury of its interior is emphasized by the gray tufted genuine Chase Velmo Mohair Velvet upholstery, real walnut steering wheel, and select hardware in chaste pattern.

All inside window moldings and door panels are of walnut finish, as are the instrument board and the crowned panel above the instrument board.

The same fittings and appointments grace the larger Advanced Six model and both are powered with the big Nash 7-bearing motor—*the world's smoothest type.* 4-wheel brakes and 5 disc wheels are standard equipment. (4795)

"The World's EASIEST Easy Chair"

Women Like THIS Man's Chair

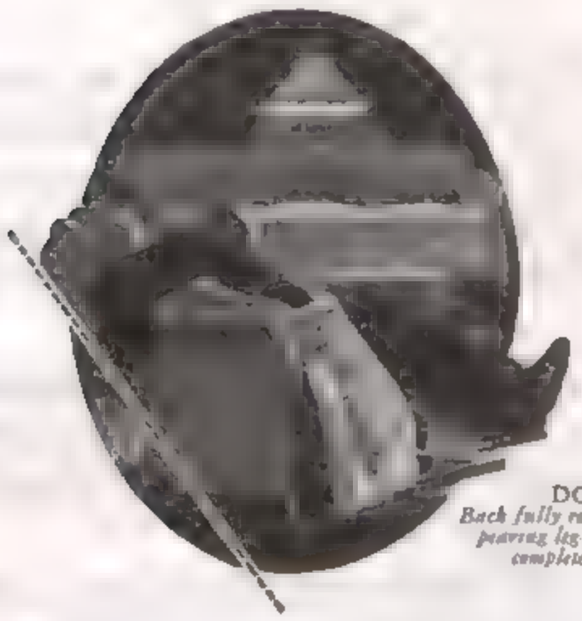
A MAN'S CHAIR—because a man loves the comfort that only a Royal can give. And a chair that women like—because it is beautiful as well as restful. A half hour in a Royal Easy Chair is a tonic that soothes away weariness and stores up strength for innumerable tasks ahead . . . Recline as much or as little as you like—at full length if you desire—without effort and without getting out of the chair. Just pull the concealed ring or push the button and lean back . . . With all its exclusive, hidden comfort features Royal looks just like any other fine chair—and it takes up no more room . . . The Wing Chair shown here (No. 903 with disappearing leg-rest) is but one of the many beautiful styles. Royal Easy Chairs are sold singly or in suites—with the famous Royal Easy Bed-Davenport which has a full-width box-spring guest bed that does not fold and can not sag. If you don't know the Royal dealer nearest you, write us. We'll send you his name and also our FREE style book, "Royal Comfort."

ROYAL EASY CHAIR COMPANY, *Sturgis, Mich.*

Royal Easy Chairs are Sold Singly or in Bed-Davenport Suites by 5000 Furniture Dealers

CONVERSING
A beautiful, restful, inviting chair for every formal use. Stylish and distinctive.

READING
Touch hidden pull-ring or button—and recline. Back locks firmly at any desired point.



DOZING
Back fully reclined and disappearing leg-rest utilized for complete relaxation.

Royal Easy Chairs
"PUSH THE BUTTON—BACK RECLINES"

(Continued from Page 58

for his poems when he was alive. How surprised he must be, and with what irony must he observe, if his spirit walks this way, the great sums which have passed from one hand to another in the exciting exchange of his manuscripts

Our own Mark Twain always wrote under the greatest pressure. Like many other artists, he was in constant need of money, but unlike them, he held to a remarkably consistent gait in his writing. His manuscripts are unusual; they show but few changes and corrections. His stories came as "trippingly on the tongue" as his vital conversation, which was characteristically free and easy. I have the original manuscripts of Tom Sawyer Abroad, Pudd'nhead Wilson, and A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court. The second was written by the author under the title of Those Extraordinary Twins, and the last one was originally called The Stranger's Tale. The few corrections made by Mark Twain do not seem especially happy ones to our modern eyes. In my opinion it would have been better if he had left alone the thoughts which God first gave him. There are whole scathing paragraphs in A Connecticut Yankee which were never published, but should be published.

Lovers of manuscripts all succumb to the magic beauty of those by Edgar Allan Poe. Most of them were written on long folio sheets in an exquisite and unaffected hand. So perfect and so fine is the rise and fall of the pen that his writing seems an imitation of copperplate in its evenness. I had an amusing experience, many years ago, after I bought one of the three known autograph copies of Poe's poem, Annabel Lee. A dealer in Boston wrote to me, asking if I could come there to view this most interesting Poe manuscript. I made the appointment, arriving on an early morning train. When I reached the dealer's shop he said he would not have the manuscript to show me until one o'clock. I decided to pass the time walking, to think out clearly just what I should pay him for it when the question of price came up.

A Price Grows Quickly

As I wandered about the city I thought $1000 would be about right; I then imagined that this copy must be an especially beautiful one, and decided that $2000 was a fairer figure. But the more I considered it the more I coveted it, so I jumped to $3000, then $4000, and finally made $5000 my limit. When I returned to the shop he showed me a truly lovely autograph. I asked him what he wanted for it. He replied he would take $500, plus a 10 per cent commission! It seemed preposterous to me, but I was so pleased I paid quickly, took the manuscript and returned to New York.

Some time later I went West with several very fine first editions. I also took the manuscript of Annabel Lee. The train rushed through the night and I found it difficult to sleep. This time I considered what price I should ask for this manuscript, and the sum a customer would pay for it. When the train reached Harrisburg I thought $1000 would be a very nice price, giving me a profit of about 100 per cent. At Pittsburgh, thinking of the beauty of the poem, I ran my price up to $2000. Then I fell asleep. A jerky stop woke me at Fort Wayne, and immediately the Poe manuscript came to my mind. In the narrow confines of a Pullman berth I felt sure it was worth $3000. After all, what I had paid for it should be left out of the question, for it was a magnificent lyric—one of the finest productions of his genius. At last I reached Chicago, and up it went again; this time to $4000.

Geographic Progression

My customer lived in a suburb, and by the time I had reached his home I knew I could not part with Annabel Lee for less than $5000! This was the price I had been willing myself to pay for it. After selling him some very attractive books I showed him the Annabel Lee. His eyes glistened; he asked me the price. I bravely said, "Five thousand dollars." He jumped at it quickly, just as I had at the $500 in Boston several months before. I was awfully amused, and told him about my journey and the workings of my mind; about my original purchase of the manuscript and the sum I had given for it, and how the price had progressed geographically.

He burst out laughing, took hold of my arm and said, "I suppose I have something to be grateful for, at that! Thank God, I don't live in San Francisco!"

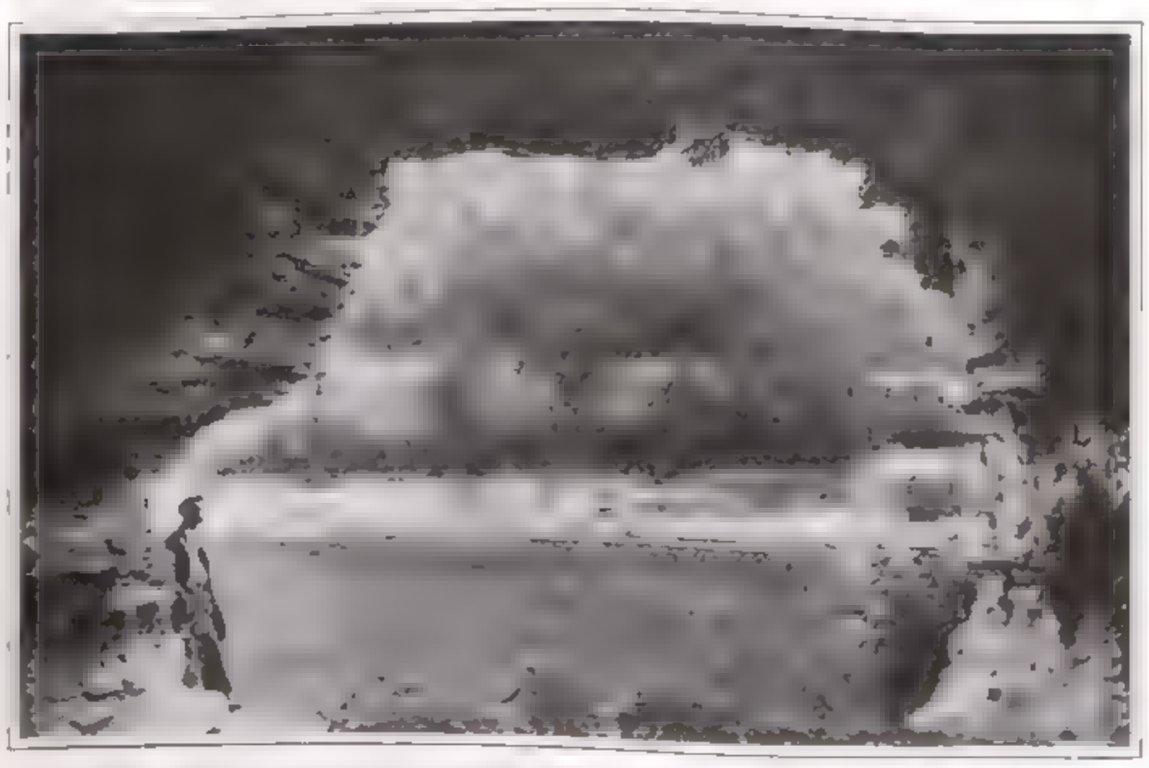
What would this manuscript be worth today? Only a few weeks ago I purchased a small unpublished poem of Poe's at the rate of $205 a line. If Button Gwinnett's signature sells for $2000 a letter, Poe is surely worth far more.

Another—a unique manuscript which came into my possession—is the original of Poe's Epimanes. The author has prefixed to the story a letter to the editor of the New England Magazine. Poe writes in part:

> I send you an original tale in hope of your accepting it for the N. E. Magazine. It is one of a number of similar pieces which I have contemplated publishing under the title "Eleven Tales of the Arabesque." They are supposed to be read by the eleven members of a literary club, and are followed by the remarks of the company upon each. . . .

This manuscript, too, is beautifully, clearly written, except that the letters are very small. It was not until some time after I bought it that I discovered one of the most tragic sentences I have ever read. Poe had folded over his manuscript several times. There are three tiny words inscribed in the lower left corner. One of the greatest masters of all time appeals to his editor,

(Continued on Page 62)



The Indian Cave in Nantahala Gorge, Near Andrews, North Carolina

CAR INTERIORS THAT SUGGEST YOUR LIVING ROOM

WOMEN no longer are content to step from their well furnished, tastefully appointed homes into a shabby car. When they keep social engagements or go shopping they want the car interior to be as fresh and attractive as their own living rooms and to continue so as long as it is in use.

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CA-VEL

VELVETS OF ENDURING BEAUTY

Week of March 7th

Do you know when to make a four-card take-out?—when to bid after an opponent's no-trump? what an original queen lead means? First play this hand your way, then hear the experts.

W. S. Firestone, Cleveland, dealer, South—
Spades..... Q, J, 10, 9, 8
Hearts 7, 2
Diamonds..... K, 9, 8
Clubs..... K, 9, 6

Wilbur C. Whitehead, New York, West—
Spades..... 6, 5, 2
Hearts ..... A, Q, J, 3
Diamonds..... 10, 6, 4
Clubs..... 8, 7, 5

H. P. Jaeger, Cleveland, North—
Spades..... 7, 3
Hearts ..... K, 6, 5, 4
Diamonds..... 7, 3, 2
Clubs..... 10, 4, 3, 2

Milton C. Work, New York, East—
Spades..... A, K, 4
Hearts 10, 9, 8
Diamonds..... A, Q, J, 5
Clubs..... A, Q, J

Tues., March 8, 10 P. M. (E. T.)

WEAF, WSAI, KSD, WCAE, WCCO, WWJ, WRC, WEEI, WFI, WGN, WGR, WJAR, WOC WCSH, WTAG, WTAM, WGY

Newspapers for broadcasting time of following.

WFI	Municipal Station	Atlantic City
KPRC	Houston Post Dispatch	Houston
WFAA	Dallas News	Dallas
WSMB	Saenger Amusement Co.	New Orleans
WSB	Atlanta Journal	Atlanta
WMC	Memphis Commercial Appeal	Memphis
KTHS	New Arlington Hotel	Hot Springs, Ark
WDBO	Rollins College	Winter Park, Fla.
WDAE	Tampa Daily Times	Tampa
WJAX	City of Jacksonville	Jacksonville, Fla.
WSOE	Wisconsin News	Milwaukee
WOAW	Woodmen of the World	Omaha
WDAF	Kansas City Star	Kansas City, Mo.
KOA	General Electric Co.	Denver
KGW	Portland Oregonian	Portland
KPO	Hale Bros. & The Chronicle	San Francisco
KHJ	Los Angeles Times	Los Angeles
KFOA	Seattle Times	Seattle
KHQ	Louis Wasmer, Jr.	Spokane
CHXC	J. R. Booth, Jr.	Ottawa, Can.
CKNC	Can. Nat. Carbon Co., Ltd.	Toronto
CFCF	La Presse	Montreal
CKY	Manitoba Tel. System	Winnipeg
CFQC	The Eaton Store	Saskatoon
CFAC	Calgary Herald	Calgary
CJCA	Edmonton Journal	Edmonton
CKCD	Vancouver Daily Province	Vancouver
CJGC	London Free Press	London, Ont.
CJRC	Radio Assn. of Prescott	Prescott, Ont.
CHNS	Northern Electric Co.	Halifax

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FREE! Reports of Games and Advance Hands

Write your name and address in margin, and mail to The U. S. Playing Card Co., Cincinnati, U. S. A., or Windsor, Canada—or Auction Bridge Magazine, 30 Ferry Street, New York.

(Continued from Page 60)

saying desperately, "I am poor." These few pathetic words are enough to tear at the heartstrings of any collector.

A deadly malady which attacks all collectors at one stage or another is cataloguitis. Here is a disease which will defy science as long as books and their ilk remain to be collected. In the beginning the symptoms are not grave. You will quietly open your mail one morning to find a pamphlet, perhaps from some local auctioneer, enumerating certain books he is offering for sale. From time to time other sales lists will be sent you, and one day when you have started to arrange your desk neatly you will be surprised that there are catalogues in nearly every drawer. You quickly decide to throw them out. But something—the most insidious germ of the disease—stays your hand. You have fallen a victim, merely in keeping them.

Then follows what Leigh Hunt, more than half a century ago, called "one of the loftiest pleasures of the imagination"—hours spent with a pencil in hand and catalogues scattered about, as you read over, memorize and check up the names of books and manuscripts you would like to buy if you could afford it—and sometimes do anyway. Cataloguitis is never a waste of time. Collectors are rewarded sooner or later by an intensive study, especially of new catalogues hot from the bookseller. It is a great point of vantage to secure an advance copy, thus being in a position to forestall one's fellow collectors. For years I have been desperately ill with cataloguitis. Indeed, I am a hopeless case. I have reached a peculiar stage. I even order my overcoats made with an extra and unusually large pocket. A sort of literary marsupial, I carry my young—and old—catalogues in my pouch, never sure into what they may develop, as I bound from sale to sale.

Arnold's Complaint

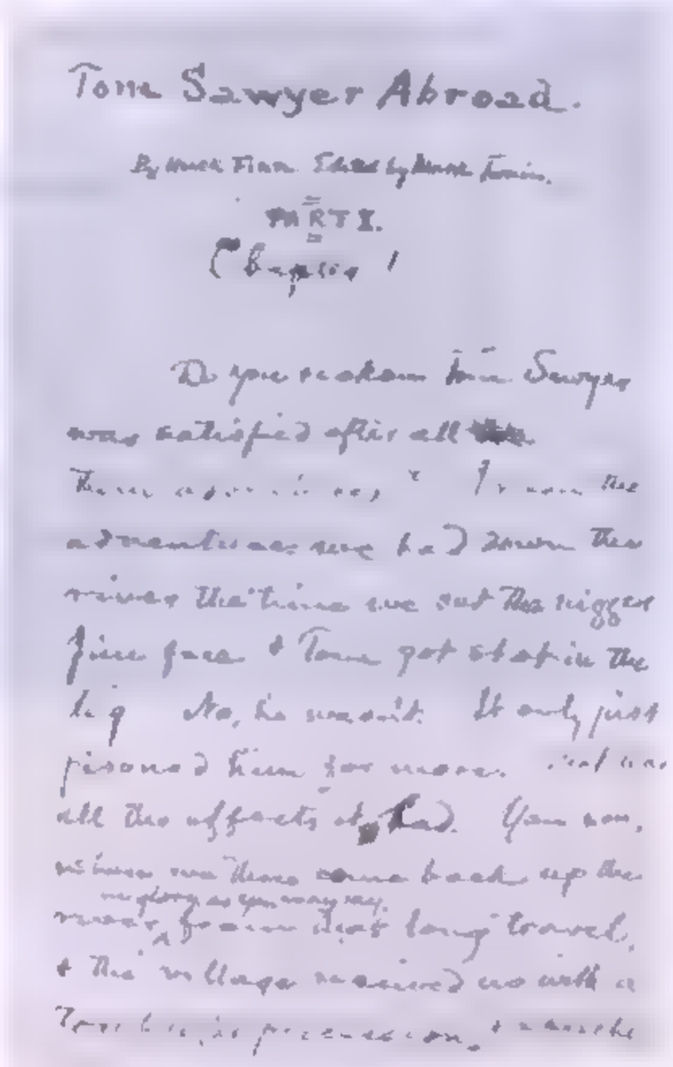
I shall never forget the time when an English book dealer mailed me a catalogue which brought me luck immediately. Quite daft at the sight of it, I studied every item mentioned; then my eyes fell upon the listing of a Benedict Arnold letter. According to the catalogue, this was the letter in which Arnold gave for the first time a truthful account of his treason, mentioning the £6000—less than $30,000—paid to him by the British. The letter was listed at only thirty pounds. I quickly cabled my brother Philip, who has a remarkable and unerring taste for fine things. He was in London at the time and was fortunate enough to secure it for me.

Arnold wrote rather complainingly to Lord North, the English prime minister, as follows:

> Your Memoralist, Influenced by Sentiments of Loyalty to the King and Attachment to the British Constitution, has sacrificed a handsome property in America . . . and at the most Eminent hazard of his Life, Co-operated with Sir Henry Clinton, Commander in Chief of the British Army in America, which will appear by his official letters to Lord Sackville. But his Intentions and measures being discovered before they would be brought to a happy issue, which bid fair to put a fortunate end to the War in America. He was obliged to fly, and very narrowly, but fortunately, escaped from the Americans, and having joined the British Army in New York, the Commander in Chief was pleased to confer upon him the Rank of Brigadier General, which was approved by the King. . . . And your Memoralist begs leave further to observe that in Consideration of his Corps and Services, he has received from Government only six thousand pounds sterling, one thousand pounds of which he has expended in raising his Regiment.
>
> Your Memoralist has not only sacrificed his fortune, but is deprived of Four Hundred and Fifty pounds sterling per Annum, which he was intitled to receive from Congress, as also a large tract of land and by the decree part which he has taken, his Family have been Banished from America, and he has sacrificed his prospects for providing for them there, which were undoubtedly of equal if not of greater Importance to them than his Fortune, which with that of others has been given up by the late Administration for the desirable purpose of obtaining Peace.

The next day the London dealer received seventeen cabled offers for it. When Mr. Henry F. DePuy came into my library in New York soon after, I told him the story of the Benedict Arnold letter. One of the most generous of men, he asked me to place a price on it. I replied frankly that the price I paid for it was nothing short of ridiculous good fortune; that I believed if it were sold at auction in this country it would bring at least $1850. He offered to buy it from me at that figure, and we immediately closed the bargain. Three years later, when Mr. DePuy held his sale, I was pleased to see my judgment verified. The Benedict Arnold letter sold for $2850. It is now in Mr. Huntington's collection.

If you once make a find like this you become wedded to the reading of catalogues. The finest private collection of catalogues in the world is in Paris. It is the result of the tireless and exhaustive study of my friend Seymour de Ricci. He has gathered


Tom Sawyer Abroad.

By Mark Twain. Edited by Kent Cooper.

PART I.

Chapter 1

A Page From the Original Manuscript of Mark Twain's Tom Sawyer Abroad

complete files of auction catalogues dating from the seventeenth century, from France, Germany and England. Every room of his large apartment on the Rue Boissière is filled from floor to ceiling. He has even compiled catalogues of catalogues. This stupendous work comprises more than 40,000 items. Commercial pamphlets are generally thrown into the wastebasket, but I doubt if book catalogues are ever thrown away. True collectors guard them as zealously as they do their rarest literary finds. I like to look back at some of my own and note the marked increase of price since certain items have left my hands. How I would like to buy back many books and manuscripts at the prices I sold them for!

This purchase of the Benedict Arnold letter was the beginning of a mad chase for American documents and historical papers which has become more frantic with the roll of years. Although great papers dealing with the history of England have always interested me intensely, those of American interest are dearest to my heart. It is a great and exciting adventure to collect noble relics of a country's past. The chase is often more fascinating than the wildest exploits of the most experienced huntsman; sometimes the bag proves remarkable, far beyond one's hopes and expectations. When I first started to collect Americana it did not enjoy its present vogue. In the early days you could buy amazingly important historical papers for a mere song. Nowadays everyone is seeking things American, from old New England bedsteads to Pennsylvania whisky flasks. The spell seems to be on the nation, and this craving for Americana is extending to every collector.

The greatest purchase I ever made was the original Declaration of Independence. It is the sole certified official copy extant, with the exception of that famous instrument now deposited for safekeeping in the Library of Congress. It was in 1911, when I was attending an afternoon session of the remarkable sale of the Robert Hoe collection in New York. In the midst of the bidding an attendant entered the room saying I was wanted at the telephone. It was my brother calling from Philadelphia, and his voice sounded so excited that I feared he had ill news for me.

A cable had just come from Berlin, he said, offering us this certified copy of the Declaration of Independence. This copy was the one sent to Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, in order that the independence of the American colonies should be recognized officially in that part of the world. It was signed by Benjamin Franklin and Silas Deane, Commissioners Plenipotentiary. Included in the lot was the only signed and attested copy of the original Articles of Confederation of the United States, the first provisional government of the colonies. I, too, was tremendously impressed, and my only question was: Were they authentic? In reply my brother told me they were to be sold by a direct descendant of Baron Von Scolenberg, the minister of Frederick the Great, and that their authenticity was undisputed.

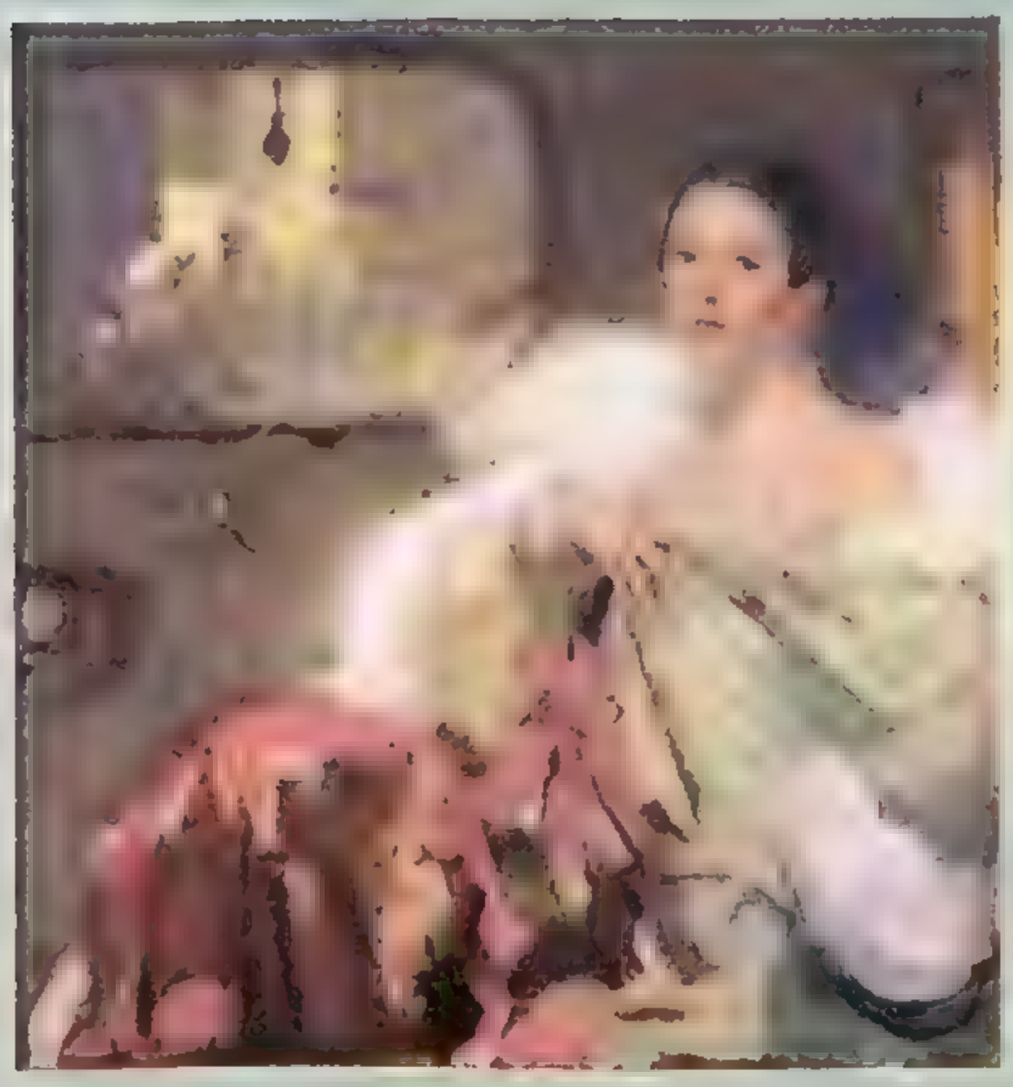
Three Cornerstones

Although the price was high, we felt that we could not allow manuscripts of such tremendous national importance to escape us. Then my brother, with his usual business acumen, immediately cabled our agent to pay the money forthwith. Our excitement was intense until we received a reply confirming our purchase. Neither my brother nor I could sleep until the news was flashed over the wires the next morning. We did not realize the extent of our good fortune, however, until one of our competitors informed us he had sent a special messenger from London to Berlin with gold coinage to secure this great document. His disappointment was terrific when he learned that these precious papers had already been sold.

I do not think the price of $260,000 excessive for these three great cornerstones of our country's history. Some day they will be beyond the computation of dollars. What adds a further glamour to this tale is that only a few days later someone came to our office and offered us the original letter arranging for the transfer of Independence Hall from the State of Pennsylvania to the City of Philadelphia. The transfer of ground was for the historic building and the piece of land known as Independence Square, on which was erected the clock tower that then contained the most precious memento of our independence—the famous Liberty Bell. It gives the purchase price of this most hallowed building and ground at only $70,000.

When I think of the historic papers and documents, and the great literary manuscripts that have passed through my hands into those of our customers, I recall the words from Proverbs xx, 14, which is the motto of our house: It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer; but when he hath gone his way, then he boasteth.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Doctor Rosenbach, as told to Avery Strakosch. The next will appear in an early issue.



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THE skillful design of Seiberling Heels guarantees that they will look well on the finest of shoes. Their flat walking surface guarantees comfort. And Seiberling guarantees that they will outlast any other make.

THE SEIBERLING RUBBER CO.
AKRON OHIO

SEIBERLING RUBBER HEELS

For gentlemen too, of course.

RAISE OR QUIT

Continued from Page 17

into a black-bearded sculptor who had laughed at all this and told her that until she could say that she labored eight hours a day for at least two years, she had no right even to mention the word "art." She had accepted his challenge. She had tremendous vitality and an instinct toward that which is vaguely called creativeness. She had really worked. For three years she had gone every morning to her studio at nine o'clock and had stayed there until five. Oh, of course during that time she had gone to Europe for two short trips and had journeyed to Bermuda each winter for a few weeks, and in the summer when her family went to Bar Harbor she accompanied them. Yet her record in actual hours was better than any one of her contemporaries who had tried to emulate her by painting or acting or writing.

It was Dell' Antra, curiously enough, who had brought her to the attention of the crowd, although he and Ellen were the only ones not impressed by her work. He had met her at Newport the summer before, and she had told him how she longed to meet "people who did things." The phrase naturally enough suggested Mrs. Bouton, the wife of the publisher, to his Latin mind. Before Janet had returned to New York in November, he had told Mrs. Bouton so much about her that Janet was made the guest of honor at the first celebrity's dinner they gave that year. Janet was incredibly thrilled. She met on that one evening the novelist she most admired, two painters asked her to sit for them, Mr. Bouton put her on his right at dinner, and before she finally left, about midnight, to return to her parents' dull and stereotyped surroundings, a handsome actor whom she often applauded across the footlights took her into a corner and swore romantically that he was going to divorce his third wife and marry her before the end of the year.

Dell' Antra had described the evening so vividly to Ellen that she felt as if she had really seen and heard all these things. He had been vastly amused by it. This Ellen knew by his manner rather than by anything he said. For with all his exterior volubility and appearance of easy confidences, he never by any chance revealed his own emotions. They had met him several years ago when he had been in America only a short time. Just why he had chosen to live here, no one knew. There was a persistent story that he had fled from Europe because a beautiful royal princess had fallen in love with him; this was the only story which he had ever taken the trouble to deny. Ellen still remembered how his blue eyes had blazed with anger when some woman had persisted in questioning him about it. When people asked him why he did not use the title to which he had hereditary right, he only laughed. "What use is a title to a workingman? I am plain Mister Dell'Antra." He said it with an almost imperceptible rolling of the *r*'s.

There was a fineness of modeling about his oval face, and above all, a quiet dignity of manner, even in his gayest moments, which confirmed Ellen's belief that he was an aristocrat in the true sense. Beyond that, she did not care. She liked him chiefly because he was so very nice to her without appearing to make an effort to be nice. Perhaps she had become self-conscious about Jim's friends, but it seemed to her that when these men were attentive to her they did it with ostentatious unselfishness, the way one entertains relatives from out of town. But Dell' Antra seemed always to seek her out as if she were the only woman in the room to whom he cared to talk. Occasionally they went to concerts together or to an exhibition of pictures. Whatever his position was in the downtown bank where he could be reached by telephone, he seemed always to be free in the afternoons, and as he had not the tired business man's habit of dropping in at a club for cocktails, one could even count on him for tea.

Jim had scarcely spoken of him, she now realized, until Janet had appeared on the horizon. Then all at once he had seemed to discover that Dell' Antra was a foreigner and an idler.

She knew that this sudden criticism was due to his unconscious fear that the other man shared his interest in the girl. Ellen knew intuitively, however, that this was not the case.

She was glad she had asked Dell' Antra to dinner. He had telephoned her to say that he was coming out to the Puggotts' for the week-end, and she had invited him then, forgetting that Janet would be here. How absurd Jim had been, calling him a lounge lizard because he drank tea instead of cocktails at five o'clock, and could talk about the contemporary music and literature of half a dozen countries.

She heard the sound of water running into a tub; Jinny must have turned on her bath. Yes, it was twenty-five minutes past seven. Well, she had not rested much. She got up and switched on the lights, then sat down at the dressing table in order to scrutinize her face. She was always surprised to see how much younger she looked than she felt. Strangely enough, the suffering which she had gone through had left no obvious marks: her features had become a little sharper in outline, perhaps, and her mouth was very firm, but her gray eyes still looked out with something of that wide-eyed inquiring gaze of youth—after all the years that youth had been left behind. Her light-brown hair was still thick and wavy.

"Feel better after your sleep, Miss Ellen?" The maid had opened the door into the bathroom. "Now you just sit there and let me try some of this new 'sage cream they say is so fine." Her brown fingers moved in deft circular strokes on the other's clear skin. "This'll bring the roses back, honey."

She seemed always to cling to the illusion that if only she worked hard enough over her, some day, by a miracle, her mistress would again be eighteen.

"Oh, there's a gray hair; right in your parting too." She seized it firmly and pulled it out. "Do you ever think about having your hair cut, Miss Ellen? Most of the young ladies do nowadays."

"Oh, that reminds me, Jinny; you'd better go over and see if Miss Johnstone needs anything."

"I just looked into her room. She ain't come up yet. I don't know what dress she wants to wear or nothing. I suppose she'll come tearing up the stairs about the time I'm doing your hair, and make me spoil it all." Her voice was sulky; she ended, as if to herself, "Down there dancin'."

"That will do, Jinny!" Ellen got up; she might have been speaking of the termination of the massage. "You can put out my blue and silver dress and then you'll be free to help Miss Johnstone whenever she needs you."

"You ain't going to wear that old blue and silver again, Miss Ellen?"

Her mistress laughed. "Now, Jinny, I know you hope to send that dress down to your niece in Baltimore, but don't say it's old."

"No, it ain't that, Miss Ellen. It really ain't. That dress just don't become you. Now, honey, why don't you wear that nice new green; that's the youngest-looking dress you've had for a long time."

"All right. Then put out the satin slippers instead of the silver."

At five minutes to eight, when Ellen emerged from her room, she heard Jim singing at the top of his voice as he splashed in the tub. She went down into the huge two-storied room which served, English fashion, as a hall and living room combined. Its most striking features were the two outside staircases which went up, on opposite sides, into a balcony which extended around the three walls, thus connecting the two parts of the second story. This produced a theatrical effect which Ellen always enjoyed. The house had been less than half its present size when they had bought it, but as their needs and income had grown they had added to it, and had united the two wings by this room. The logs were crackling in the huge fireplace. She sat down on the red-leather seat which surrounded its three sides, then got up to rearrange the tall blue vases which held long sprays of apple blossoms, so that their delicate pink might be seen to better advantage against the white plastered wall. She turned on an additional lamp in the corner, then went on into the dining room to glance approvingly at the round dark table with its flat silver bowl of yellow daffodils and fine doilies of écru lace. This was a charming room, she thought, with the fireplace of the original farmhouse, built two hundred years before, diagonally across one corner. The light flickered on the old pewter against the soft green-painted walls. The lighting was perfect, neither so bright that it was confusing nor so subdued that it made one sleepy. Men always relaxed in this room, and women looked their best.

As the sharp knife-edged emotion twisted her breast again like a physical pain, Ellen realized that she had been thinking that Janet would look her best in this room.

She went back across the hall into the library at the opposite side. Pierre, the white-haired French butler, was putting away the dance records which Jim and the girl had left piled upon the table. He emptied ash trays and straightened the rug before he became aware of Ellen's presence.

"I don't think I can get this room ready in time to serve the cocktails here, madam."

"We can have them in the hall. Only be sure to have someone straighten up while we're at dinner, so that the gentlemen can have coffee here. And put out two card tables. . . . I hear a motor now."

She went into the hall as he opened the door to admit Tom and Helen Oates.

"Are we the first? We were afraid we'd be late!"

The two women kissed each other even as Helen slipped off her light evening wrap. "How pretty you look in green, Ellen! I wish you'd go with me to look at spring clothes. I haven't a thing, my dear!"

Tom laughed as he shook her hand. "Where's Jim?"

Without answering directly, Ellen said. "Do you know what a foreigner declared was the most characteristic remark of American men? That the first question they ask any woman is: 'Where's your husband?'"

Helen broke in, "Before I forget it, Ellen, I want you and Jim to be sure to save dinner, two weeks from Sunday. We're having the most marvelous Hindu. He has a new religion, my dear; really to hear him talk about it you feel you want to go back to Nature and live on herbs and nuts and wear nothing but grape leaves or whatever it is."

"Oh," drawled Ellen. "Well, if that's the kind of a new costume you want me to help you choose, I don't think I shall do it."

Tom shouted, "You're the funniest white woman in the world, Ellen! I notice you never get taken in by these new isms and things."

Pierre was opening the door again. The six other guests all seemed to be coming at one time.

"We stopped at Emmy's for cocktails," they explained more or less in chorus.

"That's obvious!" Tom answered. They all laughed uproariously.

Emmy Blair and Dorothy Stevens gave their wraps to the servant and came over to the fire; Hal Stevens and Dan Turner said simultaneously to Ellen, "Where's Jim?"

Dell' Antra bent over and kissed her hand. "You look very charming tonight."

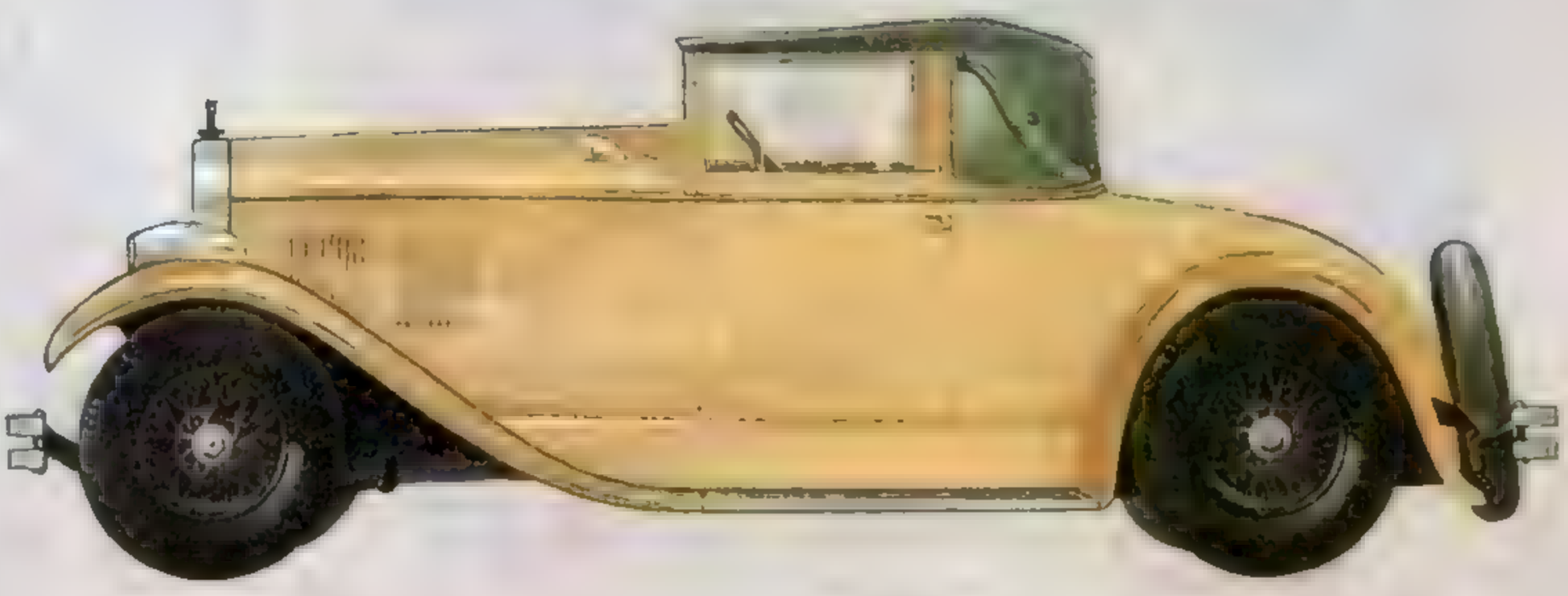
"Yep," said Tom, "I admit their technic is better."

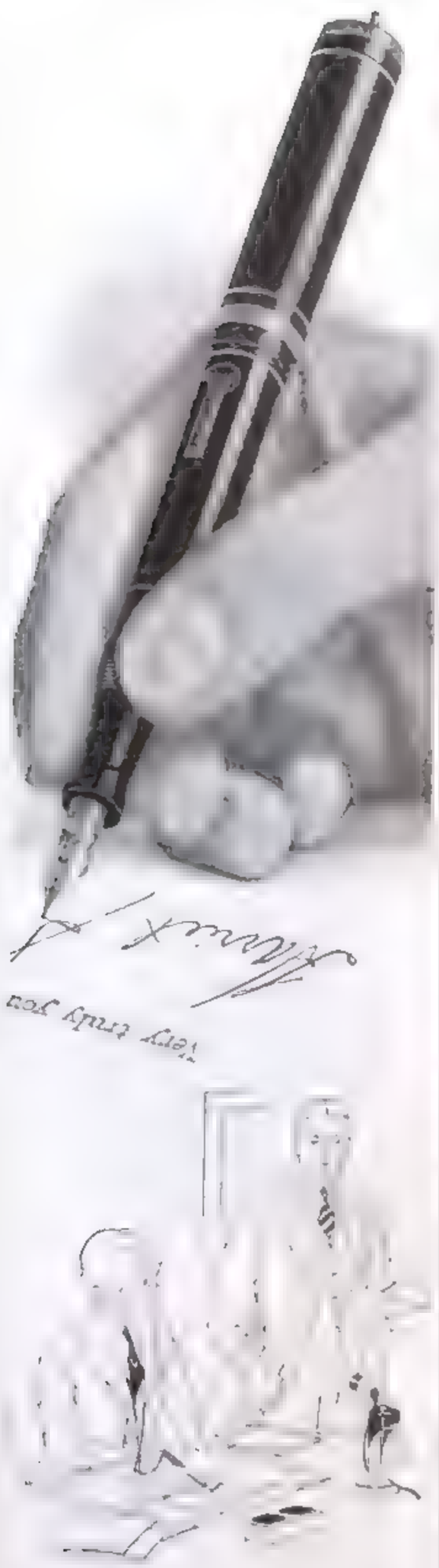
(Continued on Page 86)

YOUTH, romance and the love of life. Adventure glowing in the setting sun. Going—changing—moving. The lure of mystic mountains—endless plains and golden days to come. Going somewhere—going happily.

The Little Tomboy by

JORDAN





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(Continued from Page 64)

A maid wheeled in a tea cart containing a tray of glasses, a frosted silver shaker, and a plate of caviar canapés.

Ellen realized that Dell' Antra had glanced up toward the balcony opposite the fireplace, then looked away with a faint, suppressed smile. Following his gaze, she saw Jim turning back from the balcony into the corridor, and she realized that he had intended to come down the stairs when something occurred to change his mind.

Then Dell' Antra jumped to his feet and went toward the opposite staircase, where Janet appeared, in a slim beautiful gown of peacock-blue so vivid that it annihilated the paler colors of the other women's. "She certainly has a flair for clothes," Ellen thought, as the others spoke to her. She realized suddenly that Jim must have seen the girl starting down these stairs at the same moment he had appeared at the top of the others, and had been too self-conscious to risk making his belated entry simultaneously with hers. A second later he sauntered in, one hand in the pocket of his dinner coat, as if he had been downstairs all the time.

"Oh, hello!" he said. "I hope you've left a cocktail for me."

He shook hands with Emmy and Helen and Dorothy and bowed to Janet, "I think we've met before?"

Ellen tried not to watch him, but she could not take her eyes away from him. He had never seemed to her so handsome or so devastatingly young. With the possible exception of Dell' Antra, he was much the straightest and fittest of all the men she knew. He looked as if without any effort he would always be in perfect condition. She had admired that cool sort of competence of his from the very moment she had first met him, so many years ago, when in spite of being the rankest outsider who had by some chance been taken to an exclusive ball, he had shown such self-possession and such innate aloofness from the trivialities which impress most people that her admiration had gone instinctively to him.

Now, partly because she herself was so shut off from it all, she liked watching his keen excellent game of tennis and the way he sat a horse, and she liked the way he looked in the black-and-white severity of his dinner clothes.

"Do you know something?" Dell' Antra's low voice startled her. "I have just found out something about you—something quite shocking."

She looked up into his blue eyes. "Really?"

"Really. Shall I tell you my discovery? It is that after all these many years since you are married, you are still in love with your own husband! Is it not true?"

"I'm afraid so." She sighed before she could remember to laugh.

She got up quickly. "I think Pierre's trying to announce dinner."

For the first time she disliked Dell' Antra. She was sorry she had seated him on her left. The moment she turned away from nice, safe, phlegmatic Tom Oates, Dell' Antra said

"You're furious with me for having said that!"

"Yes, I am!" She flashed into anger. "You've no right to go prowling about into one's secrets. It's—it's intellectual housebreaking!"

Then she saw that Dell' Antra had become rigid; the color had left his face. He opened his lips once without speaking; reached toward his water goblet with a hand that shook slightly.

He said at last, "I—I offer you my most humble apologies. But I assure you I had not intended to be impertinent—please—please, let me finish. I was inexcusably inconsiderate, because it was not of you I was thinking when I asked that question. It was for myself. It was something I could no longer wait to know. Now, do you understand?"

Ellen looked at him in amazement. His face seemed suddenly to have changed. It was longer and more oval than before; he looked like a Velasquez portrait in his unnatural stillness. But his long dark-blue eyes were regarding her with an emotion she could not misunderstand.

"Oh, I am so sorry!" she cried "I didn't dream ——"

"I know you did not." He drew himself up with grave dignity. "And you would never have known if I had not blundered so that I was forced to explain."

"But—but ——" She could not go on. He seemed all at once to have changed completely; he was no longer the man of the world whose sophistication had made their companionship easy and delightful. She thought of him now as a child whom she had hurt. She felt the stinging pain of tears at the back of her eyes. "There is no one I like better than you." Her voice expressed complete sincerity. "It has meant more to me than you will ever know, to have your friendship."

She turned away, fearful lest even above the hubbub of voices the others might detect the seriousness of their dialogue. She remembered, with a start of surprise, that when she had been a young girl she had always felt elated when a man had told her that he loved her—even though it was a man for whom she cared nothing. But now she felt no exaltation of conquest, but only an unutterable sadness.

The rest of dinner seemed interminable. Tom Oates described to her the way in which Helen and Mrs. Barton had reacted to the Hindoo's philosophy, which ordinarily would have amused her intensely, but tonight her smiles were mechanical. She was, however, so skilled in the rare art of listening that Tom detected nothing spurious in her responses.

"And they have these elaborate dinners beginning with caviar and going on through endless courses," she heard Tom say, "while they listen to the old boy tell them that the only way to heaven is through a diet of herbs and nuts!"

Finally the savory was finished and Ellen got up. From the other side of the table Jim looked up at her beseechingly. "Oh, can't we have coffee in here?"

She sat down again and signaled to Pierre. Of course he would choose to stay in the dining room tonight so that he wouldn't have to leave Janet.

Then just as she was convinced that she was so tired that she simply couldn't go on in this smiling-insincere-hostess fashion, Dell' Antra turned to her, "Have you seen the work of that new woman portrait painter?"

All during coffee and liqueurs he talked without even pausing for a response. She was so grateful to him that she thought suddenly that this, after all, was love—this infinite consideration and kindliness. She had never, never, had that from Jim. And yet as she glanced just then across the bowl of daffodils and saw his handsomely cut profile as he turned for a second away from Janet toward Dorothy, an emotion that was primitive and fundamental filled her being and obliterated for all time the idea that gratitude and kindliness had anything to do with love.

But she could not go on like this—fearful to look at her husband lest she should find him absorbed in Janet, and yet unable to think clearly of anything else. She must, she told herself, do something about it. No matter what it cost, she must find some way of ending this misery. Strangely enough the solution came to her two hours later while the others were playing poker.

She had hoped, at first, for two tables of bridge, but Jim had overruled this suggestion. When he was excited and happy, as anyone could see he was tonight, he preferred a game at which he could talk and laugh and occasionally run up the betting to preposterous amounts, not seeming to care whether he won or lost, if only the stakes were high enough.

Ellen did not play; she sat back in a comfortable chair and watched the others through a haze of smoke, for it always interested her to observe the way people played games. Helen, for instance, always knew the jargon; to her the right term was much more important than winning. "She plays poker with the same intellectual pretensions with which she studies philosophy," Ellen thought. Tom, on the other hand, talked in large terms, but bet very cautiously. Janet's face was an unmistakable index of the cards she held; she lost time after time. Emmy Blair said nothing, but she raked in the chips with short-fingered little hands as plump as a baby's and equally predatory. But from her position behind the players Ellen could see that it was Dell' Antra who was the biggest winner. He kept his chips out of sight, and he played with such a casual disinterested manner that she was astonished to see the steady increase of his red and blue disks. He won seldom, but when he did the pots were invariably large. Ellen discovered, moreover, that he won more than anyone else, not only because of these occasional *coups*, but because he so rarely lost. He dropped out more often than anyone else, but when he did stay he was usually the victor.

During the last hand which they had agreed to play, everyone else was gradually eliminated except Dell' Antra and Jim. The pile in the center of the green-baize table grew higher and higher. Jim bet more and more extravagantly. Dell' Antra raised him every time. Finally Jim's chips had all been exhausted, so he said, "All right! I'll see you!"

Dell' Antra put down four aces.

"You weren't taking many chances, were you?" Jim pushed the pile over to his guest.

"Not when you drew two cards," said the other.

"I forgot to watch you discard. It was well played anyway."

Dell' Antra turned toward Ellen as they all began to count their chips preparatory to settling with the banker.

"Does it amuse you, this game?"

"Immensely," she said. "I was especially interested in your method, for poker is much like life, I think!"

"Oh! Then perhaps I should not tell you my secret." He smiled. "But I think you know it anyway. Well, I learned this game from a nice old American the first time I came to this country. We were a long time on the boat, so he gave me many lessons. But always this principle he kept repeating: 'It's not your own hand in itself that is important, but only your hand in comparison with the others. If you are watchful you will discover, before long, how they play, and just how many chances they take. After that it is a question of only one thing: Either you believe your cards are not so good as theirs or you believe they are better. If they are not so good, stop at once. If you think them better, bet all you have. Never pay to see your opponent's hand. Raise or quit!'"

"Oh," said Ellen. "Oh!"

By the time the last guest had gone she was ready to drop with fatigue. It seemed incredible that anyone could look so fresh and untired as Janet; surely, she thought, even a child would want to sleep sometime.

But she heard the girl say, as the last car drove off, "I've never felt so wide-awake."

Ellen answered, "I'm going up. But there's no reason in the world why you should. When you want your breakfast in the morning, ring the bell twice and it will be brought to you. Good night." She turned toward the stairs.

When she had reached the landing at the top she glanced down. Jim and the girl were sitting on the red bench in front of the fire, eating sandwiches. They did not glance up.

She went into her room and closed the door. She was extraordinarily tired, but she was conscious of being able to postpone succumbing to the mere tiredness of her body until after this terrific crushing weight had been removed from her heart. She began to acquire that second spurt of strength familiar to long-distance runners

(Continued on Page 69)

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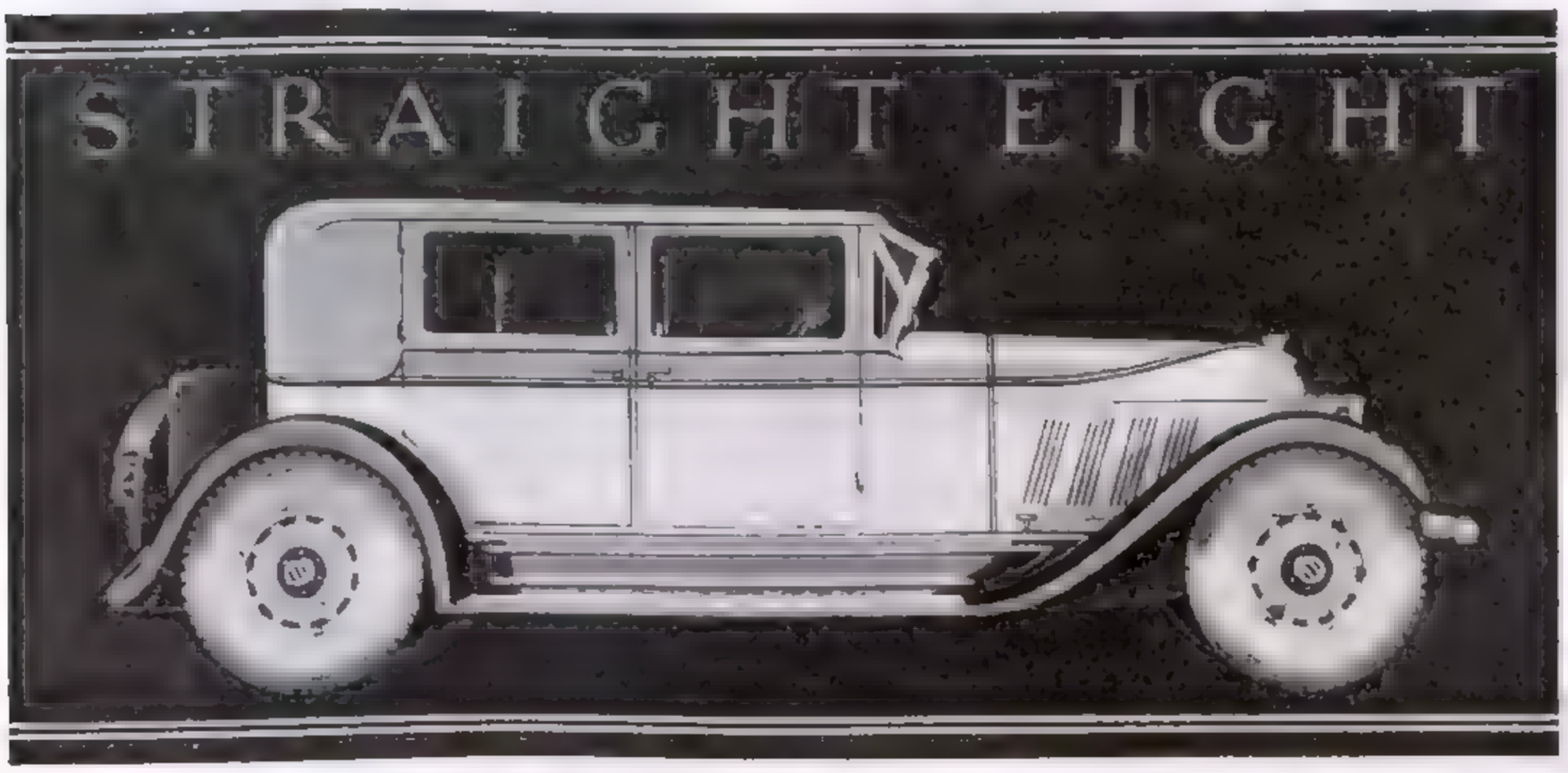

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(Continued from Page 66)

and to tired children who have overstayed their bedtime by so many hours that after a while their enforced wakefulness produces exhilaration.

"Pride!" she kept repeating to herself. "I must have pride!"

For it was a curious thing that she, whose early training and family tradition had been based so largely upon this emotion, should now have to summon it forcibly. Pride goes before love, she thought. No, that was not the quotation. But at any rate, she must make pride her handmaiden. She had never had any pride so far as Jim was concerned. Perhaps that had been her trouble. Pride and love could not stay under the same roof, she had once thought. But when one has nothing else in the house one must at least have pride.

It was almost two hours later that Jim came up the stairs. He did not move quietly, in the manner of a husband going to bed long after his wife. Jim came down the hall in the cheerful noisy way of a—a—of a bachelor, Ellen thought resentfully.

Then for the first time in all these years of marriage she opened the door of her room and said with wifely sharpness, "Come in! I want to talk to you!"

Even in the dim light of the hall she could see that his expression was one of surprise, but not of apology.

"Aren't you asleep yet?" He put his hand up to conceal a yawn. "I can hardly keep my eyes open."

Before she could suppress her instinct to take care of him, Ellen reached for a piece of paper: "I'll leave a note for Jinny and tell her not to wake you. She can telephone Perkins early in the morning and tell him you can't ride with him."

"That'll be fine." He sat down on the edge of the chaise longue. "I don't know what we'd do without Jinny."

It took all her self-control to go on writing the message, for she wanted to say, "Yes, and who was it insisted upon keeping Jinny? You wanted me to send her home, but I wouldn't do it! I'd like to see some French maid of the kind you wanted, looking after you as if you were a baby, I ——" She found herself wanting to lose all restraint, all dignity. But habit was, fortunately, stronger than this new desire. She finished the note, found a long black-headed pin, and went through the hall and fixed the paper securely on the outside of Jim's door.

When she came back he had lighted a cigarette. She had asked him thousands of times not to smoke in her room. What was the use of living in the country in order to get fresh air if the very place you slept in was so filled with smoke that you couldn't breathe? Then she remembered that she had become the proud wife. Proud wives did not quarrel.

She said with sudden directness, "Jim, there's no one I'm so fond of as you."

He looked up from his idle contemplation of the pink coverlet. "Good girl!"

"No, I'm serious." She stood with her back to the dressing table. The light shone upon Jim's face, but her own was in the shadow.

"Well, so am I." He looked for an ash tray, then flicked his cigarette into the fireplace where it lay smoldering.

"I want you to remember that I'm fond of you because what I'm going to suggest may lead you to suspect something else." Her voice was as cool as spring water. He was all attention now. She saw that his eyes were suddenly not hazel, but green, which meant that he was concentrating completely.

The words that she uttered were the result of her deep thought, and yet they seemed to come out into the room as if impelled by some force outside herself. It was as if the small slight woman whose blue negligee was reflected in the mirror, but whose face was difficult to see, was only the mouthpiece of some towering, aloof personality—a barrister pleading the case of an invisible client.

"We were both very young when we were married. This is sometimes an advantage and sometimes not. At first it seems as if, to us, it was. Those early years were surely as fine as any two people ever had. We were poor and we worked hard and we loved each other. That's the top of the world. Well, we've had that. Nothing can take it from us. But life changes. People change. You are not the same person today as you were when we were married. Nor am I the same. We are no longer young, or poor. You have become very distinguished, and naturally your interests have developed along lines not the same as mine. I have not been in your world nor you in mine. Now it seems to me that because I am so fond of you I know, better perhaps than you yourself, what your needs are."

She drew a deep breath. His eyes were fixed upon her like those of a fascinated child.

"You need," she said deliberately, "a new wife!"

He sprang to his feet and grasped her by the shoulders. "What the devil's the matter with you?"

The grip of his hands hurt her, but she was glad, because it made it easier for her to go on. "Yes, you do, Jim. There's no use being melodramatic about it. I know how you feel about Janet."

He winced at this and dropped his hands slowly to his sides. He walked over to the window and pushed aside the curtain to look out into the blackness of the cool spring night.

At last he half turned around. "I—I do like her."

"Don't be childish. Of course you like her. Don't you spend every minute of time with her that you can? That's the test of liking! I know how you feel."

"She—she's ——"

"Yes, she's beautiful and young and talented. You don't need to explain to me. In fact, I thoroughly approve." Her voice had lost all trace of its drawl and become as sharp as a razor's edge. "I'm going to make it possible for you to marry her without even criticism. It will be the easiest readjustment that's ever been made. You are entirely free."

He looked stunned. They were standing only a few feet apart and yet an abyss seemed to separate them. He looked at her helplessly. "I—I can't quite understand."

She drew herself up; she felt as if she were eight feet tall. "During the last few years I've pretended to be blind as far as your spasmodic flirtations were concerned. I've never cross-examined you nor nagged you nor done any of these things. And each time you've gradually recovered. But with this girl it's different. She's all right. You can marry her."

She steadied herself against the dressing table; she liked the coolness of the glass under her hand. It seemed hours that they stood there facing each other in pregnant silence.

At last he said, "Ellen, I know something now that I never knew before. I suppose it's the reason bachelors flirt so much less than married men. Why, I thought—I'll tell you the whole truth—I thought up to this moment that I was in love with Janet. I've thought of her constantly. I've wanted to be with her. And now, suddenly, when you tell me I can marry her, why why, Ellen, I don't want to. There just isn't any choice. I wouldn't give you up for all the Janets in the world—you're my wife!"

His arms were about her; her head was on his shoulder. He was calling her names she had almost forgotten. It was as if into the room with them, their marriage, like a third personality, had entered, to stay always with them.

She put her hand up to touch his hair; his hand closed over hers. She could still visualize his long brown fingers spread out upon the white coverlet of her bed as he had knelt in agony of fear the night of her accident. He was hers! She had given him everything she had even freedom from herself—and it was by this giving that he had become part of her.

They sat down on the chaise longue; his arms were tight about her. After a long time he turned his face away from hers and said, "Ellen, whatever made you do this?"

"I had to do something. And I got the idea tonight watching you all play poker. Dell' Antra, you know, won the most, and he explained to me that his rule was never to call, but if you thought your cards were the best, to raise—otherwise to quit the game."

"So that's it!" He laughed; his eyes shone with happiness. "You thought you'd quit, did you?"

"Certainly not!" Her drawl had never been so deliberate. "You idiot! I wouldn't have quit if it had been the last act of my life. I didn't quit, darling—I raised!"

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SOME OTHERS AND MYSELF

(Continued from Page 54)

spontaneity. Foremost among these in America today is Will Rogers. When it comes to the spoken word, he is a genuine and remarkable humorist; he knows how to frame his quip so as to make his point in exactly the right place and time, and he knows how to deliver it so as to wring from it its very essence.

Some comedians, though having a sense of the comic, have absolutely no sense of humor. For them their speeches have to be written in definite and exact terms, and if the librettist does not know the technic of writing for a laugh—and as regards the stage the technic is so exact as to be almost a science—then the revue or musical comedy will be humorless. Many of the funny men of the stage who draw huge salaries, pay other men with a sense of humor and a knowledge of its correct stage promulgation a regulation salary to supply them with fresh jokes and to build up for them the scenes which have fallen flat. Left to their own resources these comedians would flounder hopelessly in a sea of words.

It Pays to be Funny

The above is particularly true of monologists. When the average playgoer attends a vaudeville theater and sees a man come out on the stage alone and deliver a speech which gets a laugh with nearly every line, he thinks what a wit the man must be and what amusing company he would make. Off the stage the man is probably as entertaining as a rheumatic gravedigger limping home on a rainy Friday. In all likelihood, every word has been written for him by an author who does not make one-twentieth the salary that the monologist does.

It is not the man who makes the baseballs that draws the $25,000 a year; it is the pitcher who can put the balls over the plate.

Nat. M. Wills, the famous tramp comedian, was a monologist of this order, and in his day he was the highest-salaried, single talking turn on the stage. His monologue was the most topical and up to the minute of his time, and yet many of his best laughs were written for him. He had not one but two men on his pay roll to provide him with new parodies and gags. To each of these he paid fifty dollars weekly, and it was greatly due to them, and to the good sense of Wills in realizing their value to him, that his salary advanced from $200 to $1000 a week.

Another such comedian was the late Charles A. Bigelow—he of the pink pate and discouraged face. For years he was the chief comedian with Anna Held, and never were there two more widely contrasted beauties. Not only did a large number of his laughs have to be written for Bigelow but in many cases the point of the joke had to be laboriously explained. Once he had said the line and had got the laugh, he never lost it, for his performance, like his text—that is, his spoken words—was as precise and unvarying as a proposition in Euclid.

When Willie Collier joined Weber and Fields and matched his wits against Pete Dailey's, it was a battle royal for the entire season, with neither of them a winner.

Once Dailey said, "Willie, I see they've named a cigar after you."

"That's right," rejoined Collier.

"They've named one after me as well," continued Dailey.

"Yes," said Collier; "and there is the same difference between us on the stage as there is in the cigars. Mine draws."

When Dailey was on his first starring tour in Champagne Charlie, he met another comedian, who also was making his first starring venture and who was taking it very seriously. He asked Dailey if he spoke to the members of his company when he met them on the street, and Dailey replied that he certainly did.

"Well," the other comedian said, "I don't speak to mine."

Dailey rejoined, "I saw them the other night, and I don't blame you."

If a play does not open "cold" in New York—"cold" is an expression of the theater meaning without any preliminary presentations—it has been shown for a limited number of performances in some try-out town near by. These preliminary performances nearly always result in a considerable loss, which the manager expects and which he charges to production account, exactly as he does the scenery and costumes. If the advertisements and billboards read, for instance:

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By William Turner
With a great cast

there is absolutely nothing in the announcements to draw people into the theater.

The name of the average manager or author means nothing to the ordinary theatergoer; and as he has never heard of the play, why should he pay two dollars to see it, when he can go to a movie theater and see a film in which is one of his favorite players, for twenty-five cents?

There are two general exceptions to the above rule. One is when the cast is headed by a star whose name has drawing power of itself, and the other is where the manager has so impressed the public by the high standard of his productions that he has become a star also.

Great American Managers

Of such managers, aside from the producers of musical comedy, there are three in the United States, and the foremost of these is David Belasco. Whenever Belasco's name heads an advertisement, the manager of the theater is assured of a paying audience on his opening night, whether the play has ever been heard of or not. Though some may quarrel with his choice of plays, none can deny that so far as production is concerned Belasco has always kept faith with the public. He has never failed to give them of his best. He has never stinted or shirked. He has been known to put on attractions so extravagantly that had every seat in the theater been sold at every performance for an entire season, the production would still have been on the debit side of the ledger. When a man goes to a Belasco production he is assured in advance that he will see the finest cast that can be secured, and which has been rehearsed meticulously, and a production as nearly perfect as great knowledge and infinite care and human endeavor can make it. For this high standard, which he has maintained for many years, Belasco is entitled to, and receives, his reward.

The second is George M. Cohan, outstanding genius of the American theater. Nowhere in the world is Cohan's versatility surpassed, and I doubt if it is equaled. He is one of the greatest actors on the stage, as his performance in The Song and Dance Man proved. He is among the most successful of playwrights; he never adapts from foreign sources; he never collaborates; so far as I know he has dramatized only two stories—The Miracle Man and Seven Keys to Baldpate—and he has never been accused of plagiarism.

Cohan is an excellent stage director and produces all his own plays. He writes both the books and the music for all his musical productions, and he stages them himself. He dances superbly and can put over a song. He is, in fact, a star both in straight and musical plays. Where the man is who reaches him in versatility and all-round excellence, I do not know.

Still, I do not think that Cohan's staunchest claim to long-lived fame will rest on any one of these things which he does so well. It will stand, in my opinion, on the song which swept America like a flame, and to the inspiring strains of which so many of her sons marched valiantly to her defense. I refer, of course, to Over There, the words and music of which were both written by Cohan. A hundred, yes, many hundred years from now, when the battle hymns of the nations who participated in the Great War are played, that of the United States will be the song which Cohan had the glory of writing and which Nora Bayes had the first privilege of singing.

The third of the trio is John Golden. In a comparatively short time Golden has made his name into a valuable trade-mark, which will grow in importance year by year, if he clings to his present policy. He presents nothing but American plays by American authors—clean, wholesome, comedy dramas indigenous to the soil. His list already includes such major successes as Lightnin', Turn to the Right, Three Wise Fools, The First Year and Seventh Heaven. He announces that nothing unclean and suggestive will ever be presented under his name. He has one class of goods for sale, and one only. When the public buys a John Golden play it knows exactly what it is going to get—a play that the whole family can enjoy together, from grandma to little Polly Maude.

A Report Card on Actors

Golden, also, is not lacking in versatility. His original connection with the theater was as an actor, but finding that the public preferred Robert Mantell, he forsook his first love and entered into a violent flirtation with musical comedy as a writer of lyrics.

Most of this work was done for Charles B. Dillingham while he was manager of the Hippodrome, New York, and the most popular was the lyric for Poor Butterfly, which was the song success of its year. Later, just to show that he could do it if necessary, Golden dispensed with the service of a director in the production of Seventh Heaven, staged the play himself, and did it splendidly.

It was in connection with Dillingham that the late William McConnell projected one of his most joyous jests, which no one enjoyed more than that manager. He started a rumor, accepted as true in some parts of theaterdom, that Dillingham was being compelled to change his name to Dillinghimer, because the Theatrical Syndicate objected to the ham.

After the play has had its tryout and its metropolitan première, and has developed into a success, the manager's work is by no means over. When the play is set, the manager calls the company together and tells them that is exactly how he wants it played; that there must be no variation in speed, tone or pitch, and that there must be no interpolations, not even to an "O," an "Ah" or an "I." Then the stage manager is given a report card showing exactly what the playing time and the intermissions should be, and he is expected to keep the presentation as near as it is humanly possible to the ideal performance.

Every morning thereafter there will be placed on the manager's desk a card which reads about as follows:

STAGE MANAGER'S REPORT

Name of play . .	The Golden Butterfly	
City	New York	
Performance	Night	
First act curtain up 8:35.	Down 9:00.	
Playing time		25 minutes
Second act curtain up 9:08.	Down 9:47.	
Playing time		39 minutes
Third act curtain up 9:50.	Down 10:28.	
Playing time		32 minutes
Fourth act curtain up 10:38.	Down 11:05.	
Playing time.		27 minutes
Total playing time		2 hours, 3 minutes

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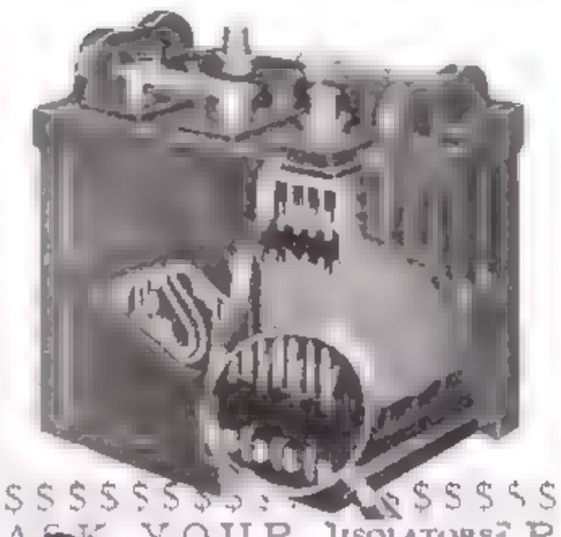

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INTERMISSIONS

Between first and second acts	8 minutes
Between second and third acts	9 minutes
Between third and fourth acts	10 minutes
Total	27 minutes

REMARKS

Owing to its being a great laughing audience, the playing time was two minutes longer than usual.

Miss Blank missed her cue in the third act; the second time she has done it.

Signed, JOHN PEARSON,
Stage Manager.

This report the manager watches as carefully as a doctor scans a nurse's chart. He expects the piece to run a minute or two under the schedule on Monday nights and Wednesday matinées and two to three minutes over it on Saturday nights. Even if the house is sold out on the three occasions, there will be that much, and perhaps a little more, variation in the playing time, owing to the difference in the quality of the audiences. If the time runs consistently below the standard, the manager knows either that the players are speeding too much or that they are losing their laughs; if it runs above it, he knows that they are slowing down or that they are interpolating.

In either case the manager, unknown to the actors, sits through the performance with his secretary, to whom he gives his notes.

Next day a rehearsal is called, with the manager in front and the script in the hands of the stage manager. The play is gone over word for word. If the performance is under time and laughs are being missed, the manager calls the players' attention to their loss, and demands an explanation; and if the tempo has become hurried, he slows down the players till the proper pace is restored.

If the playing time is longer than the schedule, the manager, aided by his notes, corrects the slowed tempo and watches hawklike for interpolated words. Suddenly he will call "Wait," and then will say, "Let us have that speech again, Mr. Johnson"; and the actor will repeat, "Ah, but there was no rain yesterday." Turning to the stage manager, the manager will ask, "The exact line, please," and the stage manager will read from the manuscript: "There was no rain yesterday." Then the manager will want to know where the "Ah, but" comes from, and a certain type will add that if the player thinks he is improving on the work of the author he should ask him for a share of the royalty. The "Ah, but" is out. So it goes all through the play.

Sometimes as much as six minutes has been added to the playing time of a drama, every second of which is due to unconscious interpolations by the players. It is so easy to drop into the habit of saying "Yes, but you didn't send the note" instead of "But you didn't send the note" and to change the sentence, "But, Jim, that isn't what you said" to "But, my dear Jim," and so on. Every one of the additional words is so much dead weight for the play to carry, and only those who know their stage realize what a handicap six minutes of such weight can be.

There is another thing which is realized only by those who know their stage, and, in fact, only by those who know it well. It is that a three-act play should be, in its actual playing time, at least eight minutes longer than a play of four acts. In the presentation of a four-act play there are three intermissions, but in the playing of a three-act play there are only two.

Editor's Note—This is the eighth and last of a series of articles by Mr Broadhurst.

BREAKING INTO A NEW GAME

(Continued from Page 21)

Government, on plastic botany, making casts of leaf and other vegetable forms. We called on the Minister of Public Works to thank him for the private sleeping car and baggage car he had put at our disposal for our journey from Rio to São Paulo. We left Rio at night, arriving the following morning in São Paulo, which is known as the Chicago of Brazil. During the day we visited the unique Instituto Seroterapico, founded by Dr. Vital Brazil twenty-five years ago for the study and development of serums for the cure of snake and insect bites. It is the distributing center for the antivenin which is shipped all over Brazil with directions for its use. The use of these serums has greatly reduced the mortality from snake bites among the barefooted natives. The snakes, poisonous and nonpoisonous, are kept in separate inclosures. These inclosures are dotted with shelters, built of concrete, that look like a flock of Dutch ovens or old-fashioned beehives. The nonpoisonous group includes the mussurama, a large and good-natured reptile, which, like the king snake of North America, is cannibalistic and feeds on other snakes. The mussurama will kill and swallow with impunity the rattlesnake and deadly jararaca and bush master, as it is immune to their venom. It will also kill and eat the coral snake, but not being immune to the poison of that kind of snake, death usually results.

The serums are prepared from the blood of horses that have been inoculated with snake venom. The horses are stabled in a modern sanitary building. The three families of poisonous snakes in Brazil—the rattlers, the jararacas, the bush masters and the coral snakes—secrete poisons of different chemical composition, the effects of which vary greatly. Rattlesnake venom, for instance, clots the blood, while the poison of the coral snake causes death by the opposite effect, preventing coagulation of the blood. Wherefore three different serums, or antivenins, are prepared at the institute. The venom of the South American rattlesnake is similar to that of the North American rattler, so the serum prepared as an antidote for the bite of the South American reptile is equally effective to counteract the venom of the North American rattler.

Extracting the Poisons

Doctor Vital Brazil was away at the time of our visit, but we were shown through the institute, with its well-equipped laboratories, library and lecture rooms, by Dr. J. R. Pereira. He showed us how the venom was extracted from the different poisonous snakes. Doctor Pereira grasped the angry reptile, with fangs erect and mouth distended, just back of the head with one hand and with the other forced the edge of a shallow glass tray beneath the tips of the fangs. The pressure at the base of the head compresses the poison glands, forcing the venom out through the fangs into the glass dish. The rattlesnake yielded a small quantity of white venom, the jararaca a much greater amount of yellow poison, which crystallized rapidly. On leaving the institute we were given a supply of the three kinds of serums.

The narrow-gauge railroad on which we left São Paulo that night runs almost due west to the Paraguay River. Until it was built, less than fifteen years ago, except by a tedious and forbidding overland passage the west of Brazil could be reached only by way of Buenos Aires and the Paraguay River. The railroad's purpose, therefore, was strategic rather than commercial.

Missing a Rare Chance

About 1920, Mr. Cherrie told me, trains with dining and sleeping cars made the run from São Paulo to the railhead at Porto Esperança, 1000 miles, in sixty hours; but since the recent revolution, which centered in the state of São Paulo, trains have been operated only by day every other day, and the roadbed has been sadly neglected. There was a dining car out of São Paulo, but it was dropped the first day. For several hundred miles farther, we snatched our hurried meals at the most primitive station hotels. Our meals consisted invariably of black bean soup, beef, cassava, rice, great hunks of guava paste, a little cheese, and coffee black and bitter as aloes, served in small cups half filled with powdered sugar.

Our first stop after leaving São Paulo was at Bauru, in the heart of the coffee country of Brazil, a straggling frontier town which we reached at noon the next day. Here the train dropped our cars and went on. We spent two days at the station hotel, driving into the country ten or fifteen miles each day in flivvers over dirt roads, zigzagging through herds of mongrel cattle, with traces of a hump over the shoulder indicating zebu blood in their ancestry. Much of the country was flat, well-cleared coffee land and we had to seek our birds in the occasional uncleared forest tracts.

Early the next morning we started from Bauru, but before long we were stopped by a wreck and delayed twelve hours, not arriving at Aracatuba until noon the next day. From Sao Paulo to Aracatuba we had passed through endless miles of coffee plantations. From many hilltops within this area it is possible to see millions of coffee trees. Nearing Aracatuba we skirted the border of interesting-looking forests, and on arriving there Mr. Cherrie and I drove out about fifteen miles, dodging cattle and the worst of the road's pitfalls. We left the car at the edge of a dense forest of massive trees, towering above an almost impenetrable undergrowth, and followed one of the winding cattle trails into the forest. We were fortunate in shooting a considerable number of birds, including two kinds of woodpeckers, and thrushes, swallows, palm tanagers, doves, parrakeets and tinimous. Our greatest difficulty was to retrieve them from the dense underbrush into which they fell, and even after a long and careful search a great many birds were never found.

Mr. Cherrie had walked ahead and left me to hunt for one of the birds I had shot, when glancing up I was startled at seeing an animal leisurely descending a tree not more than fifty feet distant. From its movements and general color, as seen through the bushes, I took it to be a marauding house cat; then, doubting this, I called to Mr. Cherrie. By the time he reached me the animal had disappeared. I was, however, able to describe it and he recognized it at once as a tyra—a giant weasel—very rare and a prize coveted by any hunter. I had missed my first chance to shoot a rare animal!

"Shoot first and yell later," was Mr. Cherrie's brief comment.

The following day the train carried us on to the Paraná River. This great stream divides the states of São Paulo and Matto Grosso. Here there is a bridge that has been under construction for the past ten years and now lacks only the important middle span. At this point the Paraná is nearly a mile broad, its light-brown waters flowing smoothly, but with a rapid current, and its surface dotted with floating plant masses. Meanwhile the trains are run, car by car, onto a flatboat that is towed across the river by a steam tug. Five miles beyond the Paraná, on the Matto Grosso side, we stopped for the night at the village of Tres Lagôas.

Paired for Life

From Tres Lagôas westward we entered the great plains of Matto Grosso, with scattered clumps of scrub timber, but densely wooded along the watercourses. Cattle and much game were visible from the train windows. I noticed the guant anteater; the rhea, the South American ostrich, the seriam, another and more distant cousin of the ostrich; many deer and myriad birds. We traveled all day and stopped for the night at Campo Grande. Our next objective was Aquidauana, but when we arrived the country looked unpromising and the town seemed to be a military garrison, so our cars were hauled back by a freight train to Piraputanga at a point where the railroad comes through a gap in the San Louiza range of mountains. A section foreman's house was the only building at the siding and we lived aboard our car beside a turbulent mountain stream from which densely wooded banks rose sharply. Our cook set up his kitchen tent alongside the car, and after the monotony of black bean soup, his cooking was a welcome change.

During our two days at Piraputanga Mr. Cherrie and I hunted through the thickets and in the forest bordering the river. Our luck with birds was excellent. We got many interesting and rare species, among them a pair of hyacinth macaws. One day, following the river's winding course, we reached a lovely waterfall. An enchanting scene met our eyes. Across the river there were four macaws in a tree, charming, despite their raucous voices, for their evident love of one another. These birds mate for life and the pairs separate only for food and at nesting time. They fly in pairs and sit in pairs. Their voices were plain above the roar of the falls, and in the distance we heard the frequent mournful whistle of the tinamou.

A Waterfowl Sanctuary

The next day's train carried us on to the railhead at Porto Esperança on the Paraguay River. It was late at night when we arrived. For miles the tracks had been under water and we found the town afloat. Natives were going to and from their houses in canoes. The night was hot and humid, the mosquitoes a curse, and it was a long and arduous task to transfer our luggage in native canoes and flat-bottom boats to the wood-fueled launch with a *chatta*—a double-decked barge—lashed to each side. We got under way about midnight, and the river breeze, cool and refreshing, was a benediction. The winding stream shone like burnished silver beneath a full moon, and the night was hung with stars. The lazy chug-chug of the engines and the cries of distant night birds were the only sounds that broke the stillness.

The Paraguay River is one of the great tributaries of the River Plate. Porto Esperança is about 1300 miles above its mouth at Buenos Aires. Next morning I was on deck before five, as I wanted to see the sunrise on the river. We were in the midst of the *pantanales*, the great alluvial plains of the Paraguay; vast marshlands, dotted here and there with islands of trees, and mountain ranges dimly outlined in the distance. Crocodiles drowsed, indifferent to our passing, and more water birds than I had dreamed of made the morning clamorous with their cries. The gaunt brown chachalacas led the chorus. On the dense flowering vines that fringed the overhanging banks crested screamers stood like sentinels as they called their weird notes of warning and alarm. These birds are easily tamed and occupy a privileged position in every native household. All have spurs on the wrist joint of the wing, some single, others double spurs. These are sharp and formidable and keep the household dogs at a respectful distance. This region is one of the great natural waterfowl sanctuaries of the world. Here are congregated countless thousands of cormorants, snake birds, ibis, egrets and other waterfowl. The egret breeds in great numbers in these vast areas of marshland.

(Continued on Page 77)

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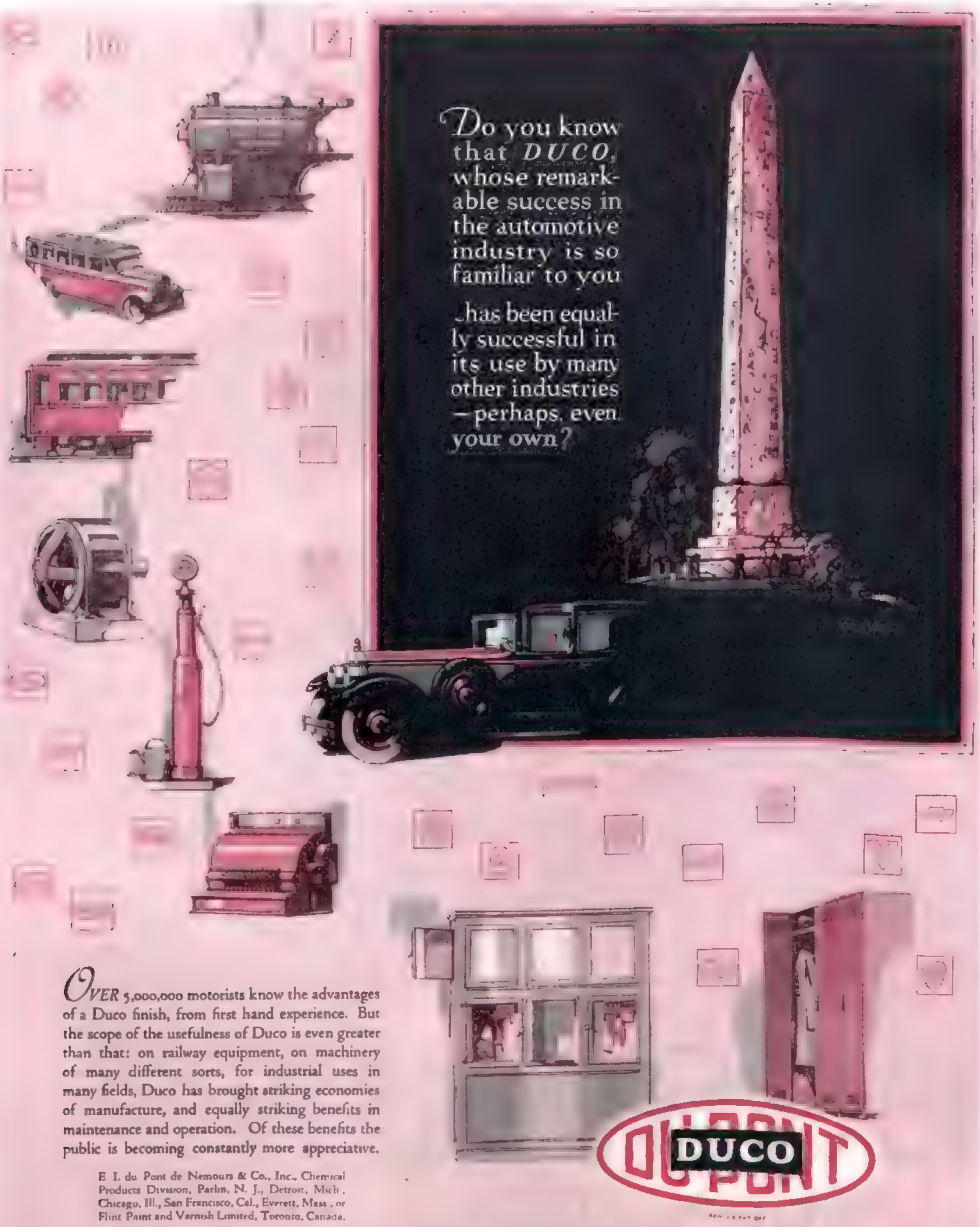
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(Continued from Page 72

About midday we reached Corumbá, the last outpost of Brazil, almost within gunshot of the Bolivian boundary, a frontier community, but the most picturesque settlement we had seen in days. The stucco houses, white or cream, were dazzling under the noonday sun. The town stands on a steep rocky bluff, down from which wide cobbled streets lead directly to the water's edge.

Our luggage was put into small boats, then loaded into mule carts that had been backed into the water.

The Hotel Galileo, standing high up on the bluff overlooking the river, was our destination, and offered a cool retreat from the broiling sun. Mr. Cherrie had stopped here many times before, once with Colonel Roosevelt. That night we went to the local movie and saw a highly demonstrative Brazilian audience cheer Bill Hart and his piebald pony. Corumbá is a frontier town in a cattle country. Lean, swarthy, hard-bitten men—Indians and half-breeds—in fringed leather aprons and heavy spurs, walk the streets.

Mr. Cherrie was lucky in getting a sixty-foot wood-burning, double-decked launch to take us up the river. It was a beautiful moonlight night when we left Corumbá. The next day was uneventful. Our only stops were for fuel. Lonely ranch houses and an occasional woodcutter's hut were the only signs of human habitation. These we reached at long intervals. Fuel for passing boats is piled along the river's edge and is passed from hand to hand by the native crew, who chant the count as it is thrown aboard. The river was very high, carrying down on its flood great island masses of matted grass and water hyacinth.

Saviors of Venezuela

About three o'clock the following morning the captain, who then confessed he was not familiar with the river above Corumbá, lost his bearings and went astray in the maze of winding channels. When I came on deck we were in the middle of a lake about ten miles across. We circled round the shores, looking for an outlet; but though we went up countless channels, they proved to be blind alleys, blocked by the endless reaches of *camalote*. We steamed for hours up and down, and eventually anchored off a rocky point which the captain believed to be contiguous to the main channel. If he was right, a launch which was scheduled to leave Corumbá would pass somewhere near that point during the day.

While we waited, Mr. Cherrie and I landed and walked up a hill in search of birds. From the top of the hill our plight seemed desperate. Beneath us in every direction, as far as the eye could reach, endless waterways interlaced their myriad courses like the threads of a gigantic web. Fortunately the launch, a side-wheeler, appeared within a few hours and showed us the channel. It butted an opening through the *camalote*, churning it apart with its side wheels; but the dense mass closed in so quickly behind it that we, following in her wake, were all night breaking our way through. So closely interlaced were the roots that they would support a man at virtually any point. By poling our rowboat through the tangled mass, we carried the anchor ahead; then dropping it, we warped our boat along by means of the donkey engine.

A Termite Nest on the Descalvados Ranch

Finally, in the early morning we plowed our way clear and started up the river again. I shot many birds characteristic of this region, and several crocodiles sunning themselves on the river banks. Accurate shooting is necessary, as, unless the bullet penetrates the base of the brain and kills the animal instantly, the crocodile will slip off the bank into the water and sink out of sight. On our way up and down the river we must have shot about fifty crocodiles, of which we brought back the skulls of more than thirty and the skins and skeletons of others. We were towing the rowboat, in which Mr. Sanborn was busily skinning specimens, when he spied a tamandua anteater climbing a tree near the water's edge. He brought it down with one shot. I also shot a jabiru—a giant stork, called tu-yu-yu by the natives. These striking birds have a wing span of eight feet. Their great, glossy white bodies are in sharp contrast with the long, naked black head and neck with its crimson collar at the base. They cannot rise in flight until they have run some distance with wings outspread to gather momentum.

These birds have a curious habit of strutting about like soldiers on parade. A native legend immortalizes the tu-yu-yu as the savior of Venezuela. During the war of liberation from Spain, a century ago, so runs the story, the Spanish troops were closing in on the hard-pressed patriots, when there appeared in the distance what seemed to be an army of brilliantly accoutered troops. Instead of the ragged rebel forces they had expected, here were soldiers in brilliant uniforms of white and red who marched like guard regiments. The Spanish forces broke and ran, giving the patriot troops time to rally and resume a victorious offensive.

One of the most common and characteristic birds of this *pantanal* region is a small parrakeet having a pointed, wedge-shaped tail, green head and back, and wing quills edged with blue. Its chief claim to distinction lies in its nest-building habits. So far as is known, its custom of building community nests is unique among parrots. These colony houses were conspicuous in the larger trees bordering the river. Occasionally there were two or three in the same tree. The birds sometimes occupied the same nests for several years, enlarging them from time to time to accommodate the growing colony, which may number as many as fifty birds. The giant storks also occupy their great platform nests of sticks for successive seasons. The brilliant yellow-and-black caciques, giant cousins of our orioles, swing their long, pendulous nests from the tips of the smaller branches of the same trees that shelter the parrakeets.

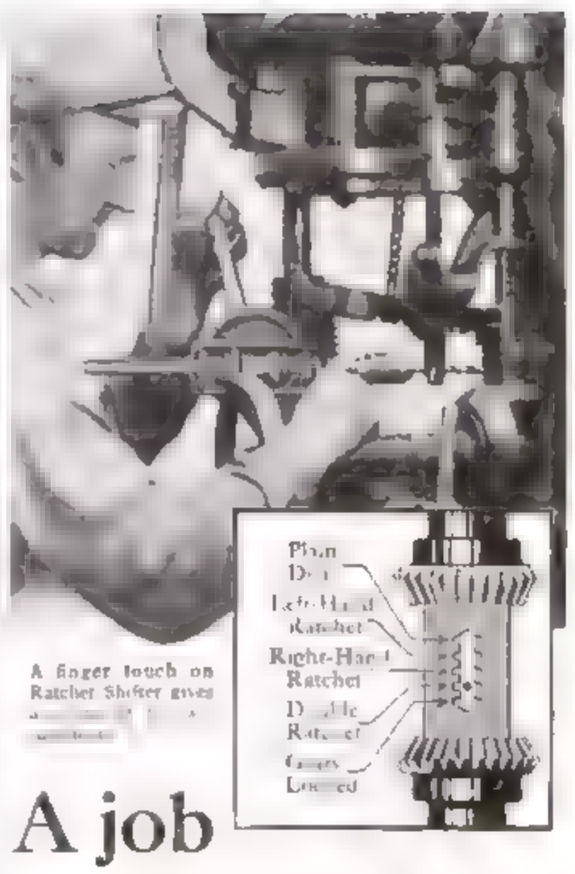
A Texas Ranger in Brazil

The next day we reached Descalvados ranch. We were met by Mr. Jack Ramsey. Here, in a region not unlike his native Rio Grande Valley, lives this former Texas ranger, exceedingly active despite his seventy years. He still wears the drooping walrus mustache of the plainsman. Mr. Cherrie and he were old friends

He had called and written ahead of our coming, but neither message had reached Mr. Ramsey, who, strolling down to the wharf to meet an incoming boat, was speechless with delighted amazement when he saw Mr. Cherrie

The ranch house is a large two-storied stucco building set in a grove of trees by the river bank. A church, a tannery, a slaughterhouse and a dozen or more native houses complete the settlement.

Natives



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"Yankee" Ratchet Breast Drill No. 1555

Cramped space makes little difference. Lack of room to turn the crank doesn't matter—when you use "Yankee" Ratchet Breast Drill No. 1555.

For "Yankee" ingenious design uncovers the work in spite of obstructions. And nothing need be removed. No lost motion. No lost time.

Simply set Shifter on DOUBLE Ratchet! Then the slightest movement of the crank, either back or forth, lets you drill continuously.

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You can change speeds instantly without removing drill from work. Just shift lever at base of hub.

Ratchet Breast Drill No. 1555 (Illustrated), 3-jaw; No. 555, 2-jaw. Hold ½ in. Drills. Ratchet Hand Drill No. 1545, 3-jaw; No. 545, 2-jaw. Hold ⅜ in.

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Whenever you're ready to go, the Eclipse Bendix Drive serves you promptly and dependably. It is the automatic connecting link between your electric starting motor and the fly-wheel of your engine—a "mechanical hand" that takes hold of the fly-wheel, cranks it, and then lets go . . . Most cars have Eclipse Bendix Drive as standard equipment. Be sure your new car has it.

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At the time of Mr. Cherrie's first visit here there were said to be 170,000 head of cattle on the ranch, but the number is now much reduced. With every seeming advantage, the cattle industry here is not flourishing, no doubt because of the great distance from the Buenos Aires packing houses. It evidently is not feasible to ship cattle down the river on the hoof. Refrigeration is impossible, so hides and jerked beef are the only marketable products of the ranch. The jerked beef is shipped in rough bales and is handled as casually as the hides.

Having had no notice of our coming, Mr. Ramsey was two days in organizing our caravan. During that time we were busy shooting, trapping and fishing. I went out daily in a *curiara*, a dugout canoe, with Mr. Cherrie and an Indian paddler. We would skirt the dense thickets overhanging the banks of the river, from which darted many birds of brilliant plumage. We were fortunate in adding many new species to our collection. One of the oddest birds was the jacana that we saw running over the lily pads that border the shore, as though it were walking on the water. Wherever a forest trail broke through to the water's edge we would run the sharp-nosed canoe through the lily pads to the bank, land and follow the trail inland, stalking birds through a dense tangle of undergrowth into the heart of the forest.

We did no bathing in the Paraguay—were careful, indeed, not even to trail a finger overboard from the canoe. The river is infested with the piranha, the most ferocious of all fish, it is said. They will attack without provocation and their wedge-shaped, razor-edged teeth can rip a man's leg to ribbons.

Our Launch Fueling on the Paraguay River

The night of our arrival at Descalvados I went crocodile jacking in a flat-bottomed rowboat, wearing on my head a carbide-lantern searchlight strapped to my hat. The big eyes of the crocodiles shine at night. About ten o'clock we set out across the river. Not a sound broke the stillness as we approached the dim, shadowy banks of the opposite shore. We paddled noiselessly up one of the many winding streams flowing into the Paraguay. The banks on either side were a mass of the thick lilylike *camalote*, overhung with a dense tangle of vines and bushes. Here and there bare strips of sand broke the thick line of foliage, and on these we saw the glittering twin lights of crocodiles' eyes. They made a perfect target in the darkness. Our bag for the night was eight big crocodiles, and we wounded three or four others that slipped into the water and were lost.

The Jaguar Hunter

Early the next day we started inland, toward the Bolivian frontier, on horseback. Prudencio, an Indian guide who had previously hunted with Mr. Cherrie, accompanied us. He is employed on the ranch to hunt the predatory jaguar because of its destruction of cattle. A full-blooded Indian, silent, alert, but of imperturbable countenance. Only twice did I see his face light with emotion—first on greeting Mr. Cherrie on our arrival at Descalvados, and second, when I shot and killed the jaguar.

That day we rode twenty-five miles toward the Bolivian frontier, making our camp that night at a prearranged spot. The ox-carts with our equipment preceded us by the most direct route, while we pursued a meandering course across the plains in search of game. I had not been on a horse in fifteen years and as only once during the day did we stop to rest, when we reached camp at night I literally fell off my horse, paralyzed from the waist down, unable to move. The men spread out a blanket for me and I slept for three hours in the midst of the noise and bustle of camp preparations.

A Fruitless Journey

Mr. Ramsey slept, by choice, in a hammock, but I was provided with a tent. It was eight by ten and seven feet high at the ridge, with a waterproof floor cloth sewed to the sides. Adjustable flaps at each end, with drop curtains of cheese cloth heavily weighted with shot along the bottom edge so that they close automatically behind one, made it insect-proof and gave perfect ventilation. On the side walls of the tent are commodious pockets. The tent poles, in jointed sections, pack easily. The whole tent can be set up or struck in a few minutes. A gasoline lantern, canvas bucket and wash basin, a folding cot and folding armchair completed the outfit. Thirty-five years in the field had taught Mr. Cherrie, he said, the value of a comfortable chair after a hard day's work.

The next morning I was called at five, and Mr. Cherrie, Prudencio and I set off on our first day's jaguar hunt. South America is lacking in big game, and the jaguar is the king of beasts on that continent. It is a dangerous foe when attacked and occasionally takes the offensive against man.

The Descalvados ranch lies in a vast grassy, marshy plain, dotted with island-like forests of big trees towering above dense undergrowth, which frequently conceals swampy areas. The jaguar lurks in these thickets by day and leaves them by night, traveling far afield in search of its prey. It is thoroughly at home in the water, frequently swimming the larger streams. The crocodile is a staple of its diet.

In this region the jaguar is hunted with dogs, and Prudencio's pack of seven mongrel dogs accompanied us. The leader, somewhat bigger than the others, was belled, and had a great reputation as a jaguar hunter. We rode through the tall grass, sometimes horse-high, circling the islands of forests, but the dogs picked up no jaguar spoor and the only game we saw that day was small deer out of range. Termite nests eight and ten feet high lifted their heads above the tall grass.

Late in the afternoon we gave up the jaguar hunt, and riding back through a forest grove, came upon a group of howling monkeys watching us from the tree tops. These are the largest of Brazilian monkeys, weighing up to twenty-five or thirty pounds. In this species the sexes differ in color, the male being black, the female a yellowish brown. There is no sound in the tropical forest quite so fearsome as the roar of the howling monkey. Of these, I shot three—two males and a female.

The following day we were in the saddle again at daybreak, and rode for several hours across the plain, circling the jungle thickets and at times riding through them. Often the brambles and thorns were so thick that Prudencio had to cut an opening

(Continued on Page 80)

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YOUR conductor and brakeman, sometimes even the engineer and fireman of your train—these you see and come to know.

But out in the night that flows by the windows of your speeding train, there is an army of men you seldom see, watching over your swift flight, playing a vital part in the comfort and security of your journey.

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And aiding them, supplying an additional check on human decisions, there is a system of uncannily accurate mechanical devices; the largest private telephone and telegraph system in the world; indication lights of the latest design; automatic block machinery and signalling apparatus.

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They will dry clean your car and make it look like new
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(Continued from Page 78

through with his machete. Several times we found it necessary to dismount and lead our horses through the dense underbrush.

As we skirted the edge of one of these thickets Mr. Cherrie noticed two curassows, large turkeylike birds, perched on a tree. He suggested that I take a shot at them. I doubted that I could get them, as it was a long shot, but I dismounted, took careful aim—and missed. The birds flew screaming into the thicket, and the dogs, for lack of anything better to do, followed after them.

I got on my horse again, disgusted with my bad shooting, and we prepared to ride on. The dogs, deep in the heart of the thicket, suddenly gave tongue. Prudencio thought that probably they had jumped a deer or a puma. We sat listening for a moment. Suddenly the baying of the leader dog rose above the cries of the pack. The two men looked at each other. "*El tigre.*" whispered the Indian, and Mr. Cherrie nodded in agreement. The horses were trembling with excitement and needed no urging as we rode full speed into the thicket on the trail of the dogs. Threading our way between the trees, dodging the low-hanging branches, scratched and torn by thorns and brambles, deeper and deeper we plunged into the underbrush. Finally it grew so dense that we had to dismount and tether our horses. The trail led straight to the edge of a swamp. Prudencio was a little ahead, his great knife swinging right and left as he cut down the worst of the brambles. On we went, the baying growing nearer and nearer, though we could not see the dogs in the dense underbrush. Suddenly Prudencio came running back with the cry of "*El tigre! El tigre!*" Creeping forward a little farther, we saw the jaguar standing erect on the branch of a large tree about fifteen yards away, tail lashing, every fang exposed, eyes blazing, its tawny yellow mottled coat glistening in the sunlight

In at the Kill

The huge cat watched the yapping dogs, but it kept a corner of an eye on us as we circled gingerly round the tree, looking for a spot from which to shoot. Mr. Cherrie told me to aim for the fore shoulder. I took careful aim and fired. The jaguar leaped convulsively into the air with a snarl of rage and pain, dropped to the ground, scattering the snarling dogs, and disappeared in the underbrush.

"You've killed your jaguar," said Mr. Cherrie; but Prudencio shook his head and said reproachfully, "Wounded—only wounded."

"No, Prudencio," Mr. Cherrie insisted: "*es muerto*"—which I knew enough to know meant "It is dead."

However, I threw another shell into the magazine and we followed in the direction the jaguar had gone.

The tropical sun was at the zenith and the swamp steamed like a Turkish bath. Fifty feet or so farther on we came upon the jaguar lying stone-dead. For the second and last time Prudencio's imperturbable face lit with pleasure. We beat off the excited dogs that were tearing at their prostrate foe. It was a large female, about eight feet long and weighing approximately 350 pounds.

The great weight of the animal and the softness of the ground made it impractical to drag it out to the tethered horses, and we had no alternative but to skin it where it lay. So, while the ticks burrowed and the mosquitoes stabbed, I sat and watched the men at work. They were three hours at the task, and at that had not skinned out the head, tail and paws. These were left to the expert taxidermy of Mr. Sanborn

Dragged out of the thicket, the hide was lashed behind Prudencio's saddle and we rode back to our camp. There was great jubilation on our return. I was elated, but oh, how weary—too tired to eat, too tired to sleep—so I just lay on the ground in the shade of a friendly tree and dreamed over the day's adventure.

It was decided to move our camp farther on that night. Prudencio leading the cavalcade, we set off just at sundown and rode for hours across the moonlit prairies under the pendulant glittering stars. The towering gaunt shadows of huge trees rose on all sides, and the silence was broken only by the mournful cries of night birds, or the startling, blood-curdling roar of the howling monkeys. Ahead of us was outlined the shadowy form of Prudencio, silent, alert, sure of his direction and his goal. To me, in the darkness, all possible landmarks were invisible; but he led us straight to our camp site. It was midnight when we arrived and made camp by the light of our gasoline lanterns. I had been in the saddle most of the time since dawn.

Success had whetted our ambition, and we hoped to get a male jaguar comparable to the female for a museum group, so we were in the saddle again at daybreak next morning. The dogs picked up an occasional trail on this and the succeeding days, but never again with success. The jaguar I killed was the only one we saw

We saw many deer and peccary, and I shot one swamp deer, the largest South American deer, and one of the special objectives of the expedition. Riding through the reeds of a shallow marsh, we jumped this deer. It proved to be a doe and a fine specimen. Again we hoped to get a buck that would complete another museum group, but, as in the case of the jaguar, we saw no more.

Next day we rode for several hours without sighting any game, large or small; but on the following day, after a fruitless morning, we came upon a herd of viado, the Matto Grosso white-tailed deer. I shot a young buck, the horns in velvet. That evening we rode back to Descalvados, arriving there late at night. During our week's hunting we had moved in a wide circle, always on the Descalvados ranch, without seeing a human being save the members of our party.

The last day in the field Mr. Sanborn shot a giant anteater and captured its baby alive. The anteater is a droll animal, with every appearance of having been left over from another geologic age. The mother was nearly as large as a small black bear. Not only has it the longest nose in all zoölogy but a tongue that it can project at least two feet beyond this extraordinary snout. Although toothless, awkward-gaited, slow, and without protective coloration, it is adequately protected. Nature has given it a powerful set of claws, especially on the front feet, for tearing down ant hills and termite nests. When driven to defend itself, it can strike a powerful blow, and if once an adversary gets within its grasp its powerful claws close down like bands of steel. Apparently it lives on a diet exclusively of ants, gathering them in with its long flexible tongue.

Mr. Sanborn also brought in a two-weeks-old howling monkey. He had shot the parents, and the baby fell with its mother, tightly clasped to her breast. We carried it back alive to Descalvados, but like the infant anteater, captivity killed it, and it died on the boat on our way back to Corumbá.

Some Rare Birds

Our time was growing short and we still needed many specimens. The following day we started down the river to Corumbá, here and there collecting new species of birds and other game. The most interesting thing I shot on this part of the river journey was the capybara, the largest rodent known to science. It is a sort of giant guinea pig, weighing from 150 to 200 pounds, is aquatic, and dives like an otter.

The next day we reached the point where we had lost our way coming up the river, and though we did not lose the channel this time, we were delayed all night, again having to plow our way through the *camalote*. On arriving at Corumbá, we were busy for two or three days reassembling equipment and packing specimens for shipment. This done, we motored to Urucum, twenty miles from Corumbá, to a region rich in bird life. Here we lived in native houses set beneath towering mangrove trees, their interlaced branches spread above us like a green canopy, through which the sunlight filtered in a tracery of light and shade. During our week's stay here we shot a great variety of birds, including toucans, wood hewers, ant thrushes, jays, trogons, tanagers and parrots. Mr. Schmidt and Mr. Sanborn had great luck with reptiles and mammals, and they captured several rare species of bats in the abandoned shafts of an old manganese mine.

Returning to Corumbá, we made the final plans for our departure, packed our specimens, assembled our equipment and started down the river for Porto Esperança. Thence we traveled back to São Paulo. Mr. Schmidt and Mr. Sanborn remained at Corumbá to arrange their outfit for the many months that they were to remain in the field.

We brought back with us to New York all the specimens collected up to the time we left Corumbá. There were 530 specimens of birds, representing some 200 species. Of these, thirty-five species were new to the museum collection, including some very rare birds. There was a representative collection of the mammals and reptiles of the region, and about 1000 fish.

Not a member of the party had known a day's illness in the field, thanks in part to the quinine each of us took daily from the time we left São Paulo until our return, and to the sterilizing of our drinking water.

But what of the wanderlust which hit me in New York and for which this journey was supposed to be the cure? Well, perhaps it is not reasonable to expect a cure in one treatment Let us wait and see.

The Snake Institute at São Paulo

Macaroni Cheese Timbales

1½ cups milk
1 cup grated cheese
½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
½ teaspoon salt
2 eggs
1½ cups cooked Macaroni (in pieces)

Heat milk and cheese in a double boiler until the cheese is melted and thoroughly blended with the milk. Add this mixture to the eggs which have been well beaten and the seasonings. Divide the macaroni equally among 6 custard cups and fill the cups with the cheese custard mixture.

Set in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven until firm.

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HELEN OF THE HUNDRED WAVES

(Continued from Page 36)

outline; she thought it had large gleaming eyes; but everything else was indistinct. Now the bunyip, in which every abo believes, as he believes in night and day, is formless, or rather takes a hundred forms; it is dark, and it inhabits waste waters at the back of nowhere. She did not think she had heard of a sea bunyip anywhere else; still, if there were such things, the sea was a bigger field for them than any creek or billabong. Who knew?

Whatever it was, it was clearly not coming up again. She watched till even her keen, long-sighted eyes were tired; till the sky was full of spots; and a bundle of drifting wreck beyond the reef—maybe a mattress thrown overboard from some passing steamer; it looked like that—began to dance and dazzle as if it were alive. But no black, dripping head, no weedy flipper or round eye flashed out again from the silent depths that had so many mysteries to keep, that kept them so excellently well.

She debated, as she went back to the dead hotel, whether it would be wise to share her experience with Charles, and decided, on the whole, that it would not. He would only laugh at her. Brothers did laugh. Other people ——

Helen Elizabeth was just passing under the wrecked doorway as this thought slid through her mind. It was suddenly interrupted. Other people—what had she meant to say? What had set her heart jumping so swiftly as to confuse all thought?

"Charles!" she called sharply. "Were you—whistling?"

Charles answered with an indefinite grunt.

Lot's wife, struck moveless for her sins, may have stood no stiller than did Helen Elizabeth, then under the blue shadow of the doorway. The wind breathed through wrecked walls; bent grass, scraping circles in the sand, sounded hissingly. Like a thin viola note, pale gold in color, came from far off the song of an Australian magpie.

"That must have been it," she told herself, letting the pent-up breath run free in a long sigh.

Down in the valley something stirred.
It was only the call of a bird ——

Who had sung that? Oh, a silly little girl on a steamer; it was a new song, made famous by the singer of the day, Melba. What had it to do with her—or with anybody else?

It was only the call of a bird ——

Only—yet for a moment she had thought she heard a whistle that came from no bird; a ripe, merry sound, strangely luring. She had known someone once who whistled so. Her fault if never, on land or sea, through maybe fifty years to come, she was to hear that note again.

It suited her mood, a little pensive and very proud—for this girl with the face that had looked from countless sixteenth-century canvases was proud in grain and marrow—to pace, lonely and supreme, a long time through the empty halls of the abandoned building. Better than live hotels, where one was caged in a single room or herded with a crowd, she liked this ruined freedom; space upon space, corridor on corridor, with only the wind for company, and only the bickering blue seas to peer at her, through wrecked doorway and torn wall. Could poet or painter have seen her in that setting, with her parted, curling amber hair and pointed chin, and the regal eyes, gold-irised, that looked calmly beneath arched brows, he would of a surety have overlooked the poorness of her dress and the ruin of her surroundings, and said to himself that here was some young queen come to her own.

Queens, however, must eat, even as common folk; and it was nothing nobler than plain hunger that drove Helen Elizabeth at last to desert her visionary kingdom and look for Charles. She found him dead asleep, supine upon the floor of the bar. Without compunction she kicked him, lightly but persistently, until he opened his eyes. She could get no more than a grunt out of him; Charles, it appeared, had not yet recovered.

With pointed finger set to her pointed chin, Elizabeth stood staring at him, thinking hard. Certainly, the half bottle of whisky that Charles had brought with him—the last of his traveling store—was not enough to account for this. Had there been more that she did not know of? No, Charles himself had been cursing the insufficiency of her provision that very morning, hunting the launch vainly for anything overlooked. Then how ——

Light as a young cat, she swung herself across the bar and bent down to examine the tap of the gold-and-green barrel. Nothing flowed when she turned it back and forward. But something oozed a single, odorous drop that trickled down and fell upon the floor. The tap was leaking ever so little.

Charles had been right. There had been brandy there; the tiny leak from the tap had betrayed it to him, and judging by the state he now was in, he had benefited by his discovery to the extent of a bottleful at least. It was no trifle that sent Charles III of Man-o'-War under the table—or the bar.

Helen Elizabeth knew perfectly well that he would not tell her anything about it when he recovered. She would have to puzzle the thing out for herself. Brandy—in a deserted bar; birds that whistled like people—bunyips that rose out of the sea and looked with glassy eyes —— Was she going mad, or was there something at the bottom of all this? Helen Elizabeth had the most perfect confidence in her own sanity under all actual and conceivable circumstances. The corollary was clear. There was something.

Now that she knew, she acted. It was conceivable that their visit remained unknown. She had been out for but a minute, Charles had been asleep. As for the launch, Helen Elizabeth, observing the fierce currents that set about the peninsula—currents altogether notable and unusual—had taken the precaution of anchoring their boat in a small deep-water inlet, away from the beach. It was visible, certainly, but one would have had to go very close to see it. Possible then that "they" had not seen her or Charles. As for the bunyip, or whatever the creature was, it might have nothing to do with anything. She had sailed the sea often enough to know that there were as strange fish in it as ever came out—and more.

There was no dealing with Charles. Toward sundown she gathered herself a meal and ate it without fire. Nor did she, when the warm dark rushed down, light her hurricane lamp. She spread her bedding in the lounge, under the starred mirror, with its wordless tale of the roaring days gone by. There she lay down to rest and watch. On her back she lay, and her hands, over her bosom, were clasped upon no girlish treasure of letter or lock of hair, but upon the stock of a magazine pistol, with the safety catch unfastened. So lie, in dangerous lands, those to whom slow waking or fumbling touch on the trigger may mean death. Helen Elizabeth, bred in the world's wild places, was under no delusion as to the probable character of people who hid themselves or made rendezvous in ruined hotels at the back of nowhere.

The long first half of the night went by. Through a rent in the wall she saw the splendid jewel of the Southern Cross slip down the sky; listened, in the stillness, to the scuffle of crabs among coral débris and heard the wild dance of night birds upon the iron of the roof. It was past twelve.

Helen Elizabeth, watching the break in the wall, saw no cloud in the sky. But she saw, for five seconds, the jewels of the Cross eclipsed by that which was not a cloud.

She closed three fingers round the stock of the pistol, and laid a fourth upon the trigger. The Cross shone out again—seven diamonds, clear. Helen Elizabeth, could see seven, though you and I and most other folks can count but five. She could almost see through the dark. She could tell with certainty that the shadow which had dimmed the stars was not Charles' shadow, and she wondered coldly, "Am I to kill a man tonight?"

There was no compunction in her at the thought. This girl with the blood of the Henrys flaming in her veins had never killed; but she felt, perhaps more clearly than another might, that for a woman to give death was, under some circumstances, as natural and blameless as that, under others, she should give life. One finger steady on the trigger that leashed a stream of bullets, she lay still.

The shadow passed one opening, filled the next, and did not pass. It seemed to hesitate. Helen Elizabeth reined her breathing, almost checked the beats of her heart. She could well-nigh have sworn that the thing suspected her presence.

If it did, the suspicion died away. The shadow passed from without to within. Darkness on one wall became, from darkness negative, darkness positive; by that only she knew that the prowling creature had entered. It was not sight or any other of the senses five that told her, presently, the thing was beside her, bending down. It was a sense beyond the others, as the mysterious ultra-violet rays are beyond the range of the visible rainbow.

"Don't fire," it told her, even in the instant that it warned her of a presence other than her own. And with her finger actually crooking to press the trigger, she slacked, obeyed.

Was she frightened—she who had never known fear? Did fear paralyze her first, then set her blood galloping through her veins like an army of wild riders on the rush to battle? Was it fear that loosed tremendous voltage of some unknown power through all her slender body, as a hand came swimming through the palpable dark, touched her and felt her hair?

She could not have moved now had fire and brimstone been raining down from heaven. The pistol slipped, rang upon the floor. She heard someone call upon the name of God, and then she was swept to her feet and held so tight in the arms of the midnight wanderer that breath and power of speech went from her. And she, who had been ready to deal death upon the body of a man for the mere sin of approaching her, clung to this man's body—big and tall and towering high above her—as one might cling to a spar in the midst of shipwreck. Yet when she felt the face bent down to hers she struggled free.

"Let me go!" she cried under her breath. "Let me go!"

"It is Elizabeth!" said the other, holding to as much of her as he could keep without violence.

The words angered her, and she cried, still under her breath—for who knew what might be near them?—"Have you kissed every girl you met in a dark room, ever since? Who did you think it was?"

He answered her in a fierce whisper—it was strange how they kept their voices instinctively down, how they moved without a sound on the littered floor—"I've kissed no one since I knew you; do you think a man like me can live starving forever? Elizabeth, there are some rough customers about; no knowing we'll live till morning. Will you die—let me die—without that?"

He heard her breathing now. He could hear her heart, she was so close. Heart and breath ran races. The man was wise. He did not speak.

Presently, through the dark, came a low voice, quite steady: "If you will promise not to move ——"

He gave consent in silence. Then a little flutter; the near approach of a presence, delicately sweet, on the lips of Endymion, Diana's kiss.

Rob Telford, from whom she had parted in anger months before, never in his life did a harder thing than he did in keeping still—then. He knew Helen Elizabeth; he knew that to take one fraction of an inch beyond the noble ell that she had granted was to lose her again, and forever. That knowledge gave him strength to hold himself still; keep down eager hands, keep back burning lips that longed to teach Diana what a kiss might mean.

"Patience!" he thought. "She's worth a hundred years' patience—my golden girl!"

It was no time for love-making. In short, cautious whispers each told the other why he—and she—was there.

"I'm out on my own," breathed Rob. "Sort of special commission—pay me only if I pull it off—big thing if I do. Something going on about Parrot Point; my paper picked up a bit of news—sent me. . . . They're big people, and it will be a big thing if I can find out what game is being played up here, smuggling, bringing in Chinese—whatever it is. I don't know anything—I only suspect. I was out when you came; nosing about for clews. When I got back, I heard Charles snoring, and so I sneaked in, thought I had the beggars this time. It's God's mercy I didn't injure you in any way."

Typical of Helen Elizabeth's character was the fact that she did not then or thereafter tell Rob Telford how near she had come to being his slayer. In truth, she did not think about the matter. A miss, to her, was always as good as a mile; she concerned herself with the actual alone. She did not even ask him whether he had been whistling near the house that afternoon. She knew.

They kept watch together for the brief rest of the night. In the morning, Telford counseled care. It would be best that they were not seen beyond the hotel. Things had been happening. He broke off on that note; told Helen Elizabeth that she could come up and see his hiding place, if she liked.

Not at all deceived, she pretended simplicity, followed him up a rude ladder made by breaking off alternate planks in the corner of a wall, and glanced coolly at the little ruined bedroom, with its bed of dried grasses, its meat cases for seat and table, its small store of provisions hung on a shelf.

"Careful!" he warned. "The whole place is crumbling. I had to bridge it. No one would suspect anybody of living up here."

"Nobody," she agreed, peering through the ruined walls at the blank plains of dazzling sand below. Parrot Point, under that morning sun, seemed as bare, as unpeopled, as the empty seas beyond.

And yet—if the conviction of two keen young minds was justified—that was exactly what the place was not.

From behind the cover of a broken wall they scanned the rocks, the sand, the blue-glass sea. "Have you seen the bunyip?" asked Helen Elizabeth presently.

"Yes."

"What do you think of it?"

"Dangerous."

Her eyes flickered as a cat's eyes flicker, before the steel paw tenses for a blow.

"So you keep secrets!" she said.

"I have none to keep. I tell you that I think a beast like that—whatever it is—isn't to be trifled with. Don't go swimming about here." She looked at him. "Elizabeth, you simply must keep safe."

"Must!" she said. "Must—to me!" She swung away from him, slipped, lightly as a lizard, down the perilous ladder, and he was alone on the broken wall, with the wind from the sea blowing over.

As many another man has asked himself, so Rob Telford asked Rob Telford, "Was

(Continued on Page 87)

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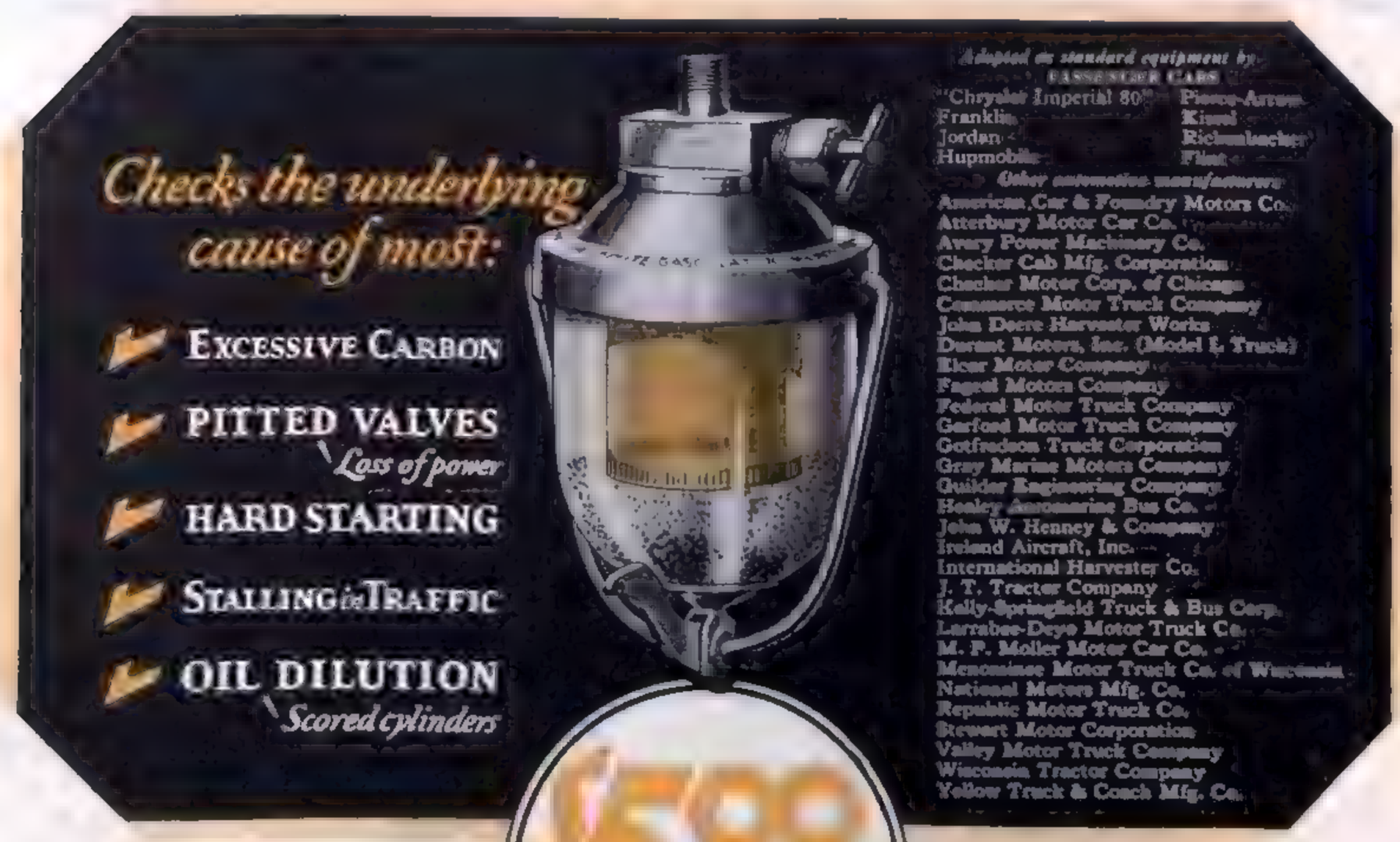

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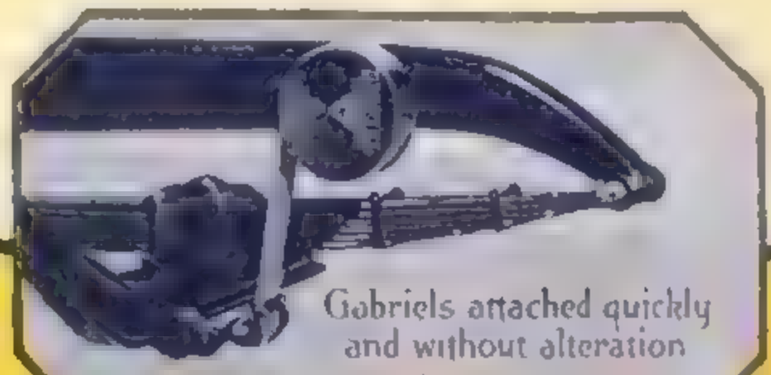

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Just as Upson Board is the *nearest*-perfect material for walls and ceilings, so it is an ideal material for reclaiming waste space everywhere.

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Upson Board has hundreds of uses in homes, schools, stores and factories—for doors, closets, furniture backing, wastebaskets, window backgrounds, built-in offices, store rooms, sign displays, booths and manual training work.

How do *you* use it? Perhaps you have a new idea, something different. We will give $500 in prizes for the eighteen uses which the Contest Committee considers to be the most unique and useful. Mail the coupon today.

RULES OF THE THREE CONTESTS

1. ***Purpose.*** In the last fourteen years, *hundreds* of millions of feet of Upson Board have been sold with less than one complaint to every 8,000,000 feet. Upson Board has well been called the board of 1000 uses for use in 1000 places. Many Upson Board installations have been exceptionally well planned; many unusual uses of Upson Board have been ingenious in the extreme. We want to know more about these good uses; we want more ideas to pass on to other people who will later use Upson Board. These prizes are offered to encourage people to tell us.

2. ***The contests open*** March 1, 1927; close midnight, June 1, 1927.

3. ***Any one may compete*** except employees of the Upson Company. The entries may be of two kinds: 1. Description and photographs of an actual Upson Board interior. 2. Description and plans for an *ideal Upson Board interior*. You need not own an Upson Board interior; you need not buy Upson Board. If your entry covers an actual Upson Board interior which you do not own, simply get the consent of the owner. If your entry is the plan for an *ideal* Upson Board interior, you are not obligated to build the actual installation to win a prize.

Contest No. 1. For the photographs and descriptions of actual Upson Board ceilings or the plans for proposed Upson Board ceilings which the Contest Committee decides harmonize best with the architectural design and furnishing of the room, twenty prizes as follows: $400 first prize, $250 second prize, $100 third prize, seventeen honorable mentions at $15 each. Total, $1005.

Contest No. 2. For the photographs and description of an actual use of Upson Board to reclaim waste space, or the plans for a proposed use, which in final results are decided to make the most of all possibilities, $400 first prize, $250 second prize, $100 third prize, seventeen honorable mentions at $15 each. Total, $1005.

Contest No. 3. For suggestions for the most ingenious uses of Upson Board, aside from actual building construction, $150 first prize, $75 second prize, $50 third prize, fifteen honorable mentions at $15 each. Total, $500.

In the event of a tie, all tying contestants to receive the prize tied for.

4. ***To receive a prize,*** photographs or snapshots must be submitted, if the work is an actual Upson Board installation. If the entry covers plans for an idea, Upson Board installation, a detail plan or sketch must be submitted. It is also suggested that each contestant state reasons for preference for Upson Board rather than other types of building material, although this report has no connection with prize awards.

5. ***All material must be*** in the hands of the Contest Committee, The Upson Company, Lockport, N. Y., not later than June 1, 1927. No papers or photographs can be returned. The right is reserved to use any photographs submitted upon payment to the contestant of $1 each. You can identify genuine Upson Board by the blue center in each panel edge.

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(Continued from Page 82)

last night a dream?" The rattling bent grasses, the red-beaked gulls that planed and swooped above, made no reply.

He heard Elizabeth, down below, talking to Charles. The latter seemed inclined to be restive. Elizabeth wanted him to stay inside the house, not show himself anywhere on the beach; she would bring him dinner and anything he wanted—no, not whisky or brandy. She had none. And if she had, he shouldn't get it. He had had enough already.

Charles didn't agree to this—didn't agree to anything—but finally consented to stay where he had been camping, inside the ruined bar. No, he would not go farther inside. If anyone didn't like that, they could lump it. Helen Elizabeth could lump it, and Telford—who had hastily followed, on the chance of Charles' giving trouble—could lump it too. He didn't ask what the devil Telford was doing here—not at all. Wouldn't be decent manners to ask; but he supposed he could think as much as he liked.

And he would thank Telford, if it wasn't too much trouble, to shut the door; the wind from the beach was blowing the sand in his eyes. And if Telford had anything else to do, Charles wouldn't stand in the way of his doing it.

They left him, lifting the fallen door into its place. He seemed disposed to sleep again after he had dined. It was near dusk by now. The ruined hotel, that all day long had seemed strange, pale, romantic, a fairy palace deserted, filled with the gold of sun and the blue fires of the Arafura Sea, now, with nightfall, became on an instant wind-haunted, lonesome, palpably a spot away out on the end of the map, a place which made you realize that there were homes in the world and that you were a very long way from any of them.

Neither the girl nor the man, of course, spoke of such things. If you have no home, the fall of night upon a barren beach is not the time or place to mention the fact. You talk instead; in whispers, of the things that happen at Thursday Island and the people who live in Darwin; you smoke a cautious cigarette and listen—and look through the dark.

One fancies there might have been, after all, no story to tell, had not the ingenious Charles, behind his door, hunted half the night for another liquor cache—and been lucky. It was two bottles of whisky this time, planted under the sand; and the contents of one of the bottles induced him, being very pot-valiant, to go forth beneath the late-rising moon and wander down the beach.

Nobody saw him. Helen Elizabeth and Telford had both been drawn to the other side of the house by the sound of slow thumping feet, and before they had ascertained the intruder to be merely a wallaby, lolloping along on all four paws, Charles was out of sight.

An hour or two before dawn there swam into view, far away at sea, the long pricked line of lights that means a steamer. Helen Elizabeth, coming down from the upper floor to report, met Rob hurrying up from below with the same object.

"She's from the East," said the girl under her breath.

"Just so," answered Rob. They seemed to understand each other.

Among the broken masses of the floor, they stood watching. You could see, through an arch of fallen beams, the sea fires wickering on the beach, the lamps of the planets poised like tiny moons in the low sky; behind the house, the great moon slowly sinking—lights, wonderful, inhuman, cold, all these, shining on little humans with indifference and scorn. And behind them, far, inaccessible, the winking sparks that spoke of life and kindness, that carried civilization through the wilds.

There are times when every wanderer feels, in his very blood and bones, the price he pays for the key to the world's wide door. It may be that these two wanderers felt it then.

After a silence, Rob Telford spoke:

"It's beaten me so far. There's something illegal being landed—one can guess well enough what it is." Elizabeth nodded. "But how they get it ashore without a boat, and where they store it —— I hunted the whole hotel before you came, in daylight, and searched the rocks as well as I could by dark. Not a trace. There's so much wind here that the sand blows all over any footsteps there might be, and the place is so open they could see for miles and miles. They may know we're here, and may not; some of them may be here themselves, and again ——"

"They're here—one anyhow."

"Why?"

"That brandy."

"What brandy?"

She told him. "I shouldn't have noticed it but for Charles," she explained. "When he's short of drink, he can smell it as a dog smells game. Somebody who didn't trust his mates has hidden it there. I suppose—he wouldn't go away and leave brandy behind him."

"No," Telford agreed. "It's five hundred reward from the government," he added presently.

"Five hundred!" She caught her breath.

"Halves—if we catch them?" Scarcely he dared to put the question. But he had seen Elizabeth supping, by herself, that night, on a biscuit and a swallow of cold tea, and he guessed that her cotton frock had cost no more than five shillings. Elizabeth, who had so loved the state, the lordly ways, of lost Man-o'-War!

She made no answer; only said, "I wonder why Charles is so quiet."

Together, in the dark that was almost twilight to them now, they went down to the shattered barroom and found out why Charles was quiet. Bare was the pale sandy floor, empty the room. Unmistakable, this time, the smell of drink.

Telford threw a quick glance at the girl. White frock -and his own shirt and trousers were white, more or less. That was well. Thank heaven for the moonlight; they would melt into it as a fish melts into water.

"Have you your pistol?" he had almost asked her; but succeeded in biting the question in time. One didn't ask Elizabeth things like that.

The lights of the liner, far away, were growing dim. If anything had been dropped overboard for a boat to pick up, the boat must surely be close inshore by now. Odd that one could not see it. One could see a good deal beneath the sinking moon; black rocks standing up in platinum-colored water; bushes, like woolly heads, showing out behind the stretch of bone-gray sand. On the sand itself ——

They saw it together, but Elizabeth was first off the mark. Telford, ran as one runs in a hundred-yard sprint, inwardly cursing her for her imprudence; who knew the thing was not a trap?

It seemed ten minutes—it was probably twenty seconds—before she lifted her head and said briefly, "It's Charles; he's hurt. Please carry him."

The newspaper man was young and powerful, but it took all his muscle to convey the dead-heavy six-foot length of Charles III into the hotel, Elizabeth following. On the lounge floor, in a patch of moonlight, they laid him. He moaned a little as they felt for injuries; clearly he was not dead, but he made no answer to any question.

"He's been stuck in the side, and bled a lot," whispered Rob. "Hit, too; feel his head."

"It was against a rock," answered Elizabeth, already busy with bandages torn off her underskirt. "He must have struck it in falling. I think the bleeding's nearly over. Pass that under and tie it; that'll finish it. It's glanced off the ribs; didn't strike in, thank goodness. . . . Did you see anything?"

"See? No. Did you?"

"I thought I did—out in the water. It rose and went down, as if it were taking breath. A dugong does—but a dugong doesn't do this."

Dawn was near; already the lories and the butcher birds were beginning to clatter in the bushes behind Parrot Point; the light was graying. Elizabeth and Telford faced each other over the senseless body of Charles. They were pale; their hands, that had been busy with dressing and bandaging, were stained with red.

"If he could tell us!" breathed the girl.

Rob Telford, adding one thing and another together, had by this time arrived at certain conclusions which he was anxious to keep from Helen Elizabeth. He answered her only with a remark about the condition of Charles.

"It's not so very bad," he assured her. "He's insensible from the blow more than from loss of blood. He'll be as right as rain in a few hours."

Privately, Rob hoped that Charles would be nothing of the kind. The less Charles' sister knew, the better. Also, he wanted to go off tracking in the bush, and he did not want Helen Elizabeth to accompany him. Charles' accident would keep her indoors, so Rob calculated.

It was borne in upon him, somewhat later, that a figure or two had been missing in those calculations.

Behind Parrot Point, the trees ran light and thin, and the red soil was baked into china by long drought. No city-bred man could have made anything of such a place; but Telford was bush raised, a station owner's son, and he had learned from black trackers all that there was to know. It was easy for him to see, in the bend of a blade of grass, the crumbling of a stone, the little extra hardness, where all was smooth and hard, a whole long tale, writ large. Farther inland, the signs were unmistakable—mules had passed by, were in the habit of passing. Back to the neighborhood of the beach again he went; again a long, close search—and at last the secret run down!

Rob was in the very act of parting a mass of flowered lantana bush above a hole when somebody's hand—brown, silken, shaped like the hands of princesses in Holbein pictures—came down upon his shoulder, and somebody's voice said gayly, "Caught!"

He had not time to imprison the hand before it was gone again, not time to follow up that amazingly intimate speech with some still more intimate reply, before the speaker had slipped a pace or two away and retired into her usual shell of reserve. There she stood, when he swung round, stiff, removed as ever.

Into his mind flashed, oddly, the thought of Elizabeth's great kinswoman; of Gloriana, freakishly tickling the neck of a man she was afterwards willing to send to the block.

It passed, as Helen Elizabeth, standing a little way off, remarked coolly, "Charles is much better. I've left him with a cold compress on his head, and the wound is looking very well. . . . So you've found the passage; I was pretty sure there must be one."

Telford gave in. "Come on," was all he said, leading the way. Helen Elizabeth, followed in silence; but, mockingly, behind Rob's back, her delicate features twisted themselves into what, among schoolgirls, might have been called a face.

It was in every way a model of a secret passage. First you slipped down a few feet, lowering yourself by your hands until you touched bottom. Then you walked all doubled up, striking matches to see where you were, until you felt you simply could not stand it any longer, after which you walked on a great deal farther in exactly the same way. At the very last gasp, you found room to stretch yourself, almost to stand upright. You struck more matches, and here was a kind of circular cave, airless and ill-smelling, with a blanket or two rolled up on ledges, and a cooking pot on the floor. But what was really interesting was the pile of neat rectangular bundles—metal boxes, apparently, wrapped in canvas—that took up all one side of the hole. They were wet for the most part, and streaked with seaweed. Clearly, the route by which they had entered the hole was not that along which the two explorers had traveled.

The end of the hole, or cave, was water. An archway, low and forbidding, led to sea, and apparently sure death. So much Rob Telford saw, in the light of a match that suddenly flickered out. Something warned him to be quick with the next, but his fingers were not steady, and the match sputtered, being of the variety trade, so that during its first flashes he could see nothing but a vision, apparently incredible, of Helen Elizabeth flinging off her clothes.

The match burned up. It was true! She had shed her dress, her petticoat—for women wore petticoats in those benighted days—her shoes and stockings, and, clad in knickers and chemise, was running down to the end of the cave. The beauty of her, slender and forthright as an ivory figure from the treasures of Cnosus, struck Telford like a blow, even while he damned the expiring match, lit another and sprang to stop her before it should be too late.

Quick as he was, he was not quick enough. She had run splashing into the shallow, up to white insteps, and dived into the depths beyond the arch before he could reach her. And now no more than if she had been one of the mermaids who plague the lives of lovers in fairy tales could Telford hope to reach his lady. Fire had not divided them more hopelessly than that watery wall. For Helen Elizabeth, Helen of the Hundred Waves, was famous as the greatest swimmer and diver in mid-Pacific, and Rob, her lover, could not take a dozen strokes underwater without half suffocating.

He did the only thing he could do—stumbled and crawled back through the whole length of that detestable passage, striking matches, cursing and praying as he went. Madness—madness, to try that swim, without knowing where the sea came in, where to rise, how long one had to travel underwater! Corridors such as this were common enough in the South Seas—he had seen the opening that led to Mariner's Cave, in Tonga, where the British captain died; heard of a dozen others -but they were always perilous; barbed with spear points of coral, swept by deadly currents, haunted, it might be, by the dangerous, unknown beasts of the deep sea. As for the bunyip, he knew what that was, right enough; still, the knowledge made things no better.

He was panting, sweating, as he reached the entrance to the cave passage and heaved himself out to open air again. He didn't know how long it had taken him to scramble through—not very long, but she might have died a dozen times while he was getting back. What he expected to see when he struck the blessed sunlight again he hardly knew; perhaps he had thought to find her already through the passage and waiting on the shore, or swimming, swiftly and beautifully, as only she could swim, through the green reef water beyond.

What he saw was—nothing. The empty sea, the empty beach. Helen Elizabeth was gone.

The girl had dived on an irresistible impulse. She had not paused to consider chances; the sight of those deep waters, of that secret undersea way, had roused in her the athlete's fierce desire for victory over Nature's forces. Only the man or woman who can do what others cannot, knows that impulse in its fullness; knows that, in the moment of desire, flesh and spirit are mere fuel to its flame. Helen Elizabeth, when she saw that hidden seaway and sensed its difficulty, had to spend herself.

It proved to be a more expensive game than she had anticipated. You swam till you were neck deep, then dived, and came up underwater, in utter darkness, knowing by the feel of things that there was rock close over your head, and guessing—for all the world knows what happened to Captain Luce of the Esk—that you must keep down

(Continued on Page 89)

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On Shipboard

Along the modern road to romance . . . the azure Caribbean, the beckoning Mediterranean, the China Sea where the deviltries of Asia are hid . . . . Over any glamorous ocean highway the ingredients of your pleasure are the same; deck tennis, the swimming pool, dancing to the spell of haunting music in the tropic night; and in a berth-high trunk in your cabin, just the right kind of—*DUDS:*

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Haberdashery

CHICAGO, NEW YORK, LONDON, PARIS

(Continued from Page 87)

and clear of it, in case of coral spears. You held your breath and economized your stroke, using the old, easy breast, and sweeping upward. You did not let yourself think. And a minute passed. And another minute was eaten into; you knew that by the fighting of your heart. And a long way ahead, you saw a light.

Now you put more ginger into your stroke; the thing was to get to the light in time. But it came no nearer. And suddenly you remembered, with a shock that set your heart fighting harder than ever, that, in the cavern, the sand and weeds at the sea edge had been dry. And then you knew that it was touch and go. You would have called yourself a fool not to have looked at the tide had there been time for that or anything. But there was not, for you were well into the third minute now, and there was nothing possible to be thought about save the bursting agony at the base of your neck and the light that scarcely grew.

Fathom by fathom, foot by foot, Elizabeth fought her way to life. She knew, in after days, that only she, and perhaps a dozen other swimmers in the world, could have done it; for the scour of the tide was vicious and the distance all of sixty yards, not to speak of the peril due to poisoned coral spikes above. To turn and go back—even had that appealed to her—would have helped nothing. By the time the gleam had broadened to a glow and the seaward arch lay plain above, she was all in.

Under the arch she turned and rose, beating her way up with hands that had lost all feeling. Fate seemed, at the very last, to have turned on her and defeated her, when she saw the life-giving light suddenly obscured. She was past thinking; she fought to it all the same. Something—between—something black, immense. Eyes—green eyes. A shining lance—arms—flippers—death.

You can talk to Helen Elizabeth for half an hour if you like, but you will not convince her that one cannot swim when insensible. Perhaps the Helen Elizabeths can. At all events, there was a gap unbridged by any consciousness before she found herself paddling, very feebly, on the blue surface of the Arafura Sea, with sun in her eyes, and air—"God's glorious oxygen"—in her lungs at last.

She knew exactly what had happened. She had met the true bunyip; by a miracle had managed to escape it. There was no sign of the creature in the water now, not even a shadow of the terror that had passed. The shadow was in the mind of Helen Elizabeth herself, that superb swimmer who had so nearly swum her last; who never, for long years was quite to forget the moment of that dread meeting. Yet she felt strong and triumphant as she made her way back to the hotel. No use trying to conceal her presence or Telford's now. No need. The secret was won. And what had he said—about five hundred pounds?

Dressed again, with ripply hair flowing loose for drying, she came forth, and met, on the threshold, a man who seemed half out of his mind. Royally she snubbed Rob Telford. Alarmed? What for? Did he think she couldn't swim? Seen anything? Yes. It hadn't attacked her; it had moved out of the way in time; at least, she supposed so or else she wouldn't be there. Size of a man? No, much larger. Yes, she was certain. Weapon? What did he mean? There was something long, that shone. No, not the least like a knife. How silly!

"Not so silly as it might appear," answered Rob coolly. "Do you want to see what I picked up on the edge of deep water this morning?"

She did not say she wanted to, but he produced it. A knife; butcher-size and butcher-keen, with butcher stains upon the blade.

"Does that fit Charles' wound, or does it not?" he asked.

"It does," she allowed, "unmistakably."

"Come inside," he asked her. "The sun's grilling at this hour." But he was not thinking of the sun.

They stepped within the doorway; about them, continually piled and repiled by the gusts of air, lay the blue-shadowed, snow-like heaps of sand; through the rent walls the southeast trade went singing. Here it was cooler—safer too, from things that stabbed with foot-long butcher knives.

"The matter's all clear to me except one or two details," went on the newspaper man, marshaling his points. "One: This place is at the back of Godspeed, and at the same time on the course of the liners from east. Two: There are violent currents that sweep any small object inshore—a small tin box of opium, for example (of course it is opium), nicely canvased and no doubt buoyed with air spaces. Three: No boats are ever put out, because none are wanted, and no packages are ever carried from the sea, day or night, visibly, because they can be taken right into the bush through the underground passage. There might be a dozen customs men on the look-out, and they'd see nothing. Four: At considerable intervals, mules come down into the bush; I saw their traces. Five: It's only forty miles to Camel Creek Township, where there's a big Chinese colony, and means for getting the stuff away all over Australia. Six: There's a cache of liquor in the house; means white man at the head of the gang. Seven: Somebody making up like a sea monster when he comes out to take the packages—easy as pie; diving glasses, seaweed over his head and arms; scares all the abos away from that part of the coast and prevents their telling tales. Eight: Charles goes out half stewed, wanders about at the edge of the water, and something comes out and knifes him.

"Probably that's happened to two or three abos, just to warn the rest. Fits like a puzzle; even the swim into the cave. With the tide right, you'd be swept along easily enough, and I don't for a moment suppose they use it except when it's necessary to do so. Commonly, they would come down from Camel Creek and land the stuff openly, just swimming out after it as it's swept in. What do you think of that?"

"Does your paper pay you much?" asked Elizabeth, twisting up her hair.

"Pays on results only."

"Oh!"

"What do you mean by that?"

"I suppose they don't need to be rich." She had gone within now—was in the lounge, bending over Charles. "He's a lot better," she announced, laying down his hand. "I shall go and get him some more beef juice." And that was all that Telford could get out of her.

That she was keeping something back; that her real opinion of the mystery had not been given—this seemed clear to Rob; but all beyond was confusion.

"The sooner we all clear out, the better," was his verdict. A boat was to have called for him later on; it would not be necessary to await that now; and as regarded Charles, Thursday Island hospital was a better place for him than a wrecked hotel at the back of nowhere.

He went to find the girl. There was small difficulty about that. Elizabeth had seated herself on a rock near the entrance to the cave, and was gazing intently into the sea

Not so intently, however, but that she heard his step on the soft sand a good way off, and signaled him, with one hand, to be cautious.

"It's the fellow who's been playing the goat, imitating bunyips," was Rob's immediate thought. "As if she hadn't had a near enough escape already from the brute—meeting him under water!"

He took his place cautiously behind her and followed her gaze.

Green water, mauve shadows; linked, moving rings of unbearable light; cliffs of pure silver, far beneath the surface; black rocks rising in domes and needle points out into air. . . . What was she looking at? Nothing. Telford stared till his eyes—good eyes, but somewhat tried by constant reading and writing—shed tears; till the colors of the sea and the coral changed, dazzled, and began to show in complementary shades of red. He took out a handkerchief, wiped his lids and threw an envious glance at Helen Elizabeth, whose golden falcon eyes had never faltered. But then the daughter of the Pentecosts read little, save in the wide book of the world, and wrote not at all.

Rob Telford looked again, and the warm day grew a little colder. There hadn't been anything the matter with his eyes. There were no complementary colors floating about. Instead, there was something real, red, in the water.

For the space of a minute they looked at it together; saw the stain grow wider, paler, melt at last into the huge surrounding volume of the sea. It seemed to rise from a spot just beneath where they were standing, close to the underwater opening of the cave; but no dark shadow, no moving body, was to be seen.

Save for the blood that like all blood spilled since the beginning of time, seemed to cry aloud to heaven with fierce, protesting color, there was no sign of tragedy. The sea kept its secrets.

Instinctively, Rob Telford drew the girl back from the rock, away from that water of death.

"What is it?" he demanded, for he saw in her eyes that she knew.

"There'll be full tide at six o'clock," was all she answered.

Sunset, and the lonely seas that wash the coasts of Cape York Peninsula and of Arnheim Land, veiling themselves in the sad hyacinthine blue that, in the line countries, marks the end of day. Some twelve degrees above and below the equator runs that blue; there is nothing like it otherwhere.

Telford and Elizabeth were out on the long beach of Parrot Point. They were watching a square pale package, the twin of all those packages in the cache below, bobbing slowly, certainly, in from sea along the accustomed track. Aftermath, this, of harvest cast upon the waters by the liner that had sailed through from the East. But tonight there was no one waiting to gather it in.

Telford and the girl were not even looking at it, though it was worth, in the matter of reward, some considerable sum. Their eyes were fixed upon another sheaf of harvest; red harvest, this, and such as they would not willingly have gathered, even for reward. A dead man was floating, drifting, in to shore. The tides of Parrot Point had once more done their work.

Not till he was close in, with swollen hands swaying widely in the shallows, like one who beckons to a friend who will not hear, did the two adventurers step forward and look. It was a man of middle age, white, heavily sunburned, a pair of huge diving glasses caught in his beard and dangling loose; masses of seaweed that seemed to have been tied to his limbs still trailing after him.

He was dressed in a dark, torn singlet and dark short trousers. The waves had washed him clean; but when Rob Telford, mastering his reluctance, waded in and drew the creature ashore, they saw that his body had been stabbed through from side to side, almost torn open, by some frightful, unknown weapon.

"That's no knife," breathed Telford, bending over the corpse. Helen Elizabeth pointed silently to a sheath on the dead man's hip—empty.

"Charles made a struggle for the knife," she said. "This fellow lost it. He'll never act the bunyip any more. The natives were right."

"Right?"

"What do you think it was I saw? This? If it was, what was it that killed him?"

"You don't mean ——"

"I know natives. It's always better to listen to them. They're never quite wrong, no matter how crazy they seem. And this is the sort of coast where anything might happen to anybody."

Rob Telford, journalist in possession of a mighty scoop—that was unfortunately much too big to be used—forgot his profession for the moment; forgot the corpse and the sick brother and the sunset and Parrot Point and all Australia. He only remembered that Helen Elizabeth, that very day, had all but met with an incredibly hideous death, and he put his arms where the arms of a strong man, able and willing to protect his lady, ought to be.

"Elizabeth," he said, hugging her as if she had been a housemaid meeting her soldier in the park, "can't we get away out of this place tonight, and get married on our five hundred pounds at T. I.?"

She did not resist him. She merely stood in his arms, as a lady of fashion might stand in the chaste embrace of a dressmaker taking her measures.

"We can get out of this place tomorrow," she remarked calmly. "And I shan't marry anybody on five hundred pounds."

Rob Telford's arms let go. She did not seem to notice. It was even a little while before she walked away. In the middle of the night he woke up, and remembered that.

There is a rude grave on Parrot Point, without a sign to mark its rapidly sinking mound. The name of the man who was buried there was never known.

No opium is landed. But the natives keep away. They know what they know.

EVOLUTION

Movie Two-Gun Man: "I'll Take a Cream Puff and a Fudge Sundae."

NEW ORLEANS NOTES

(Continued from Page 41)

The normal person, confronted with the problem of confining a constantly rising river behind walls that could be raised no higher, would at once declare that the only solution lay in jumping in the river. Not so the Orleaneans, however. Having wrestled with the Mississippi for many generations, the Orleaneans threw their brains into high gear and finally evolved the reasonable and logical theory that the way to keep the Mississippi from getting so high that it would break over its banks in an undesirable location was to assist it in breaking over its banks in a desirable location.

Although this solution did not meet with the unqualified approval of the Mississippi River Commission, the New Orleans Levee Board went ahead on its own hook, under the leadership of its brilliant young chief engineer, Col. Marcel Garsaud, and ripped down eleven miles of levee on the east bank of the river, some fifty miles below New Orleans.

This hole in the levee is known as a spillway. When the river begins to rise it finds this large hole waiting for it, spills out through it and makes a quick jump across the narrow marshes to the Gulf of Mexico. Thus the water congestion is relieved, and there is less water at New Orleans by twelve inches than there would be if the spillway had never been built.

Just what will happen 100 years from now, when the spillways have been clogged with silt, when all the roads in the entire Mississippi Valley have been paved, and when about twice as much water is coming down the Mississippi as is now coming down it, is problematical. If the commercial development of New Orleans leaps ahead as rapidly in the future as it has during the past ten years, New Orleans business men will probably lower the water by drawing off the surplus, pumping it through pipe lines to Arizona and New Mexico and other arid states, and selling it at a large profit to grateful ranchmen. At any rate, the problem will be solved in some way.

The attitude of the Mississippi River Commission toward the spillway is balanced by the unalloyed joy that the spillway has given to New Orleans oyster lovers. Louisiana oysters are pleasing confections, inasmuch as two dozen of them, when eaten under the direction and supervision of a New Orleans oyster expert, increase the hunger of the eater rather than diminish it.

The Oysterphiles Rejoice

All New Orleans oyster lovers—or oysterphiles—are heartily in favor of the spillway, because it permits a flow of fresh water over certain fine oyster beds that have been cut off from fresh water for years. Lacking the flow of fresh water, the oysters in that section have been suffering from languor, circles under the eyes and torpid livers; and the New Orleans oyster gourmets have hardly been able to tell the difference between the taste of an oyster from the beds under discussion and that of the interior of a second-hand buzzard's egg. Now that the oyster in question is to be restored to his pristine vigor and flavor, there is rejoicing on the part of the oysterphiles.

As a result of the levees that surround it, New Orleans is located at the bottom of a bowl, and no drop of water that enters it can escape of its own accord. Even the benefits of evaporation have been denied to it, because of the fact that the water that was taken from the ground by evaporation has promptly been replaced by water that seeped into the ground from the Mississippi River.

What was jokingly known as the New Orleans drainage system carried as much of the surplus moisture as they could to the swamps behind the city in a careless and dilatory manner. In as much as they couldn't carry very much, and in as much as the rainfall in and around New Orleans has always been both large and enthusiastic, a startling amount of surplus moisture clung around the streets for protracted periods.

In 1880 the city partially came to life and constructed a drainage system theoretically designed to pump the surplus water out of the great New Orleans bowl and into the great world beyond. Unfortunately, there wasn't enough to the system; and when a good brisk rainfall occurred, the pumping machinery had to work at full capacity for seventy-two hours before the surface moisture could be pumped out of sight. Consequently the mud continued to be sufficiently profuse to get on the knees and hips of persons who exposed themselves carelessly in damp weather.

Making a Healthful City

It was not until 1896 that the city pulled itself together and began to install adequate pumps and a proper system of underground canals and drains. An adequate pump, in New Orleans parlance, is a pump that will inhale a full-sized, water-logged cypress tree, roots and all, and hurl it enthusiastically over the levee and out of the picture so far as New Orleans is concerned.

Since 1896 New Orleans has spent $39,000,000 in the building of underground drainage canals, sewers, pipe lines and water mains; and the working of these contraptions is so highly developed and so eminently satisfactory that if a man tosses a bucket of water off his back porch at 7:30 in the morning, it sinks rapidly into a sewer, slides at top speed into a drainage canal, is snatched out of the canal by a big centrifugal pump and shot briskly over the levee, passes hastily into Lake Borgne to the northeast of New Orleans, and winds up in the Gulf of Mexico at 9:30 the same evening, or thereabouts—which is better time than could be made over the same course by some of the more accomplished swimmers of the English Channel.

All through the mud age in New Orleans the water that was used for drinking and washing purposes was about as full of Mississippi River silt as it could be and still be classed as water. A bathtub full of New Orleans water looked like an enlarged panful of butterscotch; and the person who took a bath in it frequently had to use a feather duster or a whisk broom after he had dried himself to brush the silt out of the pores of his skin.

It was also said, at that time, that a person who drank the waters of the Mississippi at New Orleans would inevitably return to New Orleans again. This observation doubtless arose from the fact that when a person who was unused to it took a few drinks of Mississippi water the mud got into his system to such an extent that he usually had to come back to a New Orleans doctor to have his pipes cleaned out—or to be de-mudded, as one might say—since New Orleans doctors were the only ones that had a fairly comprehensive understanding of Mississippi River mud when used internally.

The filtration plant, however, took the mud out of the water. It became as clear as crystal and as pure as the driven snow—so pure, in fact, that race-track followers bottled it and dispensed it to saps and boobs as mineral water.

So the Orleaneans, having freed their feet from the mud, looked around to see what else was needed, and promptly devoted $11,000,000 to exterminating the rat, carrier of bubonic plague, and the mosquito, purveyor of malaria and yellow fever.

The rat is gone, as is the bubonic plague. Occasionally one sees a mosquito in New Orleans, but it is a pale and lonely creature, and is usually hastening somewhere with a harried and hunted look. Malaria and yellow fever are permanently among the missing. New Orleans has become one of the most healthful cities in America. Its yearly death rate used to be up around 90 and 100 to the 1000. Now it is 14 to the 1000, which gives the Orleaneans as good a chance to beat the life-insurance companies as they would have in almost any place in the world.

The speed with which New Orleans and the surrounding territory removed the mud from trousers and coat tails has never been equaled since Noah's remarkable experience on Mt. Ararat. In 1920 the roads of Louisiana—and the side streets of New Orleans also—were such masses of sticky mud that any person who was unfortunate enough to have to walk in them considered himself fortunate if the mud didn't pull off his shoes, stockings, garters, trousers and even a couple of his smaller and weaker toes. Some of the side streets of New Orleans are still in this condition; but the roads outside of New Orleans have been so improved, starting as recently as 1922, that localities which, in 1920, were regarded as being more out of the way than Warsaw, Constantinople or Angora are now as easy to reach as the corner drug store.

Thus it has become possible for the North Louisianians to come down south and see for themselves that the South Louisianians don't have horns and barbed tails, as they had always heard; and similarly, it is an easy matter for the South Louisianian to run up north and discover for himself that the North Louisianian, contrary to reports current in South Louisiana, is an ordinary human being with no particular desire to interfere with a person who wants to have a good time or to lynch the individual who believes in the theories advanced by Charles Darwin.

A large part of the credit for this pleasing state of affairs belongs to the able and progressive John M. Parker, governor of Louisiana from 1920 to 1924. He gave the state decent roads by the imposition of a severance tax, out of whose proceeds the State Highway Commission draws an annual fund of approximately $10,000,000 for road building and maintenance.

The severance tax takes for the state of Louisiana 3 per cent of all natural resources that are severed from the state—of such things as lumber, sulphur, salt, oil, gas, furs, oysters and so on—and as a result of it, one of these days, Louisiana expects to retire her state debt and build up the greatest agricultural college in the world at Baton Rouge and develop the finest system of roads that can be found anywhere in the South, and generally make herself into a state that will cause the eyes of the Northern visitor to pop out on his cheeks with amazement and incredulity.

Common Sense in Conservation

The years that Louisiana spent in the mud seem to have resulted in some highly beneficial and pregnant meditation; for she seems to be one of the few states in the Union that have been able to apply common sense to conservation. It might be remarked in passing that Louisiana's Severance Tax Act was written by Standard Oil attorneys, so that the state might not be accused of unfairness toward the so-called moneyed interests. In this there may or may not be a tip for other states that may wish to impose a severance tax without causing too much anguish to the corporations that will have to pay most of it.

A few years ago that short but beautiful strip of Mississippi coast along the Gulf of Mexico, on which the towns and cities of Bay St. Louis, Pass Christian, Biloxi, Gulfport and Pascagoula are located, was far removed, so far as roadways were concerned, from New Orleans and the rest of the country. Anybody who wished to go by automobile from New Orleans to Pass Christian was usually advised to carry a mule in the tonneau so that the automobile could be hauled out of the mud with a minimum of fuss and exertion; and, if he was wise, he allowed two or three days for the journey.

Today, what with the joint road-building and bridge-building activities of Louisiana and Mississippi, the Mississippi Gulf coast has become a suburb of New Orleans. The most luxurious of modern hotels are shooting up all over the place, golf links are springing into existence behind every peninsula, property values have ascended magnificently, and real estate operators are engaged in the popular Southern sport of selling real estate to one another at steadily increasing prices.

The activities along the Mississippi Gulf coast are somewhat surprising to the Northern visitor who has developed in his inner consciousness the theory that the South is lazy, dilatory and backward, and that all ideas for the perpetuation of civic beauty are purely Northern products. They are surprising because they jolt the Northerner into a realization that it takes a languorous and sleepy state like Mississippi to save the scenic birthrights that such theoretically progressive states as Massachusetts and New York and Maine throw cynically away, and to protect its residents and its visitors against the structural indecencies and the landscape mutilation that are gayly permitted by the majority of New England towns and summer resorts.

A Place for Everything

The towns and cities of the Mississippi coast, instead of drawing as far apart from one another as possible, and then blowing their own horns with all possible violence, recently banded together in what is known as the Mississippi Coast Club to promote the welfare of the whole region, which is only some sixty miles long and some ten miles wide. The first move of the Mississippi Coast Club was to get the Mississippi Legislature to pass bills authorizing the coast cities and counties to adopt comprehensive regional planning and zoning regulations "for the protection and enhancement of property values, improvement of living conditions and the preservation of the scenic attractions of the Mississippi Gulf coast."

By the adoption of this plan, by means of which the entire region—parks, streets, subdivisions and water front—is subject to the control of capable city planners and landscape architects, the growth of the entire coast, instead of being haphazard, unwieldy, top-heavy, ephemeral and ugly, is almost certain to be sound, orderly, well balanced, permanent and beautiful.

The Gulf coast communities argue—and there are countless proud and conservative Northern towns and resorts that can well afford to cock their ears attentively to these remarks from the so-called backward and languorous South—that the foremost function of city planning, zoning and regional planning is to arrange a city and its purlieus so that its citizens can live and do business there with a maximum of comfort and a minimum of expense.

"Planning," declare the Gulf coasters, "is not simply a city-beautiful fad; it is sound economics. It is concerned primarily with use and incidentally with beauty. However, in providing useful improvements in a city, it will be found that utility and beauty are virtually inseparable.

"Zoning is an exercise of the police power of the state, which has an inherent right to pass laws in the interest of public health, safety, convenience and welfare. It stabilizes construction and property values. Most of all, it conserves the future. It aims to determine the most appropriate use for property and seeks to prevent blighted areas which result from the encroachment of buildings or enterprises out of harmony with the surrounding territory."

The Mississippi Gulf coast is a bland and pleasant country whose cool summer

(Continued on Page 95)

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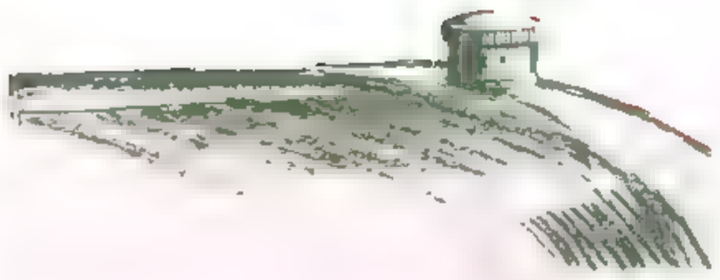

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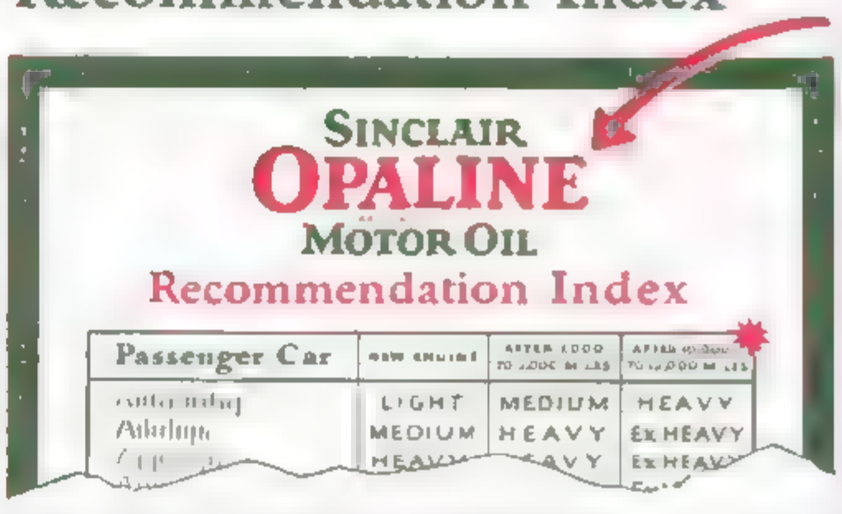

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BUILT AS ONLY CHRYSLER BUILDS

(Continued from Page 90)

breezes and oak-shaded streets have long had an irresistible attraction for the people of New Orleans. Enormous live oaks and towering magnolia trees grow down to the edge of the placid Gulf, where countless numbers of muscular game fish wait patiently for fishermen to lure them from their native element. The person who descends from the train at Bay St. Louis will usually find one or two gentlemen of color dispensing bunches of young and tender speckled trout, better known to Northerners as weakfish, to returning homeowners at thirty-five cents the bunch.

All along the water front at such ancient settlements as Bay St. Louis, Pass Christian and Biloxi—the landing place of Iberville in 1699—there are beautiful summer residences built long before the Civil War. The architecture of these ancient homes is eminently fitted to the climate of the Gulf coast. The architects know the value of the old houses; but the architects claim to be helpless because their clients prefer something snappier, something jazzier, something more Northern, like a nifty bungalow with seventy-two yards of trellis, two wire arches, four kinds of paint and some stained glass over the front door.

Pursued by Hospitality

None the less, it is a country that takes the eye. Unsightly telegraph poles are rapidly being eliminated; broad boulevards parallel the new sea walls that are intended to block any wandering hurricane that might stumble into this hitherto hurricaneless section; residents speak, in soft and respectful Southern accents, of water-front property that was selling for thirteen dollars a front foot in December of 1924, and had risen to an asking price of $250 a front foot in November of 1926; ladies of color wander the sunny streets of the old towns, gnawing contemplatively at wands of sugar cane; guides point out the house once occupied by Woodrow Wilson, and the spot where Paddy Ryan and Jake Kilrain fought seventy rounds or so with their gnarled and brine-toughened fists, and the home of Jefferson Davis, and various other spots made famous by contact with persons of eminence.

Hospitable Southerners pass the time of day. "Where you going to be a month from now, suh?" they ask. "We'd certainly be proud to send you some of the best eatin' oranges you ever threw a lip over. Yes, suh! You let us know and we'll send you some Satsuma oranges, and if you don't say they're the best oranges you ever chewed on, we'll eat the box we shipped 'em in. Yes, suh!"

Away from the water, one passes through extensive groves of pecan trees, as one does in many parts of Louisiana. But the country around the Gulf coast originated the finest of the pecans. Yes, suh! The home of the paper-shelled pecan was Pascagoula. The Success pecan, and the great Schley pecan, that brings a dollar a pound on the market—fine nuts if there ever were any, suh!—they came from Pascagoula.

Twelve-year-old pecan groves, running sixteen trees to the acre, sell for $750 an acre. From such a grove one is supposed to get fifty pounds of nuts to the tree. The yearly upkeep per acre is between twenty-five and thirty dollars. In Mississippi they are willing to admit that there may be one crop failure every five years. Even a New Orleans booster grows faintly enthusiastic over the investment possibilities in a Mississippi or Louisiana pecan grove.

In addition to pecans and the house in which Longfellow wrote a number of poems, Pascagoula has a singing river; but the residents of the Gulf coast, whose boosterism is leavened by the same detached spirit that characterizes New Orleans boosting, are very hazy about the singing. People have heard it sing yes, suh! But one's informants have never been fortunate enough to hear it. They do not know whether it sings barytone, bass or second tenor. They do not know whether it does its most mellifluous singing in summer or winter, or at high or low tide, or in the daytime or the nighttime. But one can afford the time to study the singing of the Pascagoula River on a warm and sunny winter day, whether the river sings or not; for the temperature of the Gulf coast in winter is like that of Maine in September and October, and the air is sufficiently stimulating to give anyone an interest in almost anything at all, suh! Yes, suh!

There seems to be a certain stimulating quality to the air that hangs over many sections of the Gulf states. Certainly the residents of New Orleans must have had access to some sort of stimulant during the mud age in order to keep on living in spite of old Mr. Mississippi, and the insects and the mud and the yellow fever and the bubonic plague and the setbacks of the Civil War and all their other tribulations. The real stimulation came after the mud had been conquered, however. The less mud, seemingly, the more stimulation and the more willingness to embark on large adventures—a discovery that is freely offered to scientists for their consideration and investigation.

Now that the mud has been eliminated, an Orleanean will tackle almost any sort of proposition with superb confidence. One noon I encountered an engineer who had a scheme for bridging the Mississippi River, and is on the verge of starting work on it. Instead of a bridge with a normal sloping approach, this bridge had approaches like gigantic corkscrews. One will run his automobile onto the bottom of the corkscrew and corkscrew his way up to the top, where he will level off and cross the river at such a height that steamships, warships and other craft can churn the surface of the Mississippi directly beneath him without being hindered or delayed by the bridge's existence.

In Memoriam

Having reached the other side, he will corkscrew his way down to the ground again. Incidentally, it should be remarked that the span of such a bridge would be no longer than the great Bear Mountain Bridge, so that it would be entirely feasible. It might also, in its design, stand as a monument to those two lamented New Orleans institutions that will always be associated in the minds of the general public with corkscrews and headache powders—to wit, the Ramos fizz and the Zazerac cocktail.

Every person who knew New Orleans before the days of prohibition has fond and grateful memories of those two master beverages—the first as mild and beneficent and delicious as essence of angel feathers blended with whipped moonbeams, and the second as bland and as potent as a young and tender thunderbolt carefully shaken up with a touch of absinth and the kiss of a beautiful maiden.

Wherever two or three are gathered together in New Orleans, the talk sooner or later works around to Ramos fizzes and Zazerac cocktails; and the merest mention of those vanished confections invariably calls forth a chorus of regretful groans that makes people two blocks away remark, "There's somebody else talking about Zazerac cocktails and Ramos fizzes."

Not even such celebrities as Andrew Jackson, Ben Butler, John McDonogh, the Baroness Pontalba and Madame Lalaurie have received one-tenth the personal mention in New Orleans during the past seven years that Messrs. Zazerac and Ramos have had. Yet there is no monument to either of them; and so it seems to me that it would be a pretty thought—when the bridge with the corkscrew approaches is built—to name one of the corkscrews the Zazerac Approach and the other corkscrew the Ramos Approach. I would even suggest that the name be inscribed on each approach, together with the quotation, "One good turn deserves another." Surely this would be a small return for the pleasure that these two gentlemen gave to the people of New Orleans and to the traveling public.

Show Windows on the River Bank

Orleaneans look with calmness on proposed and contemplated projects and improvements for New Orleans that are supposed to cost nearly $250,000,000—which is an enormous pile of money, as nobody would suspect unless the fact were called to his attention. Among other things, these projects call for the construction of a railroad bridge across the Mississippi, to cost $15,000,000; a residential and hotel resort on the shore of Lake Pontchartrain, to be built by the city at a cost of $27,000,000; and various other things that come suspiciously close to being pure statistics.

As a result of an unusual bit of stimulation, resulting probably from the mud elimination, various Orleaneans have gone so far as to put over a scheme that provides the manufacturers of the world with a fine set of show windows on the banks of the Mississippi. This goes under the name of the New Orleans Permanent International Trade Exhibition, and the United States Government liked the idea well enough to rent it a large building for one dollar a year.

It is by way of being the world's largest store. Firms from all over the world send exhibits, and buyers come from all over the world to look over the samples and order accordingly. The Leipsic Fair, in Germany, is a somewhat similar proposition, with centuries of experience behind it; but it runs for only a comparatively short time each year. The New Orleans Trade Exhibition is a permanent proposition, and one that is calculated to make the Leipsic Fair look ill in the long run, not only because of its proximity to South and Central American buyers but also because of the strong desire of merchants of all nations to take a long ocean voyage to a nice warm section of the world during the winter months.

Although the boosters of New Orleans are pleasingly backward and reticent in their boosting, one occasionally runs across an amateur press agent who has nearly mastered his subject. Such a one appears in a booklet issued by the Department of Agriculture and Immigration of the state of Louisiana. "If," says this nameless gentleman, "you care for romance, poetry, history, flowers, birds, rivers, bayous, lakes, glens, fishing, camping, quiet dreaming, profitable investments, remunerative employment, a mild genial climate, come to Louisiana, where the laughter of happy children greets the stranger and where contented parents dwell in peace."

When one realizes that this unusually comprehensive boost omits all reference to carnivals, cooking, architecture, Zazerac cocktails, palm trees, beautiful women, live oaks, duck shooting, buried treasure, gambling, horse racing and various other matters for which New Orleans is noted, one begins to get a glimmering of the reason why the New Orleans booster doesn't strain himself to point out the favorable features of his city. He doesn't need to. Anybody who has retained even a small fragment of his brain can see them for himself.

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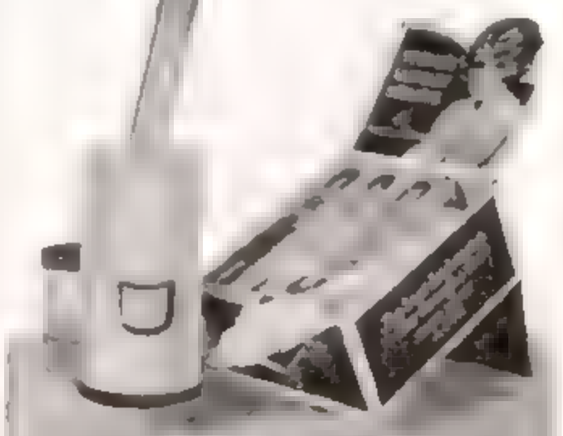

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NORTH OF PANAMA

(Continued from Page 4)

of the Caribbean. The truth is that while some elements of anti-American character in Mexico have assisted in the revolution against Nicaragua, the movement has been given an unusual significance because it came simultaneously with the crisis in the dispute between the United States and Mexico over the confiscation of oil lands.

Central America is a troubled area over which the United States finds it necessary to keep a watchful eye. The Central American republics have tried five times in the past hundred years to establish a union or confederation, but each time something has happened to prevent an agreement. When five countries have had a taste of independence and sovereignty they are not likely to surrender that privilege; though, to be sure, they came nearer doing it in 1922 than ever before; and were it not for the sudden establishment of a dictator in one of the countries that feared a loss of prestige, there might have existed today a United States of Central America. It is not true, as has often been said, that the Washington Government looked with disfavor on the union.

The Right to Intervene

Nothing would please the authorities in the United States more than to see Central America strengthened, for both economic and political reasons. The trade of the United States with Central America has been greatly increasing, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that it would increase more rapidly if the Central American problems were solved than if they continued unsolved. If, however, the Central American countries prefer to work out their destinies as separate entities, the United States is disposed to give them every encouragement and assistance. Peoples of these countries do not like the word "assistance." They rebel at the idea of legalized American intervention, though the theory of the state is that an intervention which is made at the request of a constituted government does not involve a surrender of sovereignty.

The fact that Cuba accepted the Platt Amendment, whereby the United States has the right to intervene in Cuba to preserve order, is not relished by some of the other countries in the Caribbean, although experience has proved that the very existence of the right is sufficient in most cases to prevent the development of an emergency in which it might be necessary to exercise that right. Nevertheless, something akin to the Platt Amendment is developing. It may never be written in specific terms in the treaties between the United States and countries in the Caribbean, but it will continue to be implied in the diplomacy of the United States as the natural method by which trouble will be nipped in the bud rather than permitted to develop into incessant revolution.

The Platt Amendment provides:

"I. That the government of Cuba shall never enter into any treaty or other compact with any foreign power or powers which will impair or tend to impair the independence of Cuba, nor in any manner authorize or permit any foreign power or powers to obtain by colonization or for military or naval purposes or otherwise, lodgment in or control over any portion of said island

"II. That said government shall not assume or contract any public debt, to pay the interest upon which, and to make reasonable sinking-fund provision for the ultimate discharge of which, the ordinary revenues of the island, after defraying the current expenses of government, shall be inadequate.

"III. That the government of Cuba consents that the United States may exercise the right to intervene for the preservation of Cuban independence, the maintenance of a government adequate for the protection of life, property, and individual liberty, and for discharging the obligations with respect to Cuba imposed by the treaty of Paris on the United States, now to be assumed and undertaken by the government of Cuba."

Some of the countries in Central America, like Costa Rica, have made substantial progress. The process of selecting officials by an election which is accepted by the vanquished is not easy to implant. It is the old story of the conflict between autocracy and democracy. Dictators in some of the countries south of the Rio Grande can point with pride to the economic development under their particular administrations. Yet the critics will say that what has been gained through material exploitation of resources has been lost in the failure to develop a political consciousness and a democratic electorate. The answer most frequently given to this conflict of ideas is that the rest of the world has a humanitarian right to step in and by the guidance of a stronger power assist the weaker state to a realization of its true destiny.

Transformations in the political development of a country are slow. Occasionally they are so violent as to break all precedents. The dispute between the United States and Mexico, for instance, is not an ordinary controversy. It involves a fundamental principle as vital to the United States as the principle of police protection in the streets of our cities, or as vital, indeed, as the principle that the Constitution of the United States gives to every citizen the right to keep his property indefinitely or to be compensated for it if the state should decide to confiscate it.

Mexico has been infected with a Russian philosophy of government and is struggling against the passionate outbursts of socialism which have forced the Calles administration to carry out a program of threatened confiscation which, if not balked by the United States Government, might sooner or later lead to a complete disintegration of such economic unity as Mexico has been able to achieve in recent years. There is nothing complicated about the so-called oil controversy between the United States and Mexico. The issue is a simple one, and the fact that it has continued ever since 1917, when the new Mexican constitution was adopted, is proof of the patience with which both Republican and Democratic Administrations at Washington have dealt with the radicalism below the Rio Grande.

For many centuries international law has been developing. In as much as each state is sovereign, international law has rested upon a generally accepted idea of what is right and equitable. Customs universally agreed upon have become the tenets of international law. The first principle of municipal law is self-preservation and the right to retain one's property. The first principle of international law is that the citizens of one country shall be permitted to live without molestation in another country and enjoy the fruits of their toil.

Half a Loaf for the Oil Men

Originally, all the mineral lands in Mexico belonged to the Spanish crown, just as in the United States there have been public lands which have from time to time been thrown open to entry by new settlers. Under the old Mexican constitution it was the right of the central government to pass laws permitting foreigners to own not only the surface of the land but all the minerals below it, just as has been the case in the United States. Various laws were passed and American citizens went to Mexico, paid for their lands and either developed them or held them for future development.

Then along came the revolution of 1910 against the dictatorship of Porfirio Diaz. One of the issues of that revolution was that Diaz had sold out to foreigners and had permitted, by concessions and otherwise, the valuable mineral lands of the nation to be handed over to foreign interests. The overthrow of Diaz by Madero, followed as it was by the overthrow of Madero by Huerta, and then the establishment of Carranza as the conqueror of Huerta, were not merely successive changes of personnel but a gradual evolution of socialism, until the constitution of 1917 attempted to take back what previous laws had given to foreign settlers. It was solemnly proclaimed that the subsoil in all mineral lands would hereafter be owned by the state and concessions or permits granted in accordance with the wishes of the central government.

The United States Government, under the Wilson Administration, promptly protested that the titles to property already acquired should not be disturbed. It took several years finally to persuade the Mexican courts that a constitutional provision could not in equity be applied retroactively; but the courts of Mexico, acting in consonance with the spirit of the times, gave only half a loaf in their decisions. They decided that lands on which a "positive act," such as drilling or construction, had been performed, could be considered as having perfected titles, but lands on which no exploration had been done beneath the soil had in a sense been forfeited and would revert to the central government.

An Inviolable Contract

So far as the English common law is concerned—indeed, so far as international law is concerned—there was no basis for the contention of the Mexican Government that a title legally acquired could suddenly be upset by a newfangled restriction. Many of the best lawyers of Mexico will concede privately that the entire fabric of the Mexican law does not permit such a novel interpretation; but the truth is the Mexican Government was not motivated by a desire to recognize legal precedent, but by a determination to establish a new political philosophy with respect to the state. In Russia, the Moscow Government assumed the right over the properties of all its subjects and arrogated to itself the privilege of distributing wealth arbitrarily. Somewhat the same notion entered the heads of men who framed the constitution of 1917 in Mexico.

On the surface it is a plausible philosophy that a nation should do as it pleases with the lands which it governs. But for many generations it has been growing evident that nations cannot do what they please within their own borders where the rights of foreigners are concerned, unless, of course, they choose to withdraw themselves from all intercourse with the rest of the world. The Mexican Government would be the first to protest if the United States suddenly enacted a law stating that all property hitherto owned by Mexicans must be forfeited and no compensation given. In fact there is a point beyond which every nation cannot go if it wishes to retain the respect and consideration of other nations. That limitation is firmly established by international law and equity.

Throughout the civilized world the acquisition of title to real estate has been recognized as a contract which cannot be violated. It means that a property cannot be confiscated without compensation. The people of the United States have been so careful of this principle that they have carefully preserved the property of German citizens which was seized during the war. Senator Borah, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the United States Senate, has been the champion of the idea that the United States should not confiscate the property of German citizens, though, to be sure, there are ample precedents for confiscation in time of war. The United States has really assumed a leadership on the principle, however, that the property of private citizens should not be confiscated even in time of war. Yet there are so-called liberal groups in America which are arguing

(Continued on Page 99)

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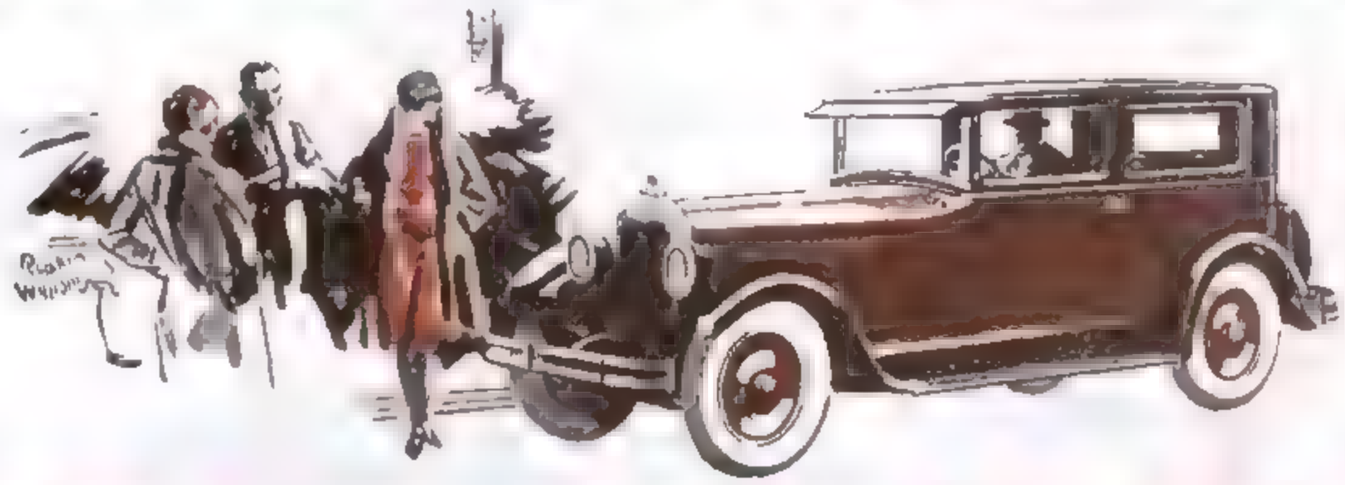

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(Continued from Page 96)

vehemently against the confiscation of the property of German citizens in America, who are at the same time willing to accept the confiscation of the property of American citizens in Mexico.

But these inconsistencies are not to be found in a search of the precedents. Nations have always accepted the idea that private property is immune from seizure in time of peace unless adequate compensation is made. The Mexican Government has declared that her laws will have no practical effect because she is willing to exchange leases for fifty or more years for the titles. I asked a high official of the American Government whether he considered a lease as adequate exchange for a title of ownership.

"Suppose," he said, "I should say that the American Government will seize the house you have bought and paid for, and in exchange will give you a lease, which, of course, is terminable at some future date. Do you suppose you could sell a lease as readily as you could sell a perfected title?"

All International Law at Stake

While it is true, therefore, that the American oil companies will not immediately lose their lands or the right to drill on them, because they will have been given concessions or leases, the American Government cannot surrender on the principle involved, which to it is nothing more or less than confiscation. Individual companies at the present writing have accepted the Mexican Government's concessions and leases, but the United States Government will not accept the principle that a constitution can be enacted in any country which will operate retroactively to disturb perfected titles to property.

If the United States were to accept this theory so far as it applies to Mexico, it would be tantamount to an announcement that any country could by the same process of constitutional amendment obtain possession of the valuable properties owned and developed by citizens of foreign countries. The whole structure of international law, as well as domestic law, is involved in the policy of the United States Government, which is inflexible on this point. The idea of arbitration of a principle as fundamental as the right to be compensated for the confiscation of property is largely academic, though it may turn out that for political reasons an arbitration may be a graceful exit for those who have foisted on the Mexican people the unworkable constitutional provision. For in the opinions of practically every authority, including some of the prominent jurists in Mexico, there is no doubt about what an arbitration tribunal would rule on this point. The verdict would be unquestionably in favor of the United States, and this is one of the reasons why President Coolidge in his recent utterances has expressed wonder that anybody in the United States could see two sides to the legal aspect of the matters at issue with Mexico.

European newspapers have in recent months expressed editorial surprise at the policy of the United States in Mexico and Nicaragua. Such editorials are regarded in Washington as merely the aftermath of an ill feeling in Europe over the refusal of the United States to cancel war debts. Veteran diplomats smile as they read of the European counsel of virtue, remembering the peculiar behavior of European powers in Syria and in the Near and Far East, or indeed in any spheres of influence where European governments have maintained an open alliance with investors in backward countries. While these same editorials were being published abroad, the legations of the European powers were begging the United States for the protection of their nationals. Scarcely a year has gone by in the past twenty-five when European countries have not brought to the attention of the Department of State various infringements by Central American countries on the properties of their nationals. The burdens of the Monroe Doctrine have been regularly deposited on the doorstep of the White House as far back as John Bassett Moore's book of precedents reacheth.

If the United States will not stand between Europeans and the revolutionary governments of this hemisphere, then the European powers would feel free to do their own protecting of nationals. The United States has thus acquired a real responsibility. It cannot be expressed in a single formula, for each Central American state has a more or less different problem from the others. What will be effective in Costa Rica may not be the wise thing to do in Nicaragua. Thus far progress has been made to the point where most Republican and Democratic Administrations have realized that the Government of the United States must assist, directly or indirectly, in preserving order north of Panama lest some other country interfere.

To preserve order is more easily accomplished by discouraging revolution and encouraging the electoral process. But even this is inadequate in those cases where a government needs the physical support of the United States Government. The situation is rapidly developing into one which will enable the United States to reduce to a minimum the troubles of Central America by upholding legally elected governments and refusing to recognize or aid those governments which represent no one but the individuals who temporarily hold the reins of power. Nicaragua has on one occasion indicated a desire to have written in a treaty a provision something like the Platt Amendment.

The United States has inserted in her new treaty with Panama a provision confirming an earlier treaty right whereby Panama agrees to become a belligerent in case the United States is ever at war with any other power. This was done in order to make sure that Panama and the United States would be allied for defensive purposes, thus permitting American troops to be sent to the approaches to the Panama Canal to protect it in time of war. The small republic of Panama, of course, represents a special case; but the United States, in return for the agreement that Panama will regard herself as a belligerent, extended to that republic a guaranty of her independence. This means that no country can invade Panama without incurring the physical hostility of the United States. No such guaranty has been given to any other country in Central America. An implied guaranty of the independence of Haiti was provided when a treaty involving fiscal administration was negotiated. This, however, was more due to a desire to give an assurance against permanent American control than to protect Haiti from invasion.

The Nicaragua Canal Route

The time may come when each of the Central American countries will seek from the United States a guaranty of independence. It is interesting to recall that President Wilson was ready to negotiate treaties with all the republics of this hemisphere which would involve a mutual guaranty that the independence of each would be preserved against territorial aggression. Suspicion on the part of some of the South American countries killed the project in its infancy; but north of Panama it may become a real solution, for if the United States will guarantee the independence and territorial integrity of each of the countries north of Panama, there can be no justified criticism of her policy if upon occasion, either at the invitation of a weak government or because of the existence of no government at all, the forces of the United States are landed to protect the lives and property of foreigners or to supervise the collection of customs and revenues so that external complications may be avoided.

There is an important canal route through Nicaragua which concerns the United States almost as much as the Panama Canal. At one time it was thought that the route through Nicaragua was to be preferred. From a military point of view, there are those who think it ultimately must be preferred, because it is virtually a sea-level route and would contain few, if any, locks, and these are vulnerable to air bombardment. Also there is a lake along the route big enough to shelter many vessels, whereas the Panama Canal is narrow and cannot quickly pass vessels from ocean to ocean, as might sometime be desirable.

A good deal of misunderstanding has arisen about the Nicaragua canal route. Loose statements have recently been made in the press that the United States, after encouraging the Central American Court of Justice, refused to accept one of its awards. The truth is that when Nicaragua and the United States entered into a treaty whereby an option was granted to us for a canal route, the same treaty permitted the United States an option on the Bay of Fonseca for a naval base which would protect the new canal. Costa Rica, Honduras and Salvador protested against payment by the United States to Nicaragua of $3,000,000 for this option, claiming that they, too, had rights along the canal route. The matter was submitted to the Central American Court and it was decided that Nicaragua did not have the exclusive right to make a treaty granting the option. The United States was not a party to the dispute before the court and merely took the position later in ratifying the treaty with Nicaragua that the existing rights of Costa Rica, Honduras and Salvador were not to be considered as in any way jeopardized by the ratification of the treaty. In other words, if the United States should some day build the canal, there is a definite obligation requiring the United States to compensate Costa Rica, Salvador and Honduras, if those countries shall establish without question that their rights are violated when the final canal route is chosen.

Our Manifest Policy

The record of American diplomacy in Central America may contain many mistakes of judgment, but certainly no wrong purposes. Each Administration at Washington has sought only the welfare of the peoples in Central America. The Panama Canal itself has proved a great boon to the Central American countries, for, with the exception of Costa Rica and Guatemala, there is no transcontinental train service from the Atlantic to the Pacific in any of the countries south of Mexico until you reach Chile. Thus when you go from New York to Costa Rica, Salvador, Nicaragua or Honduras, you save time by going through the Panama Canal and up the Pacific side of the continent to the ports of entry. Otherwise it is a journey of several days by mule back.

There is every reason for the protection of the Panama Canal and the development of additional trade routes which will aid the internal development of Central America as well as all of South America. In these days of the airplane and the airship, naval bases for warships are not the only need of a large power. There will be air lanes between the United States and the Canal Zone. Airplane bases will be even more important at strategic points in the Caribbean, as well as on the Pacific side; in fact, from a military point of view, the Canal Zone is just as much the coast of the United States as San Francisco Bay or New York Harbor. Nations do not accept a temporary mood of antipathy toward war as a permanent philosophy. They look far into the future, just as did President Monroe more than a hundred years ago. The manifest policy of the United States is to prevent any power from gaining a foothold on the land between the Rio Grande and the immediate approaches to the Panama Canal. Coupled with this is a determined purpose to assist the peoples in the Caribbean region to a better understanding of the sovereignty they possess, so that they may rise as independent nations with a true sense of their obligations of law in the family of nations.

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200 gal. per hour Fairbanks-Morse Home Water Plant. Others from 120 to 5000 gal. per hour. Fairbanks-Morse Home Water Plants are sold only through recognized, established dealers in each community.

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Give me details of the Fairbanks-Morse Finance Plan ☐ Please send your free book "Home Water Service" to
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My source of water supply is
Lake ☐ Spring ☐ Stream ☐ Deep Well ☐ Shallow Well ☐ Cistern

CADILLAC

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LaSalle

The LaSalle

A New CAR *for* CADILLAC HOMES

It has been apparent for a number of years that a very real need existed in this country for a companion-car of Cadillac calibre to fill a slightly varying field of usefulness.

There has been a very good reason why the need has not been met until this moment.

Another car of Cadillac calibre which could round out Cadillac service in Cadillac homes—supplying the same certainty of distinguished service and carrying the same social status—must of necessity be conceived and executed by the same minds and built by the same hands in the same inspirational environment which can alone produce Cadillac.

Only within the past twenty-four months has it been possible for Cadillac to look beyond its own particular field and arrange to satisfy this other great market—the thousands who have always looked forward to owning a car comparable to the Cadillac in engineering and manufacturing supremacy.

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The luminous result is a rarely beautiful car of most brilliant performance—the LaSalle—companion-car in every sense of the word to the Cadillac as *Sieur René Robert Cavelier* LaSalle himself was companion in distinguished achievement to that other great early-American, *Sieur Antoine de la Mothe* Cadillac.

Here is a second car which is as great as Cadillac—dedicated to slightly different uses and purposes but "bone of its bone and flesh of its flesh" in everything it is, and everything it is designed to do.

You will find that nothing even remotely resembling the LaSalle exists today because it has had incorporated into the very fibre of its manufacture the warp and woof, the lineage, the traditions, the high-breeding—if such a word is permissible—of Cadillac practice and Cadillac idealism.

The LaSalle is manufactured completely by Cadillac Motor Car Company within its own plant. Descriptive details will appear in the ensuing issue of the Post.

The first showing of the LaSalle will be at the Cadillac Spring Salon, March 5th to 12th, in cities throughout America

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY

Detroit, Michigan - Oshawa, Canada

Division of General Motors Corporation

THE CINDERELLA MOTIF

(Continued from Page 7)

the threshold we perceived the shabby coat and the dark eyes and sallow face of the rustic Mr. Hewins, whom we had encountered the day before. The dislike with which Mr. Hewins regarded us became intensified as he stared at our rather scant attire and the informal disorder about him.

"So," he said, "this is the Gold Coast!" This unnecessary piece of information suggested no particular reply, and we regarded Mr. Hewins in silence not untinged with curiosity. "Is this Mr. Witherspoon's room?" he asked. Several of us nodded. Up to that time we had never bothered to dislike Mr. Hewins, but his next remark placed him in an unfavorable light.

"I suppose my clothes aren't good enough," remarked Mr. Hewins. "But still, will they prevent my seeing Mr. Witherspoon?"

Just as Mr. Hewins spoke, the sound of a sigh which was almost a groan proclaimed that Beverley was among us. Beverley, with one hand holding his head and another a Japanese dressing gown, came zigzagging across the carpet.

"What," asked Beverley in a somewhat distant voice—"what's the riot about? . . . Oh, good morning, Hewins. Have you come for your check? Sit down. Would you care for anything?"

"No," said Mr. Hewins, "I wouldn't. I don't take it and I don't care about my check. I want to see you alone."

"I wish," said Beverley with a slight groan, "you wouldn't be so crisp so early in the morning. Just say whatever you wish gently."

Mr. Hewins took a step forward. "I said," he repeated, "I want to see you alone."

"Don't!" said Beverley, putting his hands to his ears. "Not so loud! Don't mind anyone. Everyone's all right." And with another slight groan, Beverley sank back in his leather armchair.

"Last night," said Mr. Hewins, "you were at a dance in Brattle Hall."

"Was I?" said Beverley, stroking his head gently. "Was I?"

"Weren't you?" asked Mr. Hewins, somewhat startled.

"Yes," said Beverley. "It comes back; I remember now."

"And while you were there," said Mr. Hewins, "you made the acquaintance of a Miss Hodges. I wish to tell you that Miss Hodges is a friend of mine—a very particular friend. Witherspoon, I want you to leave that girl alone."

Beverley's mouth opened in a sort of rustic wonder. He pulled himself painfully out of his chair. "Hewins," he said, "are you trying to make me laugh?"

"No," said Mr. Hewins; "I'm only trying to protect Miss Hodges' feelings. She is not acquainted with anyone like you. She might take you seriously."

"What the devil are you driving at?" Beverley's face grew as red as one of the sofa cushions.

"Don't think," said Mr. Hewins, "that I can't guess why you made a spectacle of yourself last night. Unless you leave Miss Hodges alone, I shall tell her why. I'll tell her it isn't the pleasure of her company you're looking for. I'll tell her you want to get a passing grade in Comparative Literature—and don't say you don't, Witherspoon. I know the way you expensive dunces behave here. . . . And you leave her alone."

The mere fact that there was something in what Hewins said made it all the worse, and the more to Beverley's credit that he still remained polite.

"Is that all?" he asked. Mr. Hewins nodded and scowled, and Beverley rose from his leather armchair. "And now," he said, "good morning, Hewins. I'll not keep you any longer."

As Beverley listened to Mr. Hewins' retreating footsteps in the hall, he relaxed in his chair and held his head.

"Why didn't you punch him?" we asked. "Beverley, why didn't you let us punch him if you weren't feeling up to it?"

Beverley groaned and held his head the tighter. "Because he was right," he said in a feeble voice. "Why didn't I think of it before? That fellow has the most amazing way of being right. I couldn't bear to let him know I knew it, but I haven't been a gentleman, and I've got to explain to her I haven't. Never mind why. I've got to. And it occurs to me—yes, it occurs to me that after all my trouble I shall not pass Comparative Literature A."

III

AS BEVERLEY himself said afterward, in the heat of the excitement and the sea of various conflicting emotions it never dawned on him until then that he was behaving in an unchivalrous manner in endeavoring to use the frail form of Clara Hodges as a shield. On that morning of his discontent, when what he had contemplated appeared before his somewhat aching eyes in its true light, there was but one recourse then for anyone with ideals and a reputation. As Beverley said later, his head had that large, light feeling which one sometimes associates with phases of undergraduate life.

Cambridge, as one remembers, even for those acquainted with its eccentricities, presented difficulties, because streets kept branching in odd directions and houses loomed up without any numbers discernible upon door or porch or window. To Beverley, who wandered here and there in his coonskin coat, it seemed that he was struggling through an unexplored and hitherto uncomprehended world which he had striven always to avoid. The neat wooden houses on their small squares of lawn seemed somehow like improving books upon a library shelf.

In some way they reminded him of Clara Hodges from the stiff coldness of their appearance. They were inexpensive houses, and yet decidedly not common, and it seemed to him that Professor Hodges' house resembled Clara even more closely than its fellows.

Upon examining it Beverley Witherspoon said that he felt a horrid qualm which had no connection with the hilarity of the night before.

When the door opened, either there was not a maid or it was the maid's day out, for Clara Hodges, the girl that Beverley Witherspoon had wronged, was standing on the threshold. It seemed to Beverley that suddenly he had become what Mr. Hewins said he was—not worth a damn; a useless, gilded youth. Clara looked just the same. Though she was wearing a brown woolen dress, it might have been the baggy contrivance in which she had appeared the previous evening, and her hair was pulled back, just as it had been, from her forehead, and her blunt freckled nose was exactly as devoid of powder.

In some mysterious manner, Beverley Witherspoon could tell that Clara Hodges had been crying. "May I come in?" said Beverley.

"Very well," said Clara Hodges. A moment later they were in a small room which had a faint odor of cooking cauliflower. At a glance the furnishings confirmed to Beverley the rumor so freely disseminated that the teaching business was underpaid. There were three horsehair chairs and a battered horsehair sofa; a *magna cum laude* degree framed upon the wall, and a steel engraving of Landseer's. In the very middle of that unpromising room, where one might stumble over it in the dark, was a flat-topped walnut desk upon which was a pile of new examination books.

Clara looked at Beverley with grave, unsmiling eyes. "Comparative Literature A," she said, nodding toward the desk. "Papa is letting me correct the poor ones."

The chilliness of this remark, coupled with the odor of cauliflower, made Beverley's head ache violently. "If someone hadn't told me," he remarked, "that course was easy, I—I wouldn't be here now trying to apologize."

"You'd better take your coat off," said Clara, seating herself on the horsehair sofa. "You'll catch cold if you don't. I know why you're sorry and what you tried to do."

"Oh, Hewins told you?"

"Yes," said Clara. "But I wouldn't believe him."

"Then why do you believe him now?"

"Just to look at you," said Clara, "and because I read your examination book." It was really most embarrassing. Beverley wished that she might have blushed or, in fact, have shown any of the symptoms of a woman scorned.

"I don't know what got into me," said Beverley, "to do such a miserable thing, and I hope you'll believe I'm sorry. I—I suppose I must have been crazy. I thought if I was nice to you perhaps you might ——" At this point Beverley was obliged to draw a colored handkerchief from his pocket and mop his brow. "But I never thought I was really using you to ——"

"To what?" said Clara. "Did you think you could get me to ask my father to let you through? Do you think I'd have done it? Do you think he'd have done it?"

The series of questions and their implication was so clear that Beverley rested his head in his hands, uttering at the same time incoherent sounds. "I wish you wouldn't be so direct," he said. "I really don't know what I thought. My mind is still a perfect blank."

"And that's why you were so nice to me last night?"

"Yes," said Beverley.

"And why you were so interested in cocoons?"

"Yes," said Beverley.

A curious expression had come into Clara's face. Her nose was tilted farther upward and her mouth was very straight. "And that's why you—why you ——"

"Why I what?"

"You know perfectly well."

"Now really," began Beverley, "there's no use ——"

As one may imagine, Beverley was in a predicament of unparalleled unpleasantness. Yet he did his best.

"Clara," he said, "I'm awfully sorry. And to show you there's no hard feelings, I'd like—really, I'd like to kiss you again."

Fair, indeed magnanimous, as the offer might seem to an unbiased observer, it had what one might term an opposite effect. The girl on the sofa put a thin brown hand to her throat and gasped.

"You don't have to," said Beverley. "I simply suggested it."

Clara's fingers moved convulsively, pulling at her brown dress. "I think," she said slowly, in a strange, strained voice, "that you're the most contemptible person I ever heard of."

"I agree with you," said Beverley politely, "with certain limitations."

"You don't." It was really most embarrassing. Her voice was suddenly broken. "I know what you thought. You thought you could treat me any way you liked because I'm not smart-looking and don't care for being smart. You wouldn't have dared to do it—you wouldn't to another girl."

Then, in the most unexpected way, the girl Beverley Witherspoon had wronged buried her face in the arm of the horsehair sofa and started sobbing in a very loud, fierce and wholly disconcerting fashion. As Clara continued sobbing after the lapse of several seconds with an intensity which seemed to Beverley to shake the walls of that lean and scholarly room, it occurred to Beverley to wonder what explanation he could give should Professor Hector Hodges, on hearing the undeniably loud noise, chance to open the door. In the perturbation caused by his thought, Beverley rose from his horsehair seat, smoothed his corduroy waistcoat and touched Clara Hodges' shoulder with a timid forefinger.

"Clara," he said in the very nicest way he could, "really I'm not worth crying about."

Little as Beverley had suspected it, at the touch of his finger Clara gave a jump which brought her off the sofa upon her solid useful shoes in the most gymnastic way, causing Beverley to wonder why he had ever considered her meek and heartless. In fact, Beverley Witherspoon recoiled slightly.

"Crying about you!" she said. "Ha!" At the sound of this short, unexpected sound, Beverley admitted that he recoiled a second time. Clara's snub nose was redder; her frank wide eyes, also slightly red, glowed with a fitful light; her small mouth, which Beverley had considered the previous evening as her best feature, was twisted into an unseemly curve.

Beverley turned to the chair where he had left his coonskin coat. "It occurs to me," he began, "that there isn't much more to say."

"There's a great deal more to say."

Beverley dropped his coonskin coat. Clara Hodges had moved with a lithe, quick stride to the flat-topped desk and had picked up an examination book. "Is it true," she asked in a strange hard voice, "that if you don't pass this you'll be expelled?"

"If you said 'forced to leave,'" replied Beverley somewhat stiffly, "I should agree with you. But let's forget. I've discounted that already."

"And you'd do a great deal so as not to be forced to leave?"

"A great deal," agreed Beverley.

"Very well, I'll make you a bargain. I'm to mark your book, and I'll give you a C on it if you'll get me an invitation and take me next Saturday to the Stillwells' ball."

Beverley Witherspoon swayed backward on his heels, not so much from the possibility of deliverance from his toils as from his surprise at such a nefarious proposition coming from such a source, and the thought which entered Beverley's mind found its way to speech: "May I ask why you want to go?"

Clara had picked up a pencil and was examining a page of Beverley's examination book.

"Why do you think it so queer?" she said. "Doesn't everybody want to go?"

Though Beverley's head was aching, he nevertheless had a sudden thought. "I've got it," said Beverley in a feeble tone. "I know what the Cinderella motif means now."

"It's a pity you didn't know it yesterday," said Clara. "Are you going to take me, or aren't you?"

Beverley tried to think, but a vision of Clara the night before, formidable in her sensible slippers and baggy dress, made all thinking difficult. "You know the Stillwells?" he asked.

"No; but is there any reason why I shouldn't?"

"None at all," said Beverley. "But ——"

"Are you going to take me or aren't you?"

Beverley looked at Clara frankly. "If I do take you, do you expect to have a good time?"

"That's part of it." Beverley almost shuddered at her promptness. "You're going to give me a good time. You're going to see I'm dancing every minute. Are you going to take me or aren't you?"

"If I do take you," said Beverley, "you'll have to wear something different from what you wore last night." Beverley was growing angry, and thus he felt some satisfaction to see Clara startled.

"Why, what was the matter with my dress last night?"

(Continued on Page 107)

Interesting only to Those Who Have Acquired the Antiseptic Mouth Wash Habit

If you have not been actually converted to the Mouth Wash Habit, you may not be interested in reading this advertisement—but Twenty Million followers should. They've adopted the Mouth Wash Habit as the Third Great Health Habit—Bathing and Tooth-Brushing being the First and Second. Naturally they are interested in a more effective Mouth Wash—one that is CONCENTRATED—like Astringosol. Because they can use any strength they like with Astringosol. They can be just so much more certain that unpleasant mouth odors will not bob up again an hour or so after they ASTRINGOSOL their mouths.

Astringosol an effective antiseptic. Try it on cuts.

For Astringosol—the CONCENTRATED Antiseptic—is more than an antiseptic. It stimulates the gum tissues. It hardens and tones up the gums. It tightens up the gum-edges and prevents the formation of billions of invisible micro-organisms that breed beneath loose gum-margins. These organisms poison the system and frequently produce Rheumatism, Neuritis, Kidney Trouble and, incidentally, Heart Trouble. ASTRINGOSOL also combats the dangerous, invisible micro-organisms of the tonsils. Try gargling the throat once. It will feel clean as a whistle afterward. It will be as clean as it feels. Astringosol is one of the best arguments you can give a cold or irritated sore throat. And it routs the enamel-destroying agents between the teeth as no ordinary tooth brush ever can.

It Does More

It is natural to expect more radical results from a concentrated mouth wash than from an ordinary one. Quicker results. Striking results. Bad breath needs more than a mild antiseptic to really DOWN it. And Astringosol IS more. When Astringosol comes, bad breath goes. A few drops on a moist tooth brush will destroy common mouth bacteria. Dentists use it full strength to destroy the most persistent kind. It can be used to prevent pyorrhea. As for ordinary sore throats, they'll find it hard to get going—and keep going if you ASTRINGOSOL your throat daily. You'll easily find the strength you prefer—though Astringosol will do no harm in any dilution. Very little is necessary for mouth wash purposes.

Dentists use Astringosol to destroy mouth bacteria.

It Tastes Better

Astringosol does more, tastes better, costs less. It is concentrated. An agreeable opalescence comes to water mixed with it—and a pleasant milky effect when you add more Astringosol. A mouthful, properly diluted, is as pleasant tasting as a fountain beverage. You take a tingling mouth bath each time you use Astringosol.

Economical You DROP OUT ASTRINGOSOL

It Costs Less

Naturally a CONCENTRATED Mouth Wash is the most economical. You POUR out other mouth washes. You DROP out Astringosol from a special bottle, and add water, which costs you nothing. Two regular breath-sweetening, gum-cleansing, tooth-cleansing gargles cost less than three cents a day. Not much to pay for a mouth wash that is MORE than a mouth wash—that changes unpleasant breath to pure breath—that stands like a health sentinel at throat and gums.

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Use Astringosol twice a day—Visit your dentist twice a year

For a free three-day sample write name and address on this coupon and mail to Dept. 21, Frederick Stearns & Company, Detroit, Mich.

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It was as bad for his associates as it was for his wife. Why didn't somebody tip him off to the Third Great Health Habit?

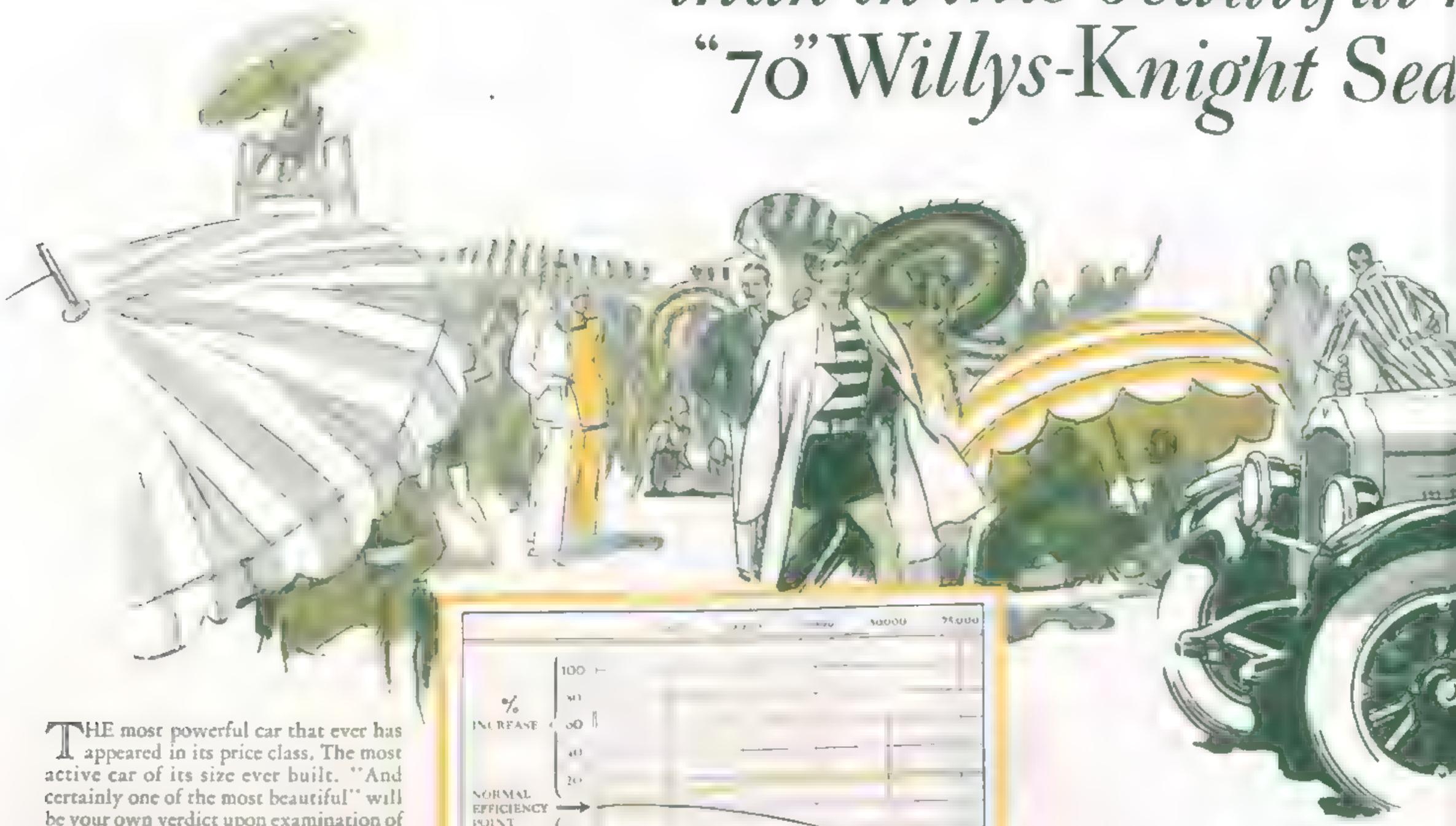
ASTRINGOSOL

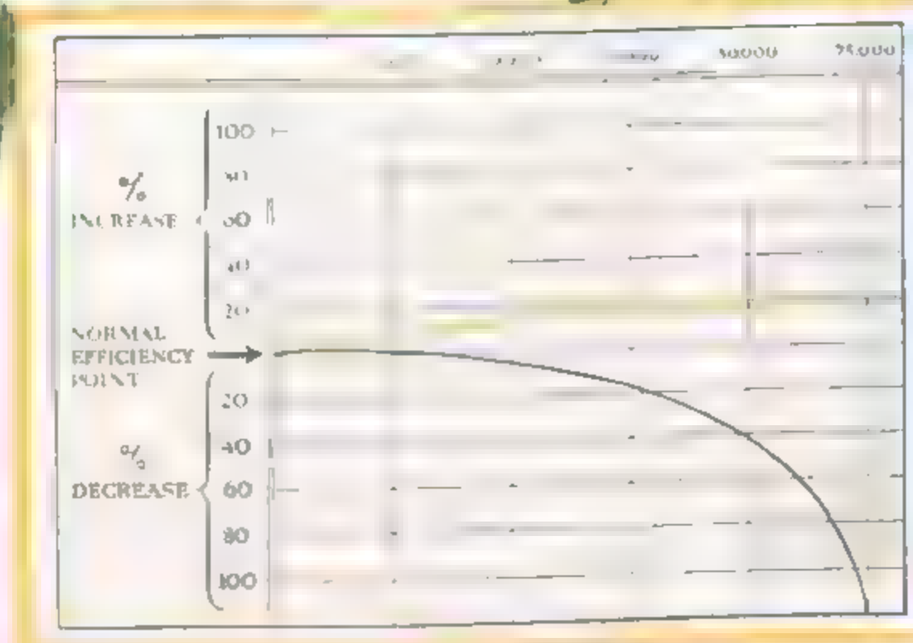
STEARNS CONCENTRATED ANTISEPTIC

DOES MORE - COSTS LESS - TASTES BETTER

Never was Engineerin More Convincingly E

– than in this beautiful "70" Willys-Knight Sed





Graph indicating estimated comparative efficiency of sleeve-valve (color line) and poppet-valve (black line) motors based upon average performance of both types. Note gradual rise of sleeve-valve engine efficiency curve up to and beyond the 75,000 mile mark and gradual decline to zero point of average poppet-valve engine at corresponding mileage.

THE most powerful car that ever has appeared in its price class. The most active car of its size ever built. "And certainly one of the most beautiful" will be your own verdict upon examination of the Willys-Knight "70" Six.

The great popularity which this car has achieved since its introduction just fourteen months ago is based upon a group of exclusive engineering features found in no other of its type or class.

The longer you drive it the better it becomes

The only motor-car engine in the world that actually improves with use. The only automobile power-plant that, to a mileage figure never yet determined, grows more powerful, more efficient, and sweeter and quieter with every mile. The patented Knight sleeve-valve motor of the Willys-Knight "70" Six always has developed more horsepower than any other stock engine of its size ever produced in this country. And now new-type manifolding gives a still greater increase in its engine-efficiency, greater economy, better all-'round performance, and still more power.

Carbon Troubles and Valve Grinding Gone for Good

With the patented Knight sleeve-valve engine of the Willys-Knight "70" Six you never know what carbon trouble is—and there are no valves to grind. Hence, no enforced layups. No periodic tearing down of vital parts. This car is in active service all the time and, because of the avoidance of all carbon complications and valve-grinding, it cuts your upkeep cost in two.

A Rectifier that Rectifies— An Air Cleaner that Clea

The Willys-Knight "70" Six is notab light on oil. The Willys-Knight Oil Rectif is one of the most efficient ever devised greatly minimizes the quantity of oil consum because it effectively prevents oil dilution. T water-cooling system of the Willys-Knight "7 Six is thermostatically controlled. The amount water passing the system is so regulated that, on the engine warms to the proper point, the the mostatic action maintains this degree of heat. the air taken through the carburetor into t engine is cleansed thoroughly by a new-type A

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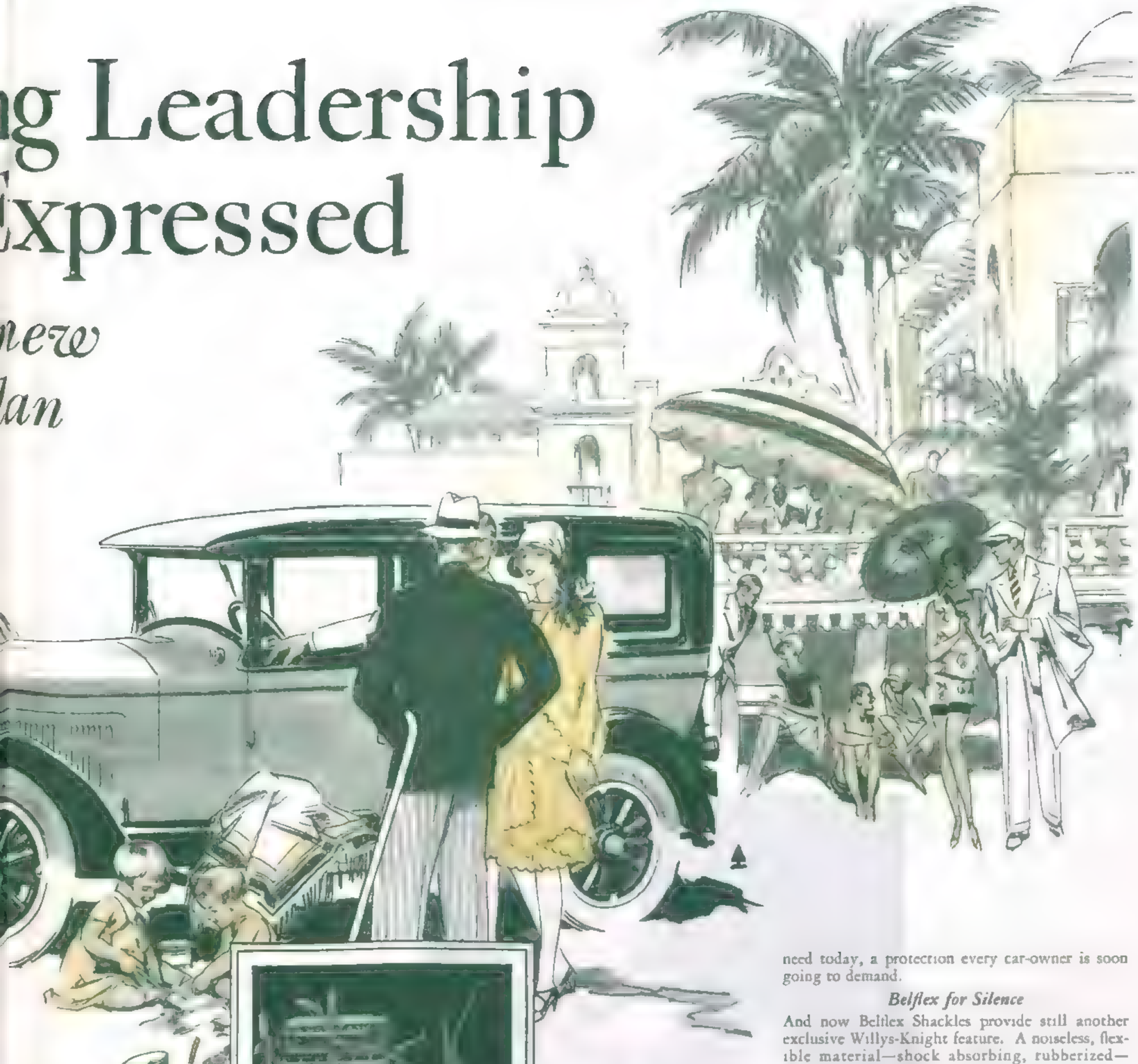

Cleaner This cleaner eliminates all dust and grit, thus greatly reducing wear on moving parts

Safety—First, Last and All the Time

Positive, mechanical 4-wheel brakes, the same type used in 97% of leading European cars. In the best engineering opinion, the '70' Willys-Knight Six is equipped with the safest, most responsive and most nearly infallible of all brakes Its low-swung chassis provides another element of safety At all speeds, under all driving conditions, this car fairly hugs the ground In its narrow clear-vision corner posts is still another safety factor Other cars coming from left, right or at any angle are always in full view Clear driving vision is a vital need today, a protection every car-owner is soon going to demand.

Belflex for Silence

And now Belflex Shackles provide still another exclusive Willys-Knight feature. A noiseless, flexible material—shock absorbing, rubberized—Belflex guards against all chassis rattles and squeaks. It deadens road vibration, affords permanent chassis silence, and diminishes wear at every point of the car.

Examine the Willys Knight "70" Six for yourself —you'll delight in the beauty of it Ride in it —you'll thrill to the comfort of it Drive it—feel its responsiveness, its liveliness, the amazing power of it You really owe to yourself a thorough knowledge of the Engineering Leadership expressed in the Willys-Knight "70" Six before committing yourself to any less modern automobile

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Willys Knight "70" Six prices from $1295 to $1495. Willys-Knight Great Six, from $1850 to $2295- f o b factory Prices and specifications subject to change without notice . Willys Overland dealers offer unusually attractive credit terms . . . Willys-Overland, Inc., Toledo, Ohio. Willys-Overland Sales Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

GHT "70" SIX

75% of all motor repairs are caused by faulty lubrication.

It takes a MAN *to make* Motor-repairs *but a* WOMAN *to prevent them*

MOST women have been made to believe that, for them, an automobile motor bears an unwritten "hands off!"

And too many men attach too much importance to repairing the car when things go wrong . . . and not enough to taking the simple precautions that prevent motor troubles.

It may take a man's mechanical-sense to make motor repairs . . . but, surely, a woman's common-sense can prevent many of them, by making sure, for example, that the car has *the right motor oil* and not just *any oil.*

If you are not buying the right oil for your car, it is probably because no one has told you why motor oil is so important. And the reasons are easy to understand.

The right oil is so important

It is a lubricating oil's job to protect your motor by forming a thin film over all the vital parts. As long as that film remains unbroken, your motor is protected. But the instant the film breaks, scorching heat beats upon unprotected surfaces. And tearing, grinding friction attacks raw, unguarded metal.

The result, sooner or later, is a burned-out bearing, a scored cylinder or a seized piston, a dismal trip to a repair shop, and big bills to pay. That is why the responsibility of a motor oil is so great. That is why it pays to choose your motor oil with the same care that you choose your car.

For years, Tide Water Oil technologists studied and tested not only oils but *oil films.* Finally, in Veedol, they perfected an oil which gives the "film of protection," *thin as tissue, smooth as silk, tough as steel.* A film that resists deadly heat and friction. A film that does not fail.

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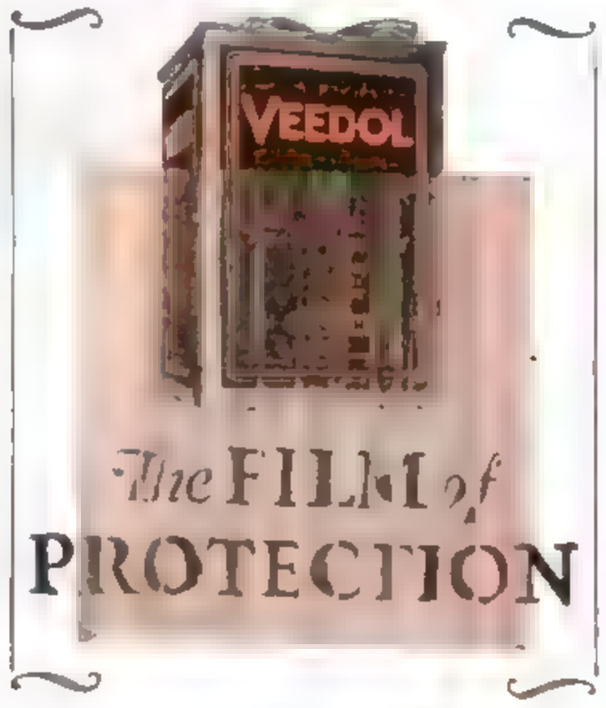
Let the "film of protection" guard your motor

Car owners all over the world have learned by experience that the "film of protection" means a smoother running car, more power, more mileage and greater freedom from repairs.

Wherever you see the orange and black Veedol sign you will find a dealer who believes in, and recommends the "film of protection." Tell the dealer that you want the crankcase drained and refilled with the correct Veedol oil for your car. He will be glad to render this service for you.

Always ask for Veedol Lubricants by name. If you drive a Ford, ask for Veedol Forzol, the oil that gives eight definite economies in operation.

Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, 11 Broadway, New York. Branches or warehouses in all principal cities.



NOTE TO READERS

A Women's Department has been established by the Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation for information and advice on the solution of your automobile problems. Write Miss Marie Brown, at our home offices, 11 Broadway, New York City.

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(Continued from Page 102)

"Nothing," said Beverley, with a new confidence, "except that no one ever dances with a girl in a dress like that. What you need is a violent blue velvet that everyone can see."

"But—but"—Clara Hodges looked disturbed at last—"I can't do that. I haven't got the money."

Beverley looked at Clara and then at the examination books. "All right," he said. "I'll buy it for you."

"Oh!" cried Clara, and her face grew scarlet. "Oh!"

"It's just part of it," said Beverley easily. "You can throw it away afterward. No one need know. I'll get you a room to dress in at a hotel."

"Oh!" cried Clara, but her voice had dropped almost to a whisper.

"Don't worry," said Beverley easily. "I'll say you're my sister. The room clerks all know me at the hotels."

"Do they?" said Clara doubtfully.

"Of course," said Beverley. One recalls the time when we all were men of the world and everything seemed simple. "Meet me in town tomorrow morning in front of Hélène's—that's all."

"Oh," began Clara, "I never knew—I never heard ——"

But just then the opening of a door broke upon Clara's thought. Professor Hector Hodges entered and blinked at Beverley in a way that showed surprise. Yet once in his own surroundings, it seemed to Beverley that Professor Hodges lacked his usual sinister aspect, and instead was almost cordial.

"Why, Witherspoon," said Professor Hodges, "I never thought to see you here! Have you found what the Cinderella motif means yet?"

"Yes, sir," said Beverley. "Your daughter has just been explaining it."

"And he didn't really need to know," said Clara, so suddenly that Beverley was startled. "Mr. Witherspoon—I mean Beverley—did quite well, really. He got a C plus, father."

The plus, it seemed to Beverley, judging by the somewhat altered look of Professor Hodges, was carrying a good thing too far. He knew what the plus stood for. It was the blue velvet dress, and for once in his life Beverley felt like a thief, or almost a thief.

"Sir," said Beverley in a hollow voice, "there's one thing I ought to say."

"Beverley," said Clara sharply, "don't interrupt. Don't you hear? Papa's speaking."

"Who's that ringing the doorbell?" inquired Professor Hodges. "Clara, are you having another caller?"

"Yes," said Clara. "Don't go to the door. Katy has come in. It's Arthur Hewins."

The somber, ravenlike expression which Beverley remembered best returned to Professor Hodges. "It sometimes seems to me that the only callers at our house are the queer, undeveloped type with a provincial cast of mind," he said.

"But, papa," said Clara, "Beverley's not provincial."

The smooth and thoughtless ease with which Clara Hodges sinned filled Beverley with reluctant admiration. And now that Beverley was in the midst of crime, he felt it all becoming easier. "Sometimes," he said, "it occurs to me that Mr. Hewins doesn't like me, and even thinks I don't amount to much. But do you know, before I was severed from St. Swithin's, they named a thing I invented at the soda place down there the Witherspoon flip. They still call it the Witherspoon flip."

Professor Hodges made a startling sound which Beverley suddenly recognized as laughter. Suddenly Clara began to laugh in a way which seemed to Beverley almost musical and pleasant. In fact, everyone was laughing as Beverley put on his raccoon coat and as Mr. Hewins appeared.

"Don't bother," said Mr. Hewins, with what Beverley was forced to admit was considerable adroitness. "I'll see Witherspoon out."

Once out in the hall, it became increasingly evident to Beverley that Mr. Hewins did harbor a dislike toward him. "What are you doing here?" asked Mr. Hewins in a very low voice.

Beverley smiled at Mr. Hewins almost spitefully, warmed by the burning jealousy in Mr. Hewins' glance. "Just studying," he said; "investigating the Cinderella motif in literature."

IV

THE next afternoon, upon that part of Boylston Street which displays its wares just at the end of the Boston Public Gardens, Beverley Witherspoon met Clara Hodges by appointment. Clara was not difficult to recognize. In fact, her small but efficient hat and badly tailored coat were distinguishable nearly a block away.

"Well," said Clara—she looked singularly defiant—"I suppose you thought I would be afraid at the last moment."

"No," said Beverley with a sigh, "I never thought that."

"Well, I'm not afraid," said Clara.

Unpleasant as it was to admit, Beverley felt certain qualms of nervousness. Hélène's, as one recalls, was that type of store peculiarly indigenous to Boston with both a gentlemen's and a ladies' department which for a generation had been growing side by side. Beverley, despite his sophistication, had never entered the ladies' side of the shop. Clara, with her nose slightly in the air and her shoes planting themselves firmly on the carpet, moved ahead of him, in direct contrast to all the creations in the show room.

"My sister," said Beverley to a highly colored saleslady, "has just come from one of those athletic girls' colleges."

"What?" said Clara, turning on him.

"One of those colleges where they don't think much about dress," continued Beverley easily. "She wants a ball gown—and charge it to my account. The family didn't open one for her."

"Something simple?" asked the saleslady encouragingly.

"No," said Beverley; "something complicated and expensive in blue or red velvet, with clinging lines."

Once on the street again, Beverley hailed a taxicab, which stopped with that marked eagerness which Beverley had grown to expect. He was surprised, however, to see Clara spring inside it with an even greater eagerness and to wedge herself into the corner farthest from the sidewalk.

"Hurry!" whispered Clara. "Tell him to hurry. I think—I'm sure—I saw someone I knew."

In the richness of the hotel, Beverley looked at Clara and was considerably relieved as he assured himself that no one could think of Clara as anything but his sister. "Good morning, George," he said to the room clerk. "My sister has come from college and she wants a room for Saturday night just to dress in for the Stillwells' ball."

"You're just in time, Mr. Witherspoon," said the room clerk. "Rooms are going fast for Saturday." He reached beneath the marble counter and produced a new page of ledger paper. "I'll let Miss Witherspoon register now and then there won't be any mistake."

"And, George," said Beverley, "how is the lady in the beauty parlor down in the cellar? Is she competent?"

"Is she competent?" said George. "Mr. Witherspoon, that girl could make a back fence look like Aphrodite."

"In that case," said Beverley, "have her call at my sister's room at eight—not that she needs to go quite so far as that."

"Not for any sister of yours, Mr. Witherspoon," said George. "If the young lady will sign right on the line. . . . Here, how's this? Didn't you say she was your sister?"

Beverley stared at the ledger page and caught his breath. The horrid thing which had occurred was entirely out of his reckoning. In fair, round letters Clara had written "Clara Hodges."

Nevertheless, Beverley answered promptly, even with a slight sigh: "She's my half sister, George; but one can't always deal in fractions."

Once in the dining room, Beverley ordered a cocktail, which he drank with considerable abruptness. It was hardly time for luncheon, and yet he needed stimulant. Across the table from him, Clara Hodges was looking at him curiously, almost in a friendly way.

"Oh," said Clara, "I don't see how you dare do such things."

"Adolf," said Beverley, "another cocktail, please, and one for the lady too. Now don't say no. Remember what Danton said: *'L'audace! L'audace! Toujours l'audace!'*"

"You really know a good deal," said Clara.

"Do I?" said Beverley dreamily. Now that the morning was past, he felt rested and calmer, and it even seemed to him that Clara's company was pleasant. "Who knows? I wonder. Are my talents wasted? Am I really clever, or would I just be somebody like Hewins if I exerted myself in a scholastic way?"

"You needn't be so disagreeable about him," said Clara.

"Why not?" asked Beverley. "He isn't very nice to me."

"Because," said Clara, "I know he isn't like you. He isn't careless and he doesn't think hardly anything is funny; but still—I'm not telling everybody—but I'm almost engaged to Mr. Hewins."

Some time later several of us discovered Beverley Witherspoon in that room of ours technically known as the study. Beverley was pacing about the room in a very uncharacteristic way. We tried to rouse him by that snatch of song about things being rather wet at the Somerset during the big exclusive affair, but Beverley stopped us almost savagely.

"Don't!" he cried. "Please don't sing that. I am taking Clara Hodges to the Stillwells' ball tomorrow night."

It was only later, much later, that we knew everything that had occurred, so one can imagine the surprise we felt at Beverley's announcement.

Before we had time even to ask for an explanation of these extraordinary words, we were disturbed by a familiar apparition in the doorway.

It was Jimmy Muldoon, and of course we greeted him cordially.

Though Jimmy was only an employe, not even the janitor of the dormitory we inhabited, Jimmy had a social status. When all else failed, it was Jimmy who could get railroad reservations and seats to prize fights.

It was Jimmy who could even help you from the clutches of the law through some occult influence of his own.

"Mr. Witherspoon," said Jimmy, "there's a guy been looking for you—a guy named Hewins, and I come to tip you off."

Beverley was not himself; he scowled, he looked almost angry. "How do you mean—you want to tip me off?"

"I mean," said Jimmy, "I want to put you wise. That guy don't mean you no good, Mr. Witherspoon. He stayed nearly an hour, asking all sorts of questions."

"What sort of questions?" inquired Beverley, with a still more savage expression.

"All kinds of questions," said Jimmy, with a mysterious knowing gesture. "I'm wise to guys like that. He don't mean you no good, Mr. Witherspoon—that's all."

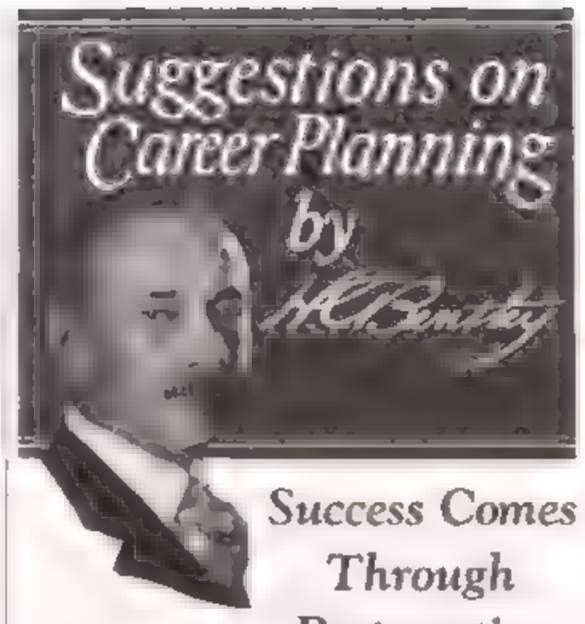
For a moment Beverley looked thoughtfully at Jimmy. "Jimmy," he said at length, "you think I'm a nice honest boy, don't you?"

"That's it," said Jimmy, "laugh it off. You're the greatest laugher I ever see, Mr. Witherspoon."

But, as Beverley said afterward, one could seldom laugh when one really was a criminal.

V

SOMETIMES it was difficult to know when Beverley was speaking how much he said was imaginary and how much had a basis. He had a most puzzling way of drawing upon reservoirs filled with gay-tinted thoughts with which to decorate a



Success Comes Through Preparation

ANY suggestions are submitted for the benefit of two classes of young men: (1) Those who have not definitely decided upon a vocation, and (2) those who plan to follow a business career.

¶I have written a booklet, "Career Planning" to serve as a guide to young men in the selection of a vocation. It classifies various trades and professions, gives suggestions that are helpful in choosing a career, and contains an interesting treatise on public accounting and the administrative departments of business.

¶Young men who face the problem of selecting a career are urged to send for a copy of "Career Planning." It is free. Until one has made up his mind what he will do for a living, he is liable to drift along with an indifferent attitude toward his studies and personal development. Decide what your life work is to be and then focus your efforts in becoming a leader in that particular field. *In brief, plan to get somewhere and do something.*

¶I suggest to young men desiring to follow a business career that they secure their training for this great profession (for business is a profession) at a professional school of college grade, and that they specialize in some one branch of business administration. A liberal training for business means a superficial training in all branches of business administration. It provides breadth but no depth. A specialized training is narrow but deep.

¶It qualifies a man to do some one thing *well*, and that is what is wanted today in business. This is the age of specialization, and the man who can qualify as a specialist is in demand. He has a very marked advantage over the man who knows a little about many things but not very much about any one of them.

¶There are remarkable opportunities in business for properly trained accountants. The accounting department offers an analytical study of a business as a whole—it is the department of vital statistics and the one in which many treasurers, general managers, and presidents are developed. The study and practice of accounting develops analytical thinking, precision, orderliness, and appeals to one who enjoys dealing with business problems and finances. It is the bedrock of successful business administration.

¶The Bentley School of Accounting and Finance is the largest professional school of college grade in the world devoted exclusively to training men for specialized positions in Accounting and Finance. Its graduates are employed as office managers, cost accountants, auditors, comptrollers, credit managers, assistant treasurers, treasurers, and public accountants.

¶Send for a copy of "Career Planning" and state if you would like a copy of our catalog. Resident courses only.

H. C. BENTLEY, C. P. A., *President*,

THE BENTLEY SCHOOL OF ACCOUNTING & FINANCE
921 Boylston St. Boston, Mass.

trivial event until it glimmered like a sunset. How much of all the things that happened next was imagination and how much solid truth?

"I tell you," Beverley always said, "it's the Cinderella motif. It's perfectly simple, if you remember that."

And there you have the trouble. Beverley doubtless had the Cinderella motif so firmly implanted on his mind that not everything he told about was actually real, yet everybody knows what happened the night of the Stillwells' ball. Everybody knows! Probably Beverley was too preoccupied when he reached the hotel to notice that a change had taken place in Clara Hodges, as magical as any fairy story.

The scrutiny of George, the room clerk, embarrassed Beverley as he waited by the desk. There seemed to be a cynical look in George's eye, and thus when Clara appeared wrapped in the party cloak he had purchased, he scarcely looked at her.

"Come on," he said. "I've a car outside." He did not notice a magic change or even a grim, set look in Clara's face.

"I suppose you thought I'd be afraid to come," said Clara Hodges. "Well, I'm not afraid "

"You don't have to keep saying that," said Beverley.

"Well, I'm not afraid," said Clara.

Not only did Beverley neglect to look at Clara but he was too preoccupied even to be polite.

"I don't see what you want to come to the thing for," said Beverley. "Why do you want to come?"

"I'm going to have a good time, now I'm coming," said Clara. "Remember that."

Beverley squared his shoulders and nodded grimly.

"Why are you biting your lip?" said Clara.

"Because I'm ashamed of myself," said Beverley.

"Are you? Well, I'm not," said Clara.

Mr. and Mrs. Stillwell had a large house, heavy and portly like themselves. There was plenty of room on the ground floor for dancing, and upstairs there were plenty of comfortable places to sit. Mr. Stillwell, one recalls, was a type of man peculiarly an outgrowth of college life. Though his hair was gray, and though he was more than middle-aged about the waistline, Mr. Stillwell had never grown old. To all intents and purposes, his life and progress had stopped with his senior year at college thirty-five years back, and during the thirty-five years that intervened Mr. Stillwell simply relived the only four years that counted. One might sometimes imagine that Mrs. Stillwell was irritated by this state of mind, gracefully as she had managed to survive it.

"So this is the Miss Hodges," said Mrs. Stillwell. "Are you one of the New York Hodgeses?"

"New York or San Francisco," said Mr. Stillwell, "you can always trust a Witherspoon's taste. . . . There goes the music. Won't you dance with me, Miss Hodges?"

"Jonas!" said Mrs. Stillwell.

"All right, all right," said Mr. Stillwell, "I won't. I'll stay here, but you can always trust a Witherspoon to bring a pretty girl."

No, not till then did Beverley realize that there was something different about Clara Hodges. He looked at her with a startled glance, and then he noticed that others were looking. Yes, something had happened to Clara. If Clara Hodges was not exactly beautiful, there was something about her that made up for it—the sparkle in her eye, the cynical, reckless turn to her lips.

"I want some champagne," said Clara.

"What?" said Beverley. "Some champagne!"

"Why does that seem queer?" asked Clara.

"It doesn't seem queer," said Beverley hastily. "Clara, you know you're looking very well tonight." She was no longer the girl he had wronged, or thought of wronging not in her blue dress and her silver slippers. "Clara," said Beverley, "remember you are having supper with me later."

Clara Hodges looked at him queerly. "Is that part of it?" she asked. "I have an idea that I can find somebody else."

Beverley could never explain what had happened or what had got into him. In the smoking room an hour later—those were the days when smoking rooms were worth resorting to—Beverley appeared with an expression at the same time dazed and bewildered.

"Do you know," he said, "there isn't a chance to dance with her any more."

We did know. At last we had all seen Clara. "I thought you said that she wasn't good-looking," we remarked.

The same expression of wonder was on Beverley's face. Before he replied he poured himself a small glass of stimulant, probably more to cover his confusion than because he needed it. "Nonsense," said Beverley. "I never said such a thing. I couldn't have."

As Beverley said long afterward, he did not know exactly what he was saying. For a long while after that he stood motionless, leaning gently against the wall of the Stillwells' ballroom. By that time there could not be the slightest doubt. Clara Hodges had become successful. Mrs. Stillwell and several old ladies were looking at Clara curiously. Partner after partner advanced hopefully, only to dance a half dozen steps before he was relieved. Beverley could see it. Clara's new dress was of such a color that he could not miss her. As the minutes passed, it became more and more surprising to think that he had ever looked upon her lightly. He was ashamed of himself, and yet at the same time proud. What could he be thinking of? Was it possible that he was proud that he had brought Clara Hodges to the Stillwells' ball? But what is the use of going on? It was not Clara's dress. It was not her silver slippers. It was some eagerness, some desperate desire for merriment in Clara that made us like her. She seemed to have an interest in everything, and yet at the same time a contempt for it that was curious and new.

"It was the Cinderella motif," Beverley always said. "And do you know what occurs to me now? It occurs to me that every woman is a potential Cinderella if one only treats her right "

That night it seemed to Beverley that he had known Clara for a long while. That Cambridge dance, Comparative Literature A and Professor Hodges' house, with the smell of cauliflower in the hall, seemed like the beginning of a span of years; and yet Beverley was puzzled still.

What had induced Clara Hodges to wish to come to the Stillwells' ball? It was later, after midnight, that Beverley understood.

He and Clara were sitting in the Stillwell library and no one else was there. It did not surprise Beverley that Clara had wished to come, because he was always adept at bringing girls to libraries. As they sat upon a sofa in front of the coal grate Beverley noticed that Clara was smiling and that her eyes were brighter than he had ever seen them.

"Give me a cigarette, please," said Clara.

"You don't smoke, do you?" said Beverley, raising his eyebrows. It was nearer the Victorian era then, and smoking was not so popular.

"Well," said Clara, "I'm going to start it now." And she leaned toward Beverley, touching his hand an instant to steady it as he produced a lighted match. At the same time Clara looked at him and smiled in a way that made him feel very strange. It was at that moment that Beverley felt he had known Clara for a long time and that they had been through desperate days together.

"So," said Clara, "you didn't think I could get away with it? Well, I did."

"Yes," said Beverley, "you did."

Clara looked at him searchingly and again Beverley felt very strange. "And what do you think of me now?" asked Clara.

"There isn't any use in my saying," said Beverley sadly. "You don't care what I think of you."

"Do you really believe that?" said Clara, very softly.

"Of course," said Beverley, feeling more strange than ever. "You couldn't care what I think. You couldn't really want to know."

Clara seemed pleased. Her eyes were still brighter. She sighed softly and tossed her cigarette into the fire. "It has been wonderful tonight," she said. "There is only one thing that would make it perfect—just one thing."

Beverley felt still more strange, and at the same time dazed again. Being well versed in the ways of the world, he could not be mistaken, and yet

"Do you remember the first time I ever met you?" said Clara "when you took me home?"

"Yes," said Beverley.

"Well," said Clara.

At the juncture Beverley understood. "Clara," he said softly—"Clara," and Clara Hodges was leaning toward him and her eyes were very bright.

The next instant, try as Beverley might to reconstruct it, was always blurred and indefinite. But the instant after he was on his feet with the blood racing furiously through his temples as though an artery had burst. Clara Hodges had struck him in the face. She had struck him full and hard across his cheek and across the corner of his mouth. There was a sulphurous taste on his tongue, and Clara Hodges was standing near him with a fixed, curious smile.

"That's what I wanted," said Clara. There was a noise in his ears which made her voice seem very distant. "Just to have you try that again. That sets us even now."

Beverley did not reply. His hand was trembling and he was dabbing at a cut on the corner of his mouth.

"Yes," said Clara. "Some girls might have cried and let it go, but I'm not made like that. We're even for your patronage. We're even for your contempt absolutely even."

"Yes," said Beverley. Suddenly he felt as cold as ice. "But may I ask a question? Was that why you wanted to go to the Stillwells' ball? Was that why you did everything just to slap my face?"

"You're really quite intelligent," said Clara. "Yes, that's exactly why."

Beverley felt his finger nails digging into his palms, but he managed to smile. "That's why you gave me a C in Comparative Literature," he said—"just to slap my face. You might have said that was what you wanted in the first place. It would have saved a lot of trouble. . . . Hello, what is it, Thompson?"

It was Thompson, the Stillwells' butler, who looked exceedingly embarrassed. "I beg pardon, sir," he began.

"What is it?" repeated Beverley. The way Thompson stared at him was driving him into a fury.

"I beg pardon," said Thompson. "But is this Miss Hodges? She is wanted on the telephone."

"Who?" began Clara, standing white-faced and motionless. "Where is the telephone?"

Thompson pointed to an instrument on the table and stood indecisively as Clara picked it up. "Beg pardon," he said to Beverley, "but have you cut your lip, sir?"

"It isn't anything," said Beverley. He scarcely knew his voice. He knew already that the thing was growing to a scandal. In another day he knew that everyone would know it. "I cut my lip against the chair, bending down to get the lady's handkerchief. You may go now, Thompson."

Then he stood staring at the fire, and his throat and eyelids were hot, and the blood was still humming in his ears. Then he heard a voice calling him. It was Clara's voice.

"Beverley!" she said. "Beverley!" She was leaning against the table near the telephone, looking white and sick. Beverley looked at her, but he could not trust himself to speak. "It was father," said Clara, staring straight before her. "It was father on the telephone." The words were mechanical, utterly devoid of emphasis. "He wants me to come home at once."

"Does he?" said Beverley, and it seemed to Beverley that there was justice still in heaven.

"What am I going to do?" Clara's voice rose as though she was in pain. "He knows about the dress, about the hotel! He knows about everything!"

Yes, there is justice in heaven—perfect justice.

"Can't you say anything?" cried Clara. "What am I going to do? It's your fault as much as mine."

"Is it?" said Beverley.

"It is," said Clara. "You know it is. It was Arthur Hewins. How did he find out? Beverley, aren't you going to help me?"

Beverley remembered the saying that the woman always pays, and he was glad it was true. "It occurs to me," he said, "that the Cinderella story is nearly over."

"But aren't you going to help me?" cried Clara. Her credulity was almost ridiculous. The mark of her hand was still on Beverley's cheek. Beverley's voice had a sudden sting to it. For nearly the first time in his life he was angry. For nearly the first time, in the ease and protection which had surrounded him, a blow had fallen upon him which made him wince.

"Help you?" said Beverley. "Why should I help you? Go and help yourself. Go and do anything you like, say anything you like, for all I care."

VI

THEY called us a lot of things—the Yale boys and the Princeton boys—and even our fellow students have called us a lot of things, those of them who do not understand the butterflies and the lilies of the field. They have called us loafers; they have called us snobs; they have called us the type of young man who brings a bad reputation to anything with which he is associated; they have called us the useless froth; they have said that we would come to no good end—and they have all been right. Most of us have reached the end approximately already, and a lot of us have actually reached it. A lot of us finished over in France, who might have stayed at home and in some essential industry, and those of us who didn't, intrinsically speaking, are a useless lot. We none of us have done much to be proud of, which perhaps makes us proud of the things which we never did do. There were a lot of things which one never did, and one of them was that one never ran away when he had to face the music. As soon as Beverley faced the facts, of course, he understood. He had to face the music like any other gentleman. *(Continued on Page 110)*

OPEN ROADS

DOWN the formal lanes of fashion, the boiling highways of business, the primrose paths of fiction . . . peep over their shoulders and see where their minds are going. Here's one reading the daily column on cooking, another puzzling over a football diagram, others deep in the market reports, in editorials, reviews, stories, news . . . open roads for people's minds . . . cleared by the newspapers and magazines themselves to strengthen their positions and to retain their claims to the interest of the public.

These roads lead people to new views of life, to vistas opening on the problems of the day, to close-ups of sport, to fresh perspectives of pleasure. But there is one road that has been cleared, not particularly for individuals or classes to follow, but for everyone—the broad highway of advertising that leads to *things*.

Here's a washing machine (*Did you ever do a week's washing?*) . . . Here's a musical instrument (*Beethoven's Fifth Symphony in your living-room*) . . . Here's a delicious breakfast food (*Bowls of health from the corn lands*) . . . Here's a smart and beautiful frock (*If you can sew only a very little, it's yours*) . . . Here's a perfume, heart of a lovely flower (*"You're marvelous tonight"*) . . . Here's a motor-car (*Why not the Yellowstone this summer?*) . . . Advertisements whose headlines alone invite, interest and arouse new ambitions and desires.

Do people's minds really travel down this highway of advertising? . . . Ask the big stores to tell you of the people who come to buy, not with a question upon their lips, but with a torn-out newspaper advertisement in their hands. Ask the manufacturer who received more than eighty thousand coupons from a single advertisement. Ask the schools that advertise, all of whose returns are directly traceable. Ask the sales managers of many of our largest business organizations who watch their sales curves rise up and up as their advertising diverts a flood of buyers into the stores where their goods are sold.

Do people read advertising? . . . Well, here you are . . . at the bottom of this one.

N. W. AYER & SON ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS, *PHILADELPHIA*
NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

A summer day at Mt. Rainier (Below) Seattle waterfront

Play—

in America's best Vacation Land!

SEATTLE, City of Youth and Romance—product of Nature's prodigality and American initiative where members of the original band of twenty-one white settlers, now glory in a world city reaching toward the half million mark, the gateway to the Orient, Alaska, and Hawaii.

Seattle has grown culturally and commercially, answering the challenge of beauty in her snow-capped mountains, sapphire lakes, and evergreen forests. Come, vision this much-talked-of, expanding, colorful city.

From Seattle sally forth to new experiences every day; glorious Rainier, with 28 glaciers; Mount Baker; alpine lakes like Chelan and Crescent, the Olympic Peninsula wonderland; 2000 miles of shoreline on Puget Sound; San Juan Archipelago. These are samples of what this playground has in store for you.

Motor over perfect highways through virgin forests; golf, go yachting, hiking, mountain climbing, surf bathing, salt water, lake and stream fishing.

Get away from summer heat and kindred afflictions. Sleep well under blankets every night. Make this vacation to the Pacific Northwest provide education and recreation. Plan at least two weeks here.

To make your vacation complete come West over one of four northern transcontinental lines. See Seattle, Spokane, Tacoma, Portland; then by rail or water to Oakland, San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego. Or, reverse the route and enter north by train or steamship at Seattle. Ask about trips to Alaska and Hawaii.

Special low round-trip summer excursion fares on sale daily May 15 to Sept. 30, return limit Oct. 31; stopover at will.

Seattle

Metropolis of

The Pacific Northwest

Chamber of Commercer Room 101,
Seattle, Washington.

Please mail me (free) your illustrated booklet describing Seattle and "The Charmed Land"

Name _____

Address _____

(Continued from Page 108)

"Of course, it was easier for me than for others," Beverley has always said. "Because I have been fired from so many things. I am always being fired."

The next morning Beverley started in a rapid, determined way along the streets of Cambridge until he reached the Hodges house.

The thing that always struck Beverley as strange was that he bore no resentment. He had finished the game and he had lost, and he was even glad that he had finished, because there were parts in it which he had never liked. He had been ashamed, but he was no longer ashamed, now that he was to take his medicine. He even managed to smile when Clara Hodges opened the front door.

"I have come to face the music," Beverley said; and curiously enough, Clara herself seemed very friendly, just as though nothing had happened, just as though she did not remember the night before.

"I like you better facing the music than dancing to it," she answered. They were in the room with the horsehair sofa and the chairs and the black walnut desk, when Beverley suddenly perceived that Clara was frightened and that her coolness was only a pretense. He could see that her hands were clenched and tight, and that her eyes were very wide open, and that her pulse was beating in her throat.

"Don't be afraid," said Beverley very gently. "It's all my fault. That's what I'm here for—to face the music."

"I knew you'd come," said Clara in a queer hushed voice. "I told father that you would."

Beverley nodded and even made a feeble effort to smile. "By this time you must have understood that I don't amount to anything. I am a type that doesn't amount to anything. I am one of the useless elements. There has always got to be someone who is useless, hasn't there? But I never run away."

"I know you don't," said Clara, so softly that you could hardly hear her.

"And I deserve everything that's coming to me," said Beverley—"every bit of it. Last night I was a little taken back, but I deserved it. But I don't see why you went to so much trouble."

"Don't you see at all?" asked Clara.

"No," said Beverley.

And then Clara said a most peculiar thing in that frank way of hers. "Because I like you so much," said Clara.

"You mean because you hate me so much, don't you?" said Beverley.

"Yes," said Clara. "It's just the same thing, after all."

There were a lot of things that Beverley might have said, a lot of things that he thought. He wanted to say that he wished he had known Clara earlier. He wanted to say that he was ashamed of himself, utterly ashamed. Instead he found himself saying in a slow, mechanical tone, "I hope your father's in, because I want to face the music."

Clara's face grew crimson. "He has just gone out to mail a letter," she said. "He'll be back in a minute. He knows everything about it. He knows about the dress you bought. He knows that you hired a room for me at a hotel, and he guessed why I marked your book. Arthur Hewins told him."

The irony of it was something which even then Beverley could see. Mr. Hewins, the rustic, the indomitable, the ruin of all his hopes!

"He saw us go out of the store," said Clara. "He saw my name on the hotel register. The sneak! I never want to see him again."

Beverley allowed himself to smile in a weary, broken way. "But he was right to tell," he said. "That fellow is always right. He was right when he said that I wasn't worth a damn. He was right when he said I would do you no good. Yes, he's always been right. But here comes your father. Don't look frightened. Don't think I mind these meetings. I've been through a lot of them before. They fired me from St. Swithin's, and the school before that, and two summer camps."

It was Professor Hodges. Beverley heard the front door open and heard Professor Hodges stamping on the carpet, and then the door to that room opened and there was Professor Hodges himself, with a face not unlike some wintry landscape out of doors.

"Ah," he said, "good morning, Witherspoon," and sat down in front of his black walnut desk. "Is there anything I can do for you?" Whether he was angry or indifferent, Beverley could not tell.

"I'm not asking for anything," said Beverley. "Please don't think I am, sir."

Professor Hodges opened his desk and produced a check. "For Clara's dress," he said. "Of course you expect that, Witherspoon"

"Yes," said Beverley, "among other things, sir."

Professor Hodges looked at him through his glasses. There seemed to be no humanity in him. He was as dry as the binding on an ancient book.

"Well," he said, "have you got anything to say? I suppose that is why you are here."

"I have only a suggestion, sir," said Beverley. Professor Hodges frowned but did not speak. "It just occurred to me," said Beverley, "as the best way out of this. Of course, I want you to know it's all my fault, every bit of it, but just to avoid talk that might be unpleasant for others besides myself—you understand, sir?"

"Yes," said Professor Hodges, "I understand."

"Well, just to avoid that," said Beverley, "you might give me an E in Comparative Literature A. It will do the trick without any question. I'll be fired from college just the same as telling everything."

Professor Hodges nodded. "Is there anything else?" he asked.

"Only this"—Beverley's face grew redder—"I never knew exactly what I was doing till I did it, sir. I hope you will believe that. I mean that I never thought I was cheating, if you understand. It just seemed to me that I was beating a game, a system, until I was in the middle of it. I deserve everything that's coming to me."

Professor Hodges nodded in assent. "Yes," he said, "you deserve everything, but there is one thing about it." He looked at Beverley and then at Clara with the same wintry look. "We've got rid of one egregious idiot. We won't see any more of Hewins." And suddenly Professor Hodges smiled. "Yes, Mr. Witherspoon, you must not forget that I owe you that. Mr. Hewins has been a thorn in my side for a long time. I was tired of Mr. Hewins. Both Clara and I have sent him about his business."

Beverley moved toward the door; he was grateful to Professor Hodges. There had been no recriminations, no hard words. "I must be going to pack my things now," he said. "And thank you very much, sir, for not jumping on me with both feet. I never felt so ashamed of myself as I have today, but I hope you will take my advice, because an E on the examination is the best way out for everyone."

"Unfortunately," said Professor Hodges, leaning back in his desk chair, "your mark has already been recorded."

"But can't you get it changed?" asked Beverley.

Professor Hodges looked at Beverley attentively for a time before he spoke. "Mr. Witherspoon," he said, "what earthly good can it do me to have you dropped from college?"

This new appearance of the matter was so unexpected that for a moment Beverley was bereft of speech. "But I thought it might give you some satisfaction," began Beverley; but for some reason his heart was beating faster.

"No," said Professor Hodges. "I have a better idea than that. From now on, Witherspoon, you are going to see what it is like to work."

"Work?" gasped Beverley. "Work, sir?" The idea was so novel that he could not grasp it at once, but the dismal prospect was unfolding. "You mean study, sir?"

Professor Hodges smiled, with an amusement not wholly charitable. "You don't like it, do you, Witherspoon?" he inquired. "I thought you wouldn't like it. It must be years since you have applied yourself, but now you shall make up for it—or get into worse trouble. From now on you are going to study all the time—or nearly all. It will be hard on your friends, Mr. Witherspoon, but I think it is the best way out for everyone considered. You are now to spend a great deal of time making up what you have not done. With Comparative Literature A, I think you had better begin at the beginning. I shall ask you some questions tomorrow about your philosophy, French and German. But in Comparative Literature, I may safely say, you had better make another start. You can go home now and start in with your reading, and"—Professor Hodges smiled again at Beverley in a way that was not wholly kind—"and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings you may come here and let Clara question you about it."

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 32)

was swollen. However, he was smiling and confident that he could stage a comeback.

How do you describe the victory of a young prize fighter over a ring veteran? ANS. Youth the incomparable was served.

How do you describe the victim of a pugilistic veteran over a young opponent? ANS. Age and experience won out.

Describe the heavyweight champion. ANS. He is believed by close followers of the ring to be the greatest champion of all time.

What did the challenger do on entering the ring? ANS. He tested the thickness of the padding with the toe of his shoe.

How did the fifth round end? ANS. The champion was groggy as he went to his corner.

How did the final round start? ANS. They shook hands.

—*Dewey M. Owens.*

Disinterested Advice to a Girl's Mother

"IT'S this way, Mrs. Brown," I said.
"Your daughter doesn't knock me dead,
Not that she's not O. K.
Dottie's all right,
But doesn't quite
Hit me in just that way
The fellers would be keener if
Dot wasn't acting sort of stiff.
I hunch the trouble's this:
Because you don't
Let her, she won't
Occasionally kiss.

"It's nothing to me, Mrs. Brown,
It's not as if she turned me down.
To me the fellers come
And say that Dot
The stuff has got,
But she's dutiful and dumb.
She really isn't that, I hope.
I thought you ought to have the dope—
She'd get the benefit,
For that poor girl
Could have a whirl
If she kissed 'em just a bit."

—*Fairfax Downey.*

Now! a lovely, clear silk hose of service weight—$1 the pair

Especially made for short skirts
All-silk where it shows . . . from the tip of the silken foot to the narrow garter hem

What woman can resist such a bargain value as this? A lovely, clear silk hose of service weight—in all the most popular shades—for the amazingly low price . . . $1 the pair.

This genuine Allen-A is *pure thread silk*—from the toe to the narrow garter hem. *Pure silk well above the knee.* The same quality of silk that goes into our most expensive numbers.

The hose are ankle-shaped to give trim appearance. *With a silk sole to go with low slippers.* And the narrow garter hem has an invisible ravel-stop to prevent garter runs.

Truly here is an opportunity for you to "stock-up" on hose for spring and summer wear—at a real saving. For this entrancing hose comes in 10 of the latest shades. And at the low price of $1 the pair, you can afford to have a beautiful pair of hose for every frock and every occasion.

Take this advertisement to your own dealer. Insist on this new Allen-A creation—Style No. 3665. In all the newest shades. If he does not carry this hose, send us his name. We will see that you get this stocking at once.

Pure thread silk hose from toe to narrow garter hem. (The silk extends well over the knee for wear with short skirts.) Clear and exquisite weave. *A silk foot.* The narrow garter hem has an invisible ravel-stop to prevent garter runs.

Ask for Allen-A Style
No. 3665
$1.00 *the pair*

THE ALLEN-A COMPANY, KENOSHA, WISCONSIN

As Eager at day's end as at day's dawning

Turn the wheel of a Flying Cloud Brougham toward some far-away port at dawn. Open its throttle no matter what the road, for road shocks can't get through a Flying Cloud. Chase the horizon as hard as you will and come to a velvet stop at the end of the day with a car still eager for more miles to conquer.

There's something alive in its very appearance . . . movement moulded into steel and wood and glass. Perhaps it is the long sweep of low windows, only possible in a brougham, perhaps the shiplike curves of its close-coupled body or just the artistry with which every detail fits into the whole. See a Reo Flying Cloud Brougham —entirely new, entirely different —for yourself.

Then be sure to try one out.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY *Lansing, Michigan*

REO

Flying Cloud

BROUGHAM

$1595 *at Lansing plus tax*

NO OTHER AMERICAN CAR LASTS AS LONG AS REO — NOT ONE

PREFERENCE

(Continued from Page 13)

plates? When do you really have to have 'em?"

This last question was the sign that told you he was going to do it for you. You'd tell him when.

"When? First thing tomorrow morning? Gimme that order and get the hell out of here. I've been hearing that first-thing-tomorrow-morning song and dance for twenty years. You come around next week at two o'clock. I couldn't get them done before next Tuesday for you if you were Dolores del Riviera, and I could be hung for what I'd do for her. All right then Tuesday, say. Good-by. One side. If you don't feel like working give a man elbow room that does."

And then that evening at 5:30, if you came around to the delivery end of the shop, you'd find your twenty plates all piled up neatly, finished, waiting for you, filtered by some strange alchemy through all that unbelievable jumble of work that crammed the shop. And heaven be your aid if you failed to come and get them. Lord help you if you didn't take away the stuff to that rush job of yours by the time you'd set for their requirement. Next time you came paddling into Pap Danna's shop with a rush order, were it six months later, Pap would call to your mind those twenty plates he had shoved through for you, only to see them lie in his crowded shop for half a day or more. And your chance of getting another piece of work rushed through was exactly one in seven hundred thousand.

Those who knew Pap, knew that if there was a Chinaman's chance of getting your rush job through for you, there would always appear somewhere in his tirade at you this question: "When do you really have to have it?" If you heard that, and if you came back at Pappy with an honest answer, your job was as good as done, and you had better come around with a couple guineas and a hand truck to lug your stuff away that night at quitting time, no matter if Pap swore to and at you that he couldn't possibly get the order out that week.

But Mr. Merriville didn't know this little secret. And Mr. Merriville did not have the common steelworks touch to let him see the twinkle in Pappy Danna's one blue eye as he berated you. Also Mr. Merriville, who was a piece of consolidated milk curd, did not have the grace to feel his way into the favor of an obviously eccentric, obviously splendid old hell-dinger like Pap Danna. Were favor to be sought, it should be sought of and not by young Mr. Merriville.

Mr. Merriville wanted twelve channel beams for buckstays for the forge-shop annealing furnace. He wanted them cut and punched and riveted back to back with a spreader in between—and he wanted them that night. A great propeller shaft was being forged that day, and telegrams demanded double, triple rush.

A huge forge press was squeezing a tremendous ingot into shape, rounding it, stretching it, kneading it into that mysterious internal structure that makes forged steel so tough and strong. But the longest annealing furnace in the forge shop was ten feet too short to hold that monster shaft after the big press should be finished with it.

And so ten feet in length was to be added to the longest annealing furnace; a perfectly simple matter, but in this case a matter of desperate hurry. And so that night the brick masons and a gang of outside boiler makers and erectors would be at it, trowel and hammer, with no let-up till the oven should be ready for the shaft.

The buckstays that hold the fire-brick walls plumb and straight against the warping heat had to be on the job and would be, by heck and gravy, were it in the power of Mr. Grayham Stillwell Merriville to produce the goods.

Mr. Merriville, unasked, had assigned himself the task of hustling this great shaft to completion. Here, on this most important rush job, was the chance, decided Mr. Merriville, to show the folks just what efficiency could accomplish. Mr. Merriville was, not strange to say, on this occasion fuller of tripe than usual; for Mr. Merriville kept on getting fuller of tripe with each day he stayed in steel. On an emergency job efficiency goes to the discard. Speed—speed at any cost, is the good word. Put four men on a job that one can do if those four in a day can gain a single hour's time. That hour may be worth a thousand dollars. Let ten men loaf around the job for half a day, if by their idleness you are sure that those ten are on the job the very minute you want them. The quarter hour they may save will pay their half day's idleness a hundredfold.

But Mr. Merriville picked out this rush job as an ideal one on which to show his stuff. A mighty liner's huge propeller shaft had shown a flaw, and the great greyhound lay at dock waiting, a craft whose idle hours, figured into interest on all its millions of investment and into wages for a crew that made a little army, would show a row of digits long enough to make you dizzy.

And so when Pappy Danna seemed to set his one-eyed, lantern-jawed, deaf-eared, scrawny presence athwart this mighty ocean liner's progress, the shock was almost more than Mr. Merriville could bear. And harder yet to bear—in fact, unbearable—was the fact that old Pap Danna seemed not only to be standing athwart an ocean liner; he was standing athwart the high purposes of Mr. Merriville.

Mr. Danna, inconceivable as it may seem, had advised Mr. Merriville to get the hell out of there. He had told Mr. Merriville that, if he didn't care to go to work himself, he was to move aside and make room for a man who had much to do before the evening bellow of the power-house siren called him to supper, vespers at the silver shrine of Miss Dolores del Riviera, and a renewal of the discussion of the merits and demerits of the inclosed type of motor vehicle.

"When did you say you really had to have those channels?" Pappy D. had asked; and had been answered curtly, "Six o'clock!"

"Tonight?" inquired Mr. Danna. And upon being assured that it was six o'clock that night, and not six o'clock next week, when they absolutely must be ready, Mr. Danna trumpeted his indignation:

"Tonight! Tonight you got to have them! Listen, young fellow, I tumbled off a scaffold seven years ago and broke a couple ribs that never properly knit. So please be careful how you talk to me. They still hurt when I laugh."

Upon which Mr. Merriville marked up Pappy Danna for the ax. "Young fellow!" So! To him! To Merriville, efficiency expert! The doddering old pensioner! Steel, which has generally wrecked its man and thrown him into the scrap heap long before Pap Danna's age, would not much longer carry this old handicap along. He, Merriville, would see to it.

"You come around about a week before next Wednesday, buddy," said old man Danna, all unawed by the Jovian contempt upon the brow of Mr. Merriville, "and you can get your channel beams—and not one whizzle-whanged split second earlier!"

Upon which Mr. Merriville, in high dudgeon and disdain, and deigning no further parley, up and walked out on Mr. Danna, leaving that gentleman grinning toothlessly over the fact that the day was Wednesday, and that a week before next Wednesday was that selfsame day. Still grinning toothlessly, he motioned over to him one Bill Banner, his assistant, and mighty nearly as good a man as Pap himself.

"Bill," stated Pap, "since everything is running sweet and pretty, I think I'll slip

Shoes and Health

The Whole Weight of the Body Rests on These Points

The arch of the human foot is a structure of 12 delicately aligned bones. These bones form three principal and several minor arches which distribute the body weight on the tripod points as shown in the illustration, namely, on the heel, back of the great toe and back of the little toe. Faulty shoes easily disturb this delicate alignment. Then the weight is no longer evenly distributed, and the whole body is strained. While the feet are certainly injured by this, the greatest harm done is from the hips up.

PUT good shoes high in your list of precautions to safeguard your children's health. A structure that does not rest on a sound foundation is apt to meet disaster. The human body is no exception.

Buster Brown Health Shoes let your children's feet function freely and naturally. The body weight is evenly distributed as on the bare feet. A "sprung up" flexible shank supports, stimulates and exercises the arch structure. A 100% wool heel cushion inside the shoes prevents shocks to feet and spine. The rear part of the shoe is so constructed that the heels of the feet are held firmly upright, allowing no slipping nor rocking side motion.

BUSTER BROWN
for Boys HEALTH SHOES for Girls

EVERY pair of Buster Brown Health Shoes is a model of easy grace and delightful style. The health features achieve a superb smoothness of fit, which adds materially to their natural charm.

Sold by the Better Shoe and Department Stores Everywhere

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16 Great Specialty Factories
Daily Capacity 60,000 Pairs

Smoked Elk Athen 4-eyelet Tie, with Cedarwood Calf trimming. Comes in all sizes from 8½ to child's to 7 in girls'.

A particularly attractive light, airy pattern in this Patent Reena Strap, with Tan Dot Calf trimming. Comes in all sizes from 8½ to child's to 7 in girls'.

Buster's Picture in Every Pair

For anyone who drives

YOU'D as soon be without a speedometer as a wrist watch—once you've worn one for a week.

And if you had time to test all the wrist watches in actual motoring use, you'd decide on an Ingersoll. For several reasons:

1. Vibration and the jolts and jars of driving don't affect the timing dependability of an Ingersoll the way they do the more delicate watches.
2. In case of an accident to your watch, you can get it repaired quickly and at *nominal cost*, by sending it to the INGERSOLL SERVICE DEPARTMENT at Waterbury, Conn.
3. In case of loss or theft, it can be easily replaced, almost anywhere, at one of the hundred thousand stores that sell Ingersolls.

Price $3.50. Wrist Radiolite, tells time in the dark, $4.00. The extra 50c would be the second best investment you ever made.

INGERSOLL WATCH CO., Inc.

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Four Famous INGERSOLL Watch Names

YANKEE • ECLIPSE • JUNIOR • MIDGET

All these names have been known to America since the turn of the century, the Yankee and Eclipse since 1893. The watches that these names have appeared on have always been noted for their dependability and trustworthiness.

And this is true today. Varying in size, varying in price, the present day Yankee, Eclipse, Junior and Midget are one when it comes to timekeeping ability.

All four have recently been greatly improved and refined in outward design and appearance and all four are now selling at lower prices than they were just a few short months back.

Prices: Yankee $1.50; Eclipse $2.50; Junior $3.25; Midget $3.25; with luminous dials that tell time in the dark, $2.25; $3.25; $4.00; $3.75.

up to the game this afternoon. You can go Saturday if we've still got our heads above the flood by then. And here's an order that the forge shop is throwing fits about. Give this batch of channels the gun, Bill, even though they only marked the order triple rush."

And Pappy hoisted a couple fingers in a washtub once or twice and went up to the game in hopes of seeing some excitement there that would make him forget all about closed cars and the many silly arguments advanced in favor of that stifling, stale-aired means of transportation.

Next day, it happened, was the day on which we held our weekly conference in Mr. A. B. X. Ledeaux's palatial office. All the department heads were present—all but Mr. Hammersmith, the super at the forge shop. He had asked the day before to be excused, as he expected to be out all that night and the next day, and all the following days and nights, till the big shaft for the liner Poseidon was out of the annealing furnace and on a couple flat cars headed toward the machine-shop lathes.

Mr. Merriville was there; Mr. Merriville, the workingman's burden, whom all of us, however, conciliated. He was the big boss' fair-haired favorite, but steel would sooner or later pitch him out on his ear. Sooner or later he would be efficiency-experting in a hair-net factory, but none of us felt called upon to get ourselves in bad with the powers that were by trying to hurry that glad day along. So we suffered him once more that day while he dipped his beak into all our affairs.

He was a plausible misfit, I must admit. Reforms which he proposed were often good things in themselves. And to the higher-ups, who were not intimately acquainted with the hidden inner spiritual workings of the dark souls of the departments under them, these schemes looked good. But Mr. Merriville wasn't big enough, and had not known steel long enough or intimately enough, to see his schemes to improve some small operations in their relation to the whole organization of which they were but a part. And so, as each scarred veteran of old Mid-Penn Steel made his weekly report upon his own department and upon its relations to all the other departments, Mr. Merriville came through without fail with some suggestion for a little better practice which was as smooth, most times, as it was shallow.

We got round to the forge shop in its turn, and Mr. Merriville arose. "In Mr. Hammersmith's absence," stated Mr. Merriville, "let me say that everything is going smoothly at the forge plant. There has been, perhaps, a little delay in getting out the Poseidon's propeller shaft; but that has been through no fault of Mr. Hammersmith. That delay is due to a condition I have been watching for weeks—namely, the inefficiency so apparent at our boiler shop. It is my recommendation that the old-fashioned haphazard methods now in vogue there be replaced at once by modern and systematically planned shop practice, and that such a man be placed in charge as can put such practice as laid out for him into operation. I think when I explain the boiler shop's responsibility for the forge-shop delay, you will all agree with me that the present senile, stubborn, disrespectful and *passé* superintendence of that unit of our plant will bear replacement.

"Yesterday I took the trouble to carry personally to the boiler shop orders for annealing-oven binding material, which would allow us to extend the present furnace long enough to receive the Poseidon's shaft. I was met with an entire lack of courtesy or cooperation, and with the statement that the channels would be done when they were finished.

"I was informed of the utter absurdity of expecting to have them completed so that the night turn on the furnace could use them last night, and was ordered flippantly out of the shop.

"Obstacles like those presented at the boiler shop, however, will not stop important work in proper hands. I drove down to the bridge shop before they closed last evening, and, before I returned to conference with the chief engineer of construction, I had their promise to get this structural material out for me early this morning. This morning I went down to the bridge shop again, direct, not stopping at the forge plant, and stayed right there until the channels all were loaded on a car. I have just come from there. The shifting engine at the bridge shop will bring the steel up to

(Continued on Page 116)

Fisher Park, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Ask *me* how I like Prince Albert!

IF YOU want to hear a speech that will put the silver-tongued boys to shame, get me started on *that* subject! You're talking my language when you bring up pipe-smoking. I've got diplomas in that! How do I like Prince Albert? First of all, I like it *frequent!*

"Frequent" is right. I start in the minute I've folded my breakfast napkin and stay with it until I snap off the light for the night. No matter how often I load up and light up, P. A. never nips my tongue. It is cool and consoling. Every puff is a genuine joy.

Cool as a tax-collector. Sweet as an extra dividend. Fragrant as the flowers that beckon the bees. Mild, too, with a mildness that lets down the bars—yet with that full, rich tobacco body that spells Satisfaction with a capital S. That's Prince Albert, Men!

I say to you in all seriousness, that what you get *out* of your pipe depends on what you put *into* it. If you have never smoked P. A. you have never really experienced 100 per cent pipe-pleasure. Buy yourself a tidy red tin of P. A. today and make up for lost time!

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

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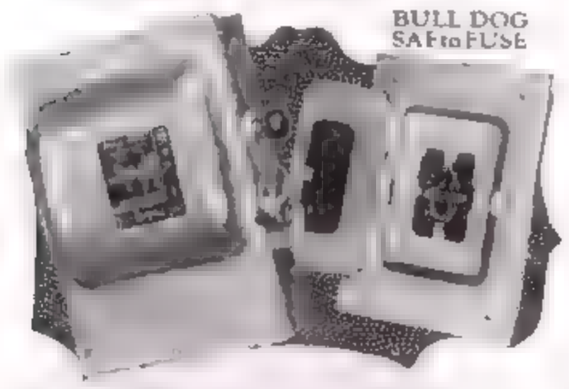
Safety
ELECTRIC
PRODUCTS

Whether building a home or replacing old-style electric equipment, insist always on the safety-plus that Bull Dog gives you. For where is such safety more important to you and your family than in the electrical control devices that govern your supply of electric current? Bull Dog Fusenters, for instance, do away with the need of stumbling down cellar stairs to replace fuses. And the Bull Dog line in general, including the Saf-to-Fuse, Fusenters, and Safety Switches, offer you the ultimate in safety and convenience, combined with the highest quality and the greatest economy.



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And in your shop or factory, too, install Bull Dog Safety Switches and Switchboards for positive, safe, economical power and light control. The Bull Dog line is complete for every type of building, meeting special needs of factories, theatres and the like.

Catalogs free on request.

Bull Dog Electric Products Co.
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Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 114)

the forge shop. It is perhaps there now. And immediately after this conference I shall go over to the forge shop and stay with that job all day. And so I might suggest that if orders reach any of you gentlemen today for service there, for riggers, bricklayers, outside machinists or the like, it would be highly appreciated if the response were immediate. We must get that shaft annealed before tomorrow evening.

"As to the boiler shop, Mr. Ledeaux, and you gentlemen, who have doubtless had many such experiences as mine, I cannot too strongly recommend that the present incumbent be replaced. Doubtless Mr. Danna has served to the best of his ability for many years; but, as you all know, steel needs prime strength, not dotage. And sentiment finds no place in this merciless business. Years, too, no doubt, have dulled Mr. Danna's sense of loyalty to the company, for I happen to know that with this important work being held up by his shop, Mr. Danna, with other department heads, perhaps less intensely needed at the time, was enjoying the baseball game uptown." And unmistakably that shrimp-souled clotheshorse looked directly at me, smirking as he said it.

We sat silent, all of us. Ordinarily I would have risen to declare myself an engineer and sportsman, and a dog-gone loyal man to both. But that blow at old Pap Danna made me utterly forget the dig at me, and I sat silent with the rest of the men.

It had come at last. We all knew Pap was getting old, and that some day, not many years hence, he would have to go; and when we thought of that, I'll tell you that we all felt mighty bad. Pap was a man—one whale of a good steel man, as tough and he a buck as ever kept a man-beating giant of a job at arm's length forty years. He was one of us; he was of the family. We all knew the racket—knew that sooner or later steel would knock every one of us off. It was only a matter of time. So we were every one of us for the man that had given half his body to steel, and still was man enough to beat the game.

But, most vital of all, we knew that that old deafening shop was Pappy Danna's life. We knew, each one of us, that there were only two places where Pappy D. could go, despite the three destinations he had named to me the day before. He could go to the boiler shop—or he could go to hell. His home was not the thing that kept him from succumbing to the lure of those old two fingers in a washtub. His wife, so rumor had it, nagged. The boiler shop was what held Pappy Danna straight.

A wild hell-roaring boiler maker Pap had been in youth, an elbow hoister who had in the old days drunk prone along the bar rail every hard-drinking steel man that had ever challenged him, beer mug in hand. He wasn't big, but he was tough—tough, what I mean. You ought to hear the tales the old-timers still will tell of him. He could either drink 'em down or knock 'em down, however big they came. And, partly because he was a fighter, and partly because he was the best mechanic on the plant, and partly because he had brains enough never to let a blue print stick him, he got to be gang foreman. Soon it was found out that he could handle half a dozen gangs. Meantime he drank his fool head off.

Then Big John Mahoney, who was general super in that day, got hold of him one time. "Danna," said John, "I know a good man when I see him. You're one now. In five years, though, you'll be a bum. I'll offer you a choice right here and now—a man's job or whisky. Which'll it be?"

"I'll take the job," said young Danna.

"You're superintendent of the outside boiler makers, starting now," said Big John. "A year from now you get the shop and all if you can lick the booze."

John Barleycorn put up a fight against young Danna such as few men have been called upon to win. Young Danna never licked John utterly. He downed him and he kept him down. But old John never ceased to struggle. Taste for the stuff was part of Danna's being, and to the very last day that he lives he'll have to fight that enemy of his. But with the boiler shop to back him up, Pap Danna was the major general of his soul. Pride in that shop, pride in the manhood that it took to run it, pride in the knowledge that never in all the years had they once fed that shop more orders than it could digest—this was his strength. Take that away —— Well, he had two places every day where he could go, and if they took away one of them, only one was left.

We all sat silent. Pappy Danna still was good. He wasn't ready yet to turn that boiler shop over to someone else. He still could swing it like a man—like any two good men I ever saw in action. But the devil of it is that it takes only a hint like that of Merriville to start off a wrong train of thought. It takes only a word to start a steel executive to thinking that a man may be too old. A man gets to be too old mighty soon in steel. We of the plant family had held our breaths for a long time, fearing that some such word might slip—and now the thing was done. To protest would be but to emphasize. And so we all sat sick and silent, cursing Mr. Merriville.

I wanted to say something. I tried to think of the right thing. But I knew that only the very properest thing would do in order not to do more hurt than good.

And then it came to me; it came as I thought suddenly of the damnable injustice of it all. Danna accused, but not there to defend. All right, thought I, present or not, he should defend himself. He, after all, would be the man to say that proper word. He had not lacked ability to take care of himself, with no outside assistance, all these years. I'd call on Charlie Simms, the whitest kid in all Mid-Penn, to state plain facts about that forge-shop job, and let those facts, with which Pap Danna was more accustomed to speak than with his battered mouth, defend him.

I tilted back my chair and looked at Charlie, and that boy had a smile upon his face like that upon the tiger's countenance when he licks his chops before a hearty meal of blatting goat.

"Since we're on the forge shop, Mr. Ledeaux," I said, a warm glow filling my whole chest, for I knew that Charlie loved old Pappy Danna, and would, therefore, not be smiling that bland smile without due cause—"since we're on the forge shop, Mr. Ledeaux, I'll let Simms here report. You asked, if you remember, that I put an engineer on that annealing furnace who would see it through. Well, I put Simms on. He was out all night. So I asked him to come over here at conference time to report on progress. How goes it, Charlie? Those channel binders get up from the bridge shop yet?"

Charlie got up. He was dirty as a bum. He was splashed with mortar and smeared with grease and dusty with fire clay and cement. He was daubed with soot, and his eyes were ringed a bit for lack of sleep. But he was happy—very happy.

"I do not give one hoot in purgatory," stated Charlie Simms, "if the blink-blank-blistered channels from the bridge shop ever come up or not. If they do I would like to tie them about a certain coyote's neck and heave them in the river. Right now the bricklayers are dropping the falsework underneath the oven arch and we'll have a drying fire going in an hour, and you don't drop arch forms or light up fires unless your binder buckstays are in place. We had 'em up in place at twelve last night. I got 'em from the boiler shop at six. They ought to get the shaft sealed in sometime today."

Charlie Simms is a nice boy. I like him personally. Besides that, he's the best young construction engineer I ever hope to have the luck to hire. There are none better. A broad statement, but I prove it in the next few paragraphs.

He walked around the conference table, past A. B. X. Ledeaux, seated at its head, and paused when he got behind A. B. X.'s fair-haired favorite.

"Stand up, you, and get slapped down!" said Charlie Simms.

Surprised beyond refusal of so eminently reasonable a request, and bristling with offended dignity, Mr. Merriville stood up. And bless my lop-eared soul if Charlie Simms, right then and there, in that sacred conference room, before A. B. X. Ledeaux and all the rest of us, didn't smack Mr. Merriville flatter than a waffle.

"I've always figured," Charlie Simms explained, "that here and now was the proper time and place to sock a sneaking underminer. If you put it off you maybe lose your chance. This piece of Camembert is that thing, so you'll excuse me taking up all your time with this brief ceremony. He was up at the baseball game himself yesterday afternoon. That's how he knew Pap was there. Will that be all for me here, chief?"

"That will be all," I told young Simms, "unless," I added hopefully, "he manages to get up before the count."

Next day I called Simms over to the office and broke a bit of joyful news to him. "They've authorized the building of four new five-hundred-ton blast stacks," I told him. "You could be persuaded, I suppose, to take a job as resident on such a piece of work?"

Charlie Simms grinned gamely. He was just a kid out of college, and those four blast furnaces must have looked bigger than the mightiest four labors of old Hercules. But he grinned, and I saw the good old war light flaming in his eye.

"When do we go?" asked Charlie.

"Start pulling down old Number 1 tomorrow. By the time she's flat, we'll have foundation plans for the whole four ready. Tomorrow, then, we start a grind that will wear two dozen nose grooves in the grindstone before we light a fire in the last one of those four. And so, to celebrate our luck we're going up to our last baseball game this season. Phone your field office that you'll be away this afternoon. They tell me Merriville pulled his freight last night. How did you know that God's gift to steel was recreating himself from his man-cracking labors up at the ball park yesterday?"

"Well," Charlie said, "I had things lined up pretty at the open hearth yesterday, and I asked Ed, the labor boss, to keep things going for me, and I went up to the game myself."

And I said, "Oh!"

It was a danged good game. The score was 17 to 8. Both teams just smacked that apple silly. And I got my five-spot back from Johnny Lannier, who never will know as much about baseball as he does about his rail mill.

And to round out our afternoon, we met at the exit from the park—who now? You're right!

Pap Danna put a lean claw out to Charlie Simms. "Thanks," seal-barked Pappy.

"You're welcome," grinned young Simms. "The pleasure was all mine."

"Will you gentlemen ride back to the plant with me?" asked Pappy Danna proudly; and he stopped us at the curb beside the grandest, shiniest coupé that ever yet was painted red as any dog house. "You will be honored. I took delivery on this high-priced conveyance only just before the game."

I looked at that coupé, and looked at Pappy Danna, and Pappy Danna looked back sheepishly at me.

"Before I get inside that stuffy hearse," I said, "I want to know where you are headed in it."

And Pap came through. A noble choice, by one of Nature's noblemen, though made stone sober.

"Well," snorted Pap, "there's just three places I can go in this expensive vehicle. I can go to hell, and I can go to the boiler shop, and I can go home. And of the three —— Tell you the truth, gentlemen, I got one most damn fine old woman. She'd have to be to put up with a reprobate like me for all these years."

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THE CASSANDRAS OF EUROPE

(Continued from Page 31)

have all been negative. To this process there must come an end; if the clock is not to stop, it must be wound up again sooner or later."

The French novelist, Romain Rolland, points to the very source which others consider most dangerous when he says, "There are a certain number of us in Europe to whom European civilization is not sufficient; there are some who look toward Asia." The German writer, Hermann Hesse, goes further when he says that the occult Asiatic ideal "is already beginning to consume the European soul."

Catholic, Protestant, agnostic and Jew, radical and reactionary, business man and intellectual dilettante are thus represented in a chorus of disaster. The quotations I have given range from 1922 to a few weeks ago, and they are only high lights in a long and unhappy dirge. The depression of Europe was apparently at its lowest point in 1922; but there seems still to be a definite depression, a psychological slacking off. It is only a short time since Maurice Muret, one of the distinguished contributors to the well-balanced and conservative Journal des Débats, issued a book on the Twilight of the White Races, in which the basic idea is that Europe is discredited. And another French observer, Henri Massis, editor of La Revue Universelle, has very recently surveyed all the frontiers from which assaults are being made upon Europe and come to the conclusion that the future of mankind is in jeopardy.

The Foundations of Europe

There are a few general ideas which underlie all these prophecies. I have already mentioned the disappearance of belief in the idea of progress; at times this failure of belief becomes an annihilation of all hope. The faith which inspired the nineteenth century—that there might be one divine event to which the whole creation moves—was shattered when that event proved to be the greatest and ghastliest of recorded wars.

It is natural for Keyserling to declare that "all human history is tragic," and that not a civilization or a nation has escaped destruction. "Folly has always conquered wisdom. . . . The Greeks were right when they said that the gods were intent upon destroying whatever was exceptionally good and great in the world. . . . The World War . . . has hastened the biological decline of the human race." We shall see in a moment what this tragic pessimism leads to. Just now the mere fact that leaders of thought in Europe have forsaken the idea of progress is sufficiently important.

The second leading idea is that Europe—and all that Europe stands for—has ceased to be of primary significance. It may as well be noted here that a great many of these prophets speak of Western civilization and specifically note that America is just as badly off as Europe. But it is generally clear from their tone that they are thinking specifically of the Continent of Europe when they are not actually concerned with their own country. They agree that Europe must consider itself as a unit, a single whole. "Unite or perish," they say. Coudenhove-Kalergi, a descendant of the "highest nobility of old Europe," the son of an Austrian diplomat and a Japanese mother, has elaborated a plan for Pan-Europe which is to balance and coöperate with Pan-America. But he feels that "while the rest of the world makes progress daily, Europe is steadily going backward." Keyserling announces that "Europe will seem a minor member of the larger world constellation."

What is the Europe which these prophets think is imperiled? Mr. J. Middleton Murry, an English editor, considers that the distinguishing marks of the European soul are "the notion of individual liberty coexisting with social order, and a knowledge that civilization is international." To Henri Massis, the root ideas of Europe are "personality, unity, stability, authority and continuity." And all these are threatened by what he calls Asiaticism. To him, of course, Europe is and must remain important.

To some of the others nothing that Europe has accomplished will be of the highest value in the future. "We should undoubtedly be acting wisely and cautiously," says Muret, "if we accustomed ourselves to face the idea of the twilight which is descending upon us."

The course of history is marked by the waters upon which civilizations have been built. The greater portion of what we commonly call history deals with the nations of the Mediterranean; the shift of center to the Atlantic is the work of the past 300 years, and the world is probably still suffering from the change in equilibrium. But the observers of Europe consider the Atlantic merely as an offshoot of the Mediterranean, and their great fear is for the time when this Euro-American equilibrium will be upset and history concentrate on the Pacific.

Beating up from the Pacific—or, more specifically, one should say from Asia—come the hordes of population which terrify the statesmen; thence also come the ideas which frighten or attract the prophet. In his Defense of the West, Massis has noted the enormous influence of the East on postwar Germany. He mentions a craze for books on the language, the thought and the art of the peoples of Asia; and the frenzied crowds following the Bengalese poet, Rabindranath Tagore, through the streets of Munich. He quotes Professor Curtius: "Young Germany looks to the East and turns her back on the West"; and a writer in the Neue Rundschau: "Under the spiritual influence of the awakening Orient, which is reviving among Europeans the sentiments of primitive India and its age-old wisdom, a new morality is rising in the West." It is reported that in Brandenburg a Professor Daihke, a German by race but a genuine Buddhist, lives on half a tomato a day, has preached Buddhism with some success, and has actually founded several monastic organizations which practice the Buddhist discipline in its purest form.

Eyes Toward the East

What a few fanatics or even a few popular teachers do is comparatively unimportant in the making or unmaking of the soul of a nation. But when great leaders, with clear vision, describe a change in a nation's direction, their words take on authority. A short time before his death the German, Walther Rathenau, wrote:

"Night falls over Europe. More and more, everything forces us to look to the East. For us Germans it is a question of life or death. . . . But it is not without a dreadful melancholy that men like us, with our past, our prejudices and our traditions, turn away from the West. . . . This is the great consequence of the war; this is its tragedy, which our children will not understand."

Practically the turn to the East was checked at Locarno; Germany is politically in the League of Western Nations, and not given over to Bolshevism. But, as I have noted, the prophets of European misfortune work on a deeper level. Henri Massis, attacking all the German pessimists, considers that they are trying to undermine the spirit of Europe. This spirit, he considers, has two roots—in Christianity and in the Greek spirit. And Germany's turn to the East is an attempt to revenge herself on Western civilization by making light of it, by suggesting that the mysticism of the Orient and its misty passive acceptance of good and evil alike are superior to the Western ideas of discipline and order and energy in organization.

It is not, of course, the substitution of Buddha for Christ which interests the prophets. It is the displacement of the Western idea of moral responsibility and energy by the negative ideal of Buddhism, which preaches not so much the struggle against evil as the escape from evil. The Asiatic ideal, says Hesse, "is the rejection of every strongly held ethic and moral."

Whatever the Asiatic peoples may find in their religion, to the European convert it almost always means a denial of Western habits of mind in favor of a vague death in life. At the School of Wisdom the leader asks the critical faculties of his listeners to abdicate; he wishes his lectures to be listened to as you listen to music; and among the things that he teaches is the tragic interpretation of human life which was quoted above, and the glorification of Buddha, who saw that men, fleeing from this tragedy, have falsified the past as well as the present. The heart of Buddhism, for the European, is its refusal to struggle and the longing for annihilation—mankind's desire to perish.

When Standards Change

That is, however, one side of the story. There is another which substitutes America for Asia, and the American religion of energy for the Oriental religion of passiveness. Coudenhove-Kalergi has said brutally that "at our stage of historical evolution, the inventor is a greater benefactor of humanity than the saint," a statement which also appears as "chauffeurs are more important than Goethe." "A high standard of living," according to this apologist, "is of more real value than equality."

To an American these statements have a familiar ring; but coming from the "highest nobility of old Europe" and being addressed to old Europe, they are somewhat unusual. The European attitude is more likely to be that expressed by the Hebrew prophet: "God hath made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions." "Mankind," said a Chinese observer of Europe, "can waste itself with progress or conserve itself by sacrificing progress."

These are the ideas which we are accustomed to find in a Europe skeptical of American faith in science and in industry. But Europe in despair, looking simultaneously for a savior and a scapegoat, turns to East and West. It sees the vague forces of the East beginning to stir; it sees also the wide-awake energies of America proceeding from triumph to triumph—or at least from prosperity to prosperity. The American machine—industry—plays the double rôle. It is a hope and a threat. The natural reaction is for a few people to preach salvation through machinery, and for a great many to feel that machinery, industrialism, finance and the American civilization based on these forces will undermine the Europe of art and culture and make Europe a vassal continent.

Joseph Caillaux, just before he came to America to negotiate the French debt settlement, declared that "the United States . . . casts only indifferent and absent-minded glances back at the old continent," and dreams of reducing Europe, the great colonizer, "to a colonial status." The most familiar cry in Europe last summer was that American money was dickering for the control of Belgian railroads, French industry, German shipping, with the ultimate object of controlling the whole of Europe. Underneath this financial control the prophets see the sole domination of the American habit of mind, our lack of interest in culture, our fury for getting on. Even the Buddhistic Keyserling has his moments of American enthusiasm and admits that "practical business pursuits in our day afford the larger promise of the future."

It would be wrong to assume from all these varieties of pessimism that Europe is completely lacking in prophets of hope. There are those who believe that the war

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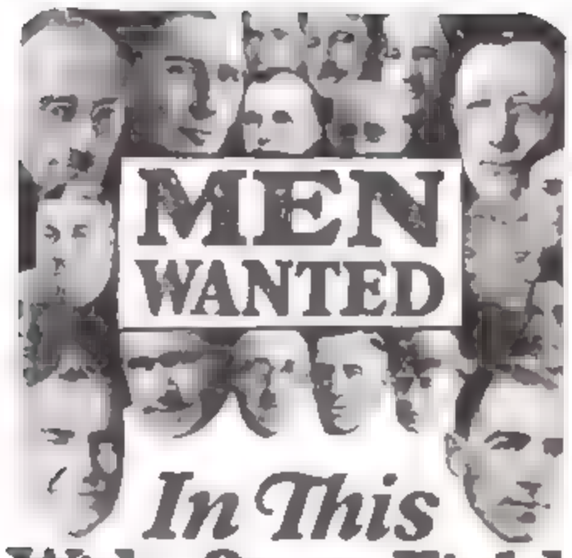

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proved Europe's stamina: Four years of colossal expenditure in men and material, followed by eight years of dislocation during which Europe was 16,000,000 men short in her productive power, and still she staggers on! Isn't this a proof of valor and strength unheard of before? There are the more particular patriots who point out that this country or that has had a new birth of enthusiasm and will to domination, the chief of these being, of course, Italy. There are prophets who think that Europe can get along very well without America, and those who think that Europe has only to import American methods of industry to beat us at our own game.

I am trying to avoid, in this article, the dangerous ground on which one man judges the value of another man's opinions; that is why I have let certain Europeans speak for themselves. All these prophets of despair may be wrong; it would still be interesting to know that they are so vocal, so influential and so popular. Any doctor who has dealt with nervous disorders is familiar with the patient who exaggerates his complaints in order to evoke sympathy and to wallow in self-pity. Perhaps the European visions of degeneration amount to no more than that psychopathic state—in which case the state of mind alone is significant.

The newer psychologists are familiar also with the braggart and boaster who assumes, and frequently carries off, an attitude of bullying mastery because there is something frightened inside of him—an attitude known to our ancestors, before the days of psychoanalysis, as whistling to keep up your courage. Doctor Adler, the Austrian, who identified the inferiority complex, has recently applied his theory to the Italian nation, suggesting that Italy, kept in a secondary position during the war, has such a complex and is turning to an expansive policy to avenge this slight. The pessimists, at any rate, when they confront an energetic national spirit, as in Italy, imply that it is only vitalism, a sort of feverish last flicker of energy before complete disorganization sets in.

The Inevitable Cycle

I have intentionally omitted until now the name of the most unusual prophet of all—the German professor who has worked prophecy into a system, who sums up and sets in order all the other prophecies. He is Oswald Spengler. Precisely at the moment when the Allied armies began to turn back the last sweep of the Germans in France, in July, 1918, the first edition of his Decline of the West was published; but it was several years later, when the revised edition was offered to a Germany in the depths of despair, that this unknown schoolmaster became a world force. His book, in spite of the title, is extraordinarily profound; its style is dry and difficult; it deals with thousands of ideas, from Aztec culture to higher mathematics—and in a few weeks it sold more than 70,000 copies. It is true that in Germany the sale of serious works runs to best-seller figures; but even so, the success of Spengler was phenomenal. Here is a book to which the finest minds of our time have given thoughtful consideration and at least a measure of approval; it is tremendously solid reading, with a deep pessimistic basis. Yet the German reading public bought as many copies in a few weeks as the average American popular novel sells in a year.

The leading ideas of the man who managed to catch the imagination of Central Europe, and later of the world, are simple and shocking. With a hardihood more often associated with fanatics than with professors, Spengler has laid out the course the world will take until the year 2200 A.D. and after. The part he predicts for America is of special interest to us. He declares that history can be foretold; the reason we have thought heretofore that the future is unknowable is because we have not been intelligent enough to read the past. We have assumed that our present civilization is the culminating point of the progress of the world. But Spengler reduces Western civilization to a minor rôle—it is only one of several equally important civilizations, all of which have gone through the same cycle, and it is inevitable that we should pass into decline, as the others have passed.

He ranges from China, through Egypt, to Mexico—and everywhere finds that there is a cycle of some 1500 years in which a civilization passes through three definite periods—the primitive, the cultural and the decline. In Spengler's grandiose tables of world history the word "civilization" is not a term of praise; it means the period during which the soul of a people begins to mortify and die out, when the brain begins to take command, when nothing great is created, and the finest minds are occupied only in working over the material left by their predecessors. And according to him, all great cultures have died the same way. Just as the culture of India died out with Buddhism and that of Greece died out with the Stoics, so the West will decline and pass away with socialism—"in a religion without a god, maintained by men without children."

Doomed in Any Case

According to Spengler we are already in the state preceding final dissolution. The last state of all he compares with the condition of the fellahin of Egypt—a people living without history, their culture gone, vegetating without interest. We are still in advance of that, but we are in the period during which irreligion, followed by false religious cults, proclaims the decline. We are returning to the mental age of Alexandria and Byzantium, he declares. "We produce no great creative spirits, but instead, collectors, historians, men who draw conclusions from work that has been done before them."

At the present moment, according to Spengler, it would be impossible to produce a great painting, a great musical composition or a great work of architecture; and he has had an enormous influence in Germany with his advice to the young men of his country to devote themselves to engineering, politics, seafaring—anything, in fact, which is practical, mechanical and productive—instead of to thinking and the arts. Science, in point of fact, is rapidly taking the place of art and literature as the chief interest in many intellectual groups, and partly this is due to Spengler's influence. He implies that certain activities are appropriate to certain eras, and that the well-balanced man will choose a career which can be fully realized in his own lifetime.

For example, piracy may have been a good career 200 years ago; at least a man had a chance of being a perfect pirate—a chance which today has vanished. Similarly, says Spengler, since the conditions of modern life are hostile to the work of artists and favorable to the work of engineers, the man is a fool who chooses painting, in which he can only arrive at the second-rate, instead of engineering, in which he can become a master.

Critics of Spengler have pointed out that this reasoning is crass and materialistic; the perfect Spenglerite replies that our age, in accordance with Spengler's law of cycles, is also crass and materialistic. There is a time when saints are created and a time for sanitary experts, and ours is the time for the second. To an American it is amusing that these ideas come from a German philosopher.

Spengler considers the art of the present a purely city man's art—suitable to our sterile civilization. He suggests that all "the finer things of life" are preparing for a decline, and that the intelligent man will not stand against the tide but will make the most of things that are still good—the practical, scientific, engineering, active triumphs of our time. All the things Europe holds dear, its tradition of culture, its devotion to the life of the mind and the spirit, its artists and its saints, are hereby cast aside, and the practical American man is declared the only man in harmony with his time. The glory of Europe dies down beside the triumph of the dynamo and the aeroplane.

The novelty of Spengler is in the law he claims to have discovered. Heretofore, when a nation has felt itself slipping, prophets have called on the people for a change of heart, for a return to the true God or to the simple life, for more or better babies, for higher production, for education. Spengler suggests that the cycle of civilization is as immutable as the cycle of human life. We are born, we have to mature, we fight against old age, and we succumb to death. He is, as the German novelist Thomas Mann calls him, "a defeatist of humanity," and his cold pessimism is the more relentless because it has the appearance of science.

Years ago the scientific mind of Mendeléjeff was able to take the table of chemical elements and predict with certainty just where the new ones would occur; so Spengler, reducing human life and the history of civilizations to a science, predicts where the next break must come. He says, for example, that one of the symptoms of our time is the concentration of human beings into cities, and adds that city dwellers are physically and spiritually sterile. But he does not say that if we broke away from the cities we should save our civilization; that is doomed in any case by the law of cycles.

But just before the world goes to pot there will be a flare-up of energy, as there was in Rome under the Cæsars; the world will become an empire and the ruler will be—America. The best statement of this prediction is given by Goddard and Gibbons, two disciples of Spengler, who have written an interesting book, Civilisation or Civilisations, to explain their master. Frequently, it is pointed out, a nation is hurried into a decline by the triumph of a rival across the seas—Rome and Greece are examples. At present, America is the nation across the seas, and it will command the future because it is evolving the right type of man.

Two Exits for Disorder

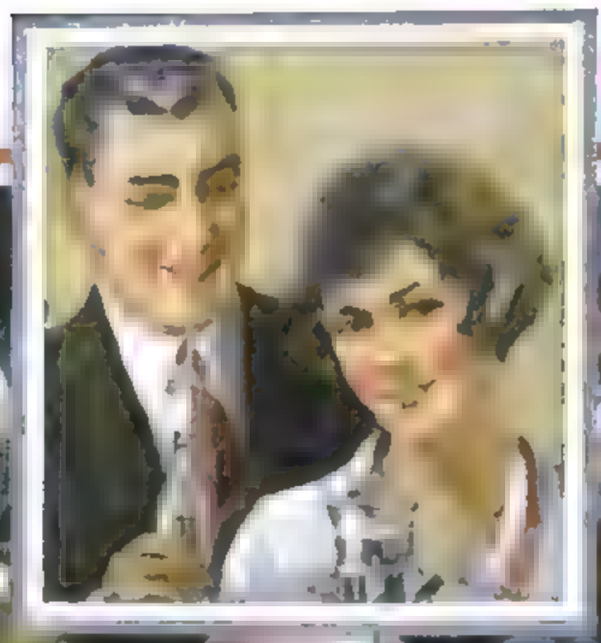
Cecil Rhodes is the type Spengler has in mind. "In the future a greater Rhodes, manipulating the financial interests of New York under the cloak of congressional methods and presidential elections, may secure the position of a Cæsar of Europe, a position to be consolidated by his successors into an actual empire." Flattering as this may be to aspiring American financiers, Spengler warns us that this is only a passing phase; in the end America will go down with the rest. Some of his disciples fancy that Russia may then begin a cycle of culture, while we decline into a comfortable but historically negligible existence.

If the prophets of European decay are right we are facing the coming of nihilism. Mysticism and frenzy will take the place of ideals and energy; there will be neither good nor bad, neither right nor wrong, and everything that Europe and America developed out of Greece and Rome will slowly disappear. Our railroads in the year 2500 may run as well or be supplanted by air services; we shall still have enough to eat and drink—but the spirit of the world will be in decay. Already, says one writer, half of Europe "is reeling into the abyss, singing a drunken hymn."

But the historian Ferrero, while observing a softening of the skeleton structure of Europe, cautions us that "an epoch of troubles and disorders may announce either a great unity coming into being or the beginning of a long slow decomposition."

It depends upon what Europe is secretly desiring, whether it is possessed by the will to live or the will to destruction. Its more intellectual prophets suggest that the moral fiber has been so slackened that Europe has no longer the will power to persist; they wonder whether civilization will "go out with a bang or a whimper." To some of them it is a question whether a transfusion of blood from America would save Europe or would only drain America so that both would go down in a universal disaster.

RED Liquid DIAMOND GAS



Liquid

31
Distributing
Points

ATLANTA
BALTIMORE
BIRMINGHAM
BOSTON
BUFFALO
CHICAGO
CINCINNATI
CLEVELAND
DALLAS
DENVER
DETROIT
HAVANA
INDIANAPOLIS
JACKSONVILLE
KANSAS CITY
LOUISVILLE
MEMPHIS
MILWAUKEE
NASHVILLE
NEW ORLEANS
NEW YORK
PHILADELPHIA
PITTSBURGH
PORTLAND
RICHMOND
SAN ANTONIO
SEATTLE
ST. LOUIS
TAMPA

GAS *is the* KICK *of the Carbonated Drink*

Not only harmless, but urged by Science for Health's sake —Its Germicidal Action Purifies the Beverage

Take a soft drink that would otherwise be flat and insipid, charge it with Red Diamond Carbonic Gas, and instantly it becomes a delicious nectar, sparkling and bubbling with life—a carbonated beverage that whets the appetite and invigorates the whole body.

That's why Ginger Ale, Root Beer, Coca Cola, Orange, Grape, and Sodas of every description are so live, tingling, effervescent, and stimulating; and such an aid to digestion.

Drink plenty, especially in cool weather when the blood stream is thick and sluggish.

Red Diamond Gas, made by the Liquid Carbonic Corporation, charges about one-half of all the carbonated beverages bottled in America, and served at the soda fountains. It has won the majority's preference by its purity, power and sweetness.

Hundreds of bottlers also use our Red Diamond Flavors and Extracts, because of their wholesomeness, strength, and captivating taste.

Moreover, this corporation is the world's largest producer of Bottlers' Machinery and Soda Fountains.

So while we make no drinks ourselves, there is no single institution that is doing more to quench the thirst of dry America.

THE LIQUID CARBONIC CORPORATION · CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Liquid

NEIGHBORS

(Continued from Page 47)

itself day by day, so that there were even some few men whom he called by their first names, he had got no closer to Knuckles than casual and passing speech. Knuckles was not approachable, as was Henry Bridge, for instance, or Larry Fox. There was a certain reserve and dignity about him, even when he walked about in his shirt sleeves; nor was Warren Cross one to make advances. He had been interested in Knuckles since that first view of him in the tavern, but Knuckles had not proffered his friendship; and Warren, who was at times both sensitive and self-conscious, had held back from making any advances.

This was different, however. He could do nothing else than stop his car to invite the plodding fisherman to ride, and Knuckles—even if he, as Warren sometimes in his self-conscious way thought, desired to avoid him—could not decline without deliberate rudeness. And your New Englander is seldom deliberately rude without an excellent reason. So he stopped his car and asked Knuckles to ride.

"Obliged," Knuckles said succinctly, and stepped into the car. They rode in silence for some minutes, Warren hesitating to open the conversation, Knuckles apparently seeing no need to do so.

"What luck?" Warren asked presently.

"Water's too low," said Knuckles.

Presently, as they turned a shoulder of the hill and came out upon an eminence giving a backward view of the valley and of the forested slopes of its gracious hills, Warren essayed a second attempt. "That looks," he said, with a wave of his hand, "like first-class timber."

"Ain't it?" Knuckles asked, biting off his words and seeming not to move his lips.

"I'm wondering." He laughed rather self-consciously. "About the only trees I saw until I came here were in Central Park. I've been an inside man. It seems as if I didn't know a darn thing about the things I ought to know about most."

Knuckles looked at him sidewise, but the expression of his face did not alter. "What's the matter with the timber?" he asked.

"That's just it. I've been thinking about having the office send up a competent cruiser to make an investigation."

"Cruised before they bought, didn't they?"

"Yes."

"Woods ain't changed much since," said Knuckles with a dry tone of finality.

Warren ventured to be direct. "You know this part of the country well. What is your opinion of our timber?"

"Some wind shake when you get up high."

"But in general?"

It seemed, however, that Knuckles was not to be driven into a downright opinion. He avoided. "What complaint you got against it?" he asked.

"Too much Number 3 Common."

"Much too much?"

"It runs more than 10 per cent over what I'd consider normal."

"What's James say?"

"Nothing." Warren did not want to tell Knuckles that it had been almost impossible for him to get an interview with James Perrigo, and that when he had done so it was devoid of results.

"What's Walter say?"

"Walter says this and that, but it doesn't add up to anything satisfactory."

Knuckles made no rejoinder whatever to that. It was Warren's turn to eye his companion covertly. Knuckles' lean face was expressionless, the upper lip shut down upon the lower like the knife of a cutting machine. Cross thought he understood the young man's reticence; it sprang from that clannishness which he had heard was a characteristic of the people among whom he had come to live; it was a manifestation of that passion for minding one's own business which was regarded as among the highest virtues. Knuckles would say nothing which might be construed as a criticism of the Perrigos. And yet, Warren reflected, there existed bitter enmity between the Perrigos and Knuckles! As a matter of fact, he did not understand at all. In the first place, Knuckles was silent because of a congenital economy of words; secondarily, he was silent because he was intensely an individualist and desired to travel alone and without allies the track he had marked out for his feet to follow. Furthermore, he had not assayed Warren Cross; had not appraised him so thoroughly as to satisfy himself of Warren's quality. Innate caution lay at the root of his silence.

"D'ye ever watch the saw?" Knuckles asked.

"I've watched it an hour at a time, and the logs going through seem of good quality."

"Sawyer ought to know about the run of logs," said Knuckles. "He's the one that bites into 'em."

"There's a certain hostility to me in the mill—perfectly natural, I suppose. The men don't talk freely to me."

Knuckles' eyes flicked; it might have been a twinkle.

"Once," he said very solemnly, indeed, "I had a man workin' for me. He was hostile." He paused and pressed together his lips and his face grew even more serious. "He went to work for somebody else."

People say your New Englander is without humor; that his wit has been frozen out by hard winters. Such persons are ignorant; the New Englander method conceals the purpose—to those who do not know, and most especially to those not extraordinarily quick of perception. The New Englander does not shoot off his bon mots as if they were cannon; he is more subtle than that. When his dry wit crackles most brilliantly it does so to no accompaniment whatever, and he does not grimace to accentuate his point. Perhaps this is because he does not care whether you get his point; he has made it for his own private edification.

Now Warren was in doubt. He could not make out if Knuckles were stating uninterestingly a negligible fact, or if he spoke with intention and significance. If the latter, he recognized the excellence of the advice; but circumstances tied his hands so he could not follow it.

"I can't fire the whole shop," he said defensively.

Knuckles cleared his throat. "The jobs 'ud be there yet if you did, seems as though."

"Vacant jobs can't run a mill."

"I hired a man once to do a mean job of work. Didn't seem like anybody'd undertake it." Again that clearing of the throat. "He got through and the' was four men around in the mornin' after the place."

Warren launched on impulse a sudden attack. "Suppose," he said, "a job like running the woods end for me was open—would you take it?"

Only a prolonged silence hinted that Knuckles had been taken by surprise. "Don't seem like my hands 'ud fit around an ax helve James Perrigo just let go of," he said.

"There you are," said Warren.

Knuckles said nothing. Warren waited a moment; and then, driven by the necessity to put his thoughts into words—that necessity which sometimes compels all men—he said, "I want to be fair, Mr. Knuckles. I want that. I don't want to fire any men from jobs or remove any men from positions unless I am sure of my grounds. But something is wrong; something drastic must be done. I've been going slowly, feeling my way, but I've got to show results; I'm sent here to show results. If I don't somebody else will."

Knuckles said nothing; he was reflecting. If this man measured up he would bring matters to a crisis; if he were acute it would be some such crisis as Knuckles had been waiting and hoping for. But did he measure up and was he acute? The best way to determine that was to remain aloof and to watch. He liked Warren's looks. Warren's manner appealed to him, for there was nothing arrogant with city arrogance in it, nothing patronizing, and above all something modest and appealing. He did not pretend to know all that was to be known about the lumber business. Knuckles would wish him well, but not enlist under his banner. Outsiders had no part in the Knuckles-Perrigo feud—not directly. But Warren might prove an excellent unsuspecting ally.

"There's so much I can't understand," Warren was saying—"that a mill so profitable under the old ownership should suddenly become unprofitable, with the same management, under new ownership; that costs should have jumped and production dropped; that timber as reported by our cruisers should run to so much low-grade stuff."

"Did it use to?" Knuckles asked.

"No."

"Cuttin' off the same town, ain't you?"

"Yes."

"You'll be turnin' off here to the mill," Knuckles said with no change of tone as he abruptly changed the subject. "I'll get down and walk in."

"No, indeed. I'll drive you in. It won't take but a few minutes."

"Obliged," said Knuckles, "but I'll walk. . . . The's some difference between a man that thinks he's gettin' too much Number 3 Common and a man who knows he's gettin' too much of it. . . . Obliged for the ride. G'-by."

Warren stared after Knuckles a moment before he meshed his gears and took the turn toward the bridge. What did he mean by that parting shot? Warren was beginning to suspect that Knuckles meant something by everything he said, and used no words without a purpose. . . . Difference between a man who thinks and a man who knows. . . . It was cryptic. And didn't he, Warren Cross, know he was getting too much low-grade lumber, too much Number 3 Common, which is the bane of the life of the lumberman, which clogs yards and is so slow of sale as almost to be unsalable? Didn't his tally sheets and inventories prove it to him? What did Knuckles suggest?

He drove onward slowly, a line between his brows. From Knuckles he had derived no information at all, no direct answer to a question. But had he not derived something else? And if so, what? A meaning had underlain Knuckles' speech, and Warren felt that if he could puzzle his way to it he would be much farther toward those results desired by him and his employers than he was at present. Presently he left his car under its shed, but instead of walking to the office he stepped into the mill—into the vibration and roar of belts and pulleys and shafting, the dull bunting thuds of the nigger as it placed with almost sentient efficiency logs upon the carriage, the whine and squeal of the saws as they ate their way into beech and birch and maple. Men upon whose hats and clothes and faces dust and sawdust lay thick moved about him; chain conveyors carried from the band saws to the horizontal resaws; streams of ashes poured into the fireroom and slabs were tossed down their chute to make fuel for the boilers. And the odor of wet wood, of rotted bark, of fresh sawdust! It was an odor new to him, but already he delighted in it.

He stood upon the platform where men with cant dogs rolled off the dogs of the hoisting chains logs drawn up from the hot pond below, and watched the sawyer, who, with the saw filer in his busy attic high above, is the most skilled unit in an industry requiring skill and judgment on every hand.

Warren saw a huge log of red spruce bunted upon the carriage, saw the doggers and setters spring to their tasks of fastening it in place; saw the sawyer eye it and make a tentative cut, appraising the log, figuring in his mind's eye how to get from it the best results in board feet. He watched the carriage shoot back, saw finger signals pass, saw the nigger toss the log into the air, whirl it, catch it and adjust it exactly where and how the sawyer desired. He loved it; it fascinated him. For twenty minutes he watched, studying the run of logs, and to him it seemed unusually fine. No overrun of Number 3 Common here—not today!

He followed the conveyors as they carried the boards in procession to the back of the mill, ready for grading and piling; and thence out into the yard, where narrow avenues ran off, it seemed almost into infinity, between tall leaning piles of boards white and yellow and red—beech, white maple, white and red birch. Then down the siding he walked, scrutinizing the piles, identifying with the unconscious knowledge of the specialist. . . . Number 3 Common! It was there, piles of it, avenues flanked with it—too much, far, far too much, in proportion to the richer, higher grades. . . . He did not think—he knew!

Fifty yards beyond, a car was loading, and he proceeded toward it, drawn by the interest of motion as men atop high piles passed boards down to men upon the car. Beside the tracks Warren stopped and watched. Here was no low-grade lumber, but great, wide, selected boards of finest red birch—birch fit for the piano factory, for the furniture dealer; fit almost to be classed with semiprecious and exotic woods from distant jungles; so fit, indeed, that, when polished and finished, the eye of an expert is required to tell you that your piano is not mahogany, as you suppose, or that your dining table is lowly birch.

"Nice stuff," he said to the checker, nodding with satisfaction.

"Fust-class, Mr. Cross."

"Who's getting this?"

"People's Lumber Company down to Boston."

Warren watched for a moment and then turned back toward the office, but as he went that line appeared between his brows. . . . People's Lumber Company! He recalled that order; it had come in a week before and had passed through his hands. He remembered glancing at it. He had been rather surprised, because the items had been a certain amount of dimension stuff and Number 3 Common. A satisfying amount of Number 3 Common—but he recalled no specification for red birch.

It seemed best to him to sit quietly in his private office for a little while, which he did, busying himself with the detail which had accumulated upon his desk. Then he stepped to the filing cabinet in which were the cards upon which were recorded the incoming orders. . . . P—People's Lumber Company. He withdrew and scanned the card. On it was no mention of selected red birch!

It might—it might be error; but just that sort of error is difficult to make about a lumber mill. . . . Suddenly he thought of Knuckles and that cryptic saying about thinking and knowing. He went back to his office and sat down before his desk, where he called upon his reason to work for him in this emergency. . . . Too much Number 3 Common! Indeed! If red-birch selected were carried on the inventory as Number 3 Common; or if it were shipped out as Number 3 Common while the Number 3 was allowed to accumulate—then, with truth, there would be too much of it!

Until that moment Warren had suspected incompetence, bungling, even willful extravagance and deliberate interference with efficient production. He had been seeking for a way to defeat inefficiency and ill nature, but never had he felt himself confronted by overt dishonesty, by a plan not

(Continued on Page 137)

A new roof over your old —without disturbing the old shingles

Front view of a Genasco Latite Shingle showing its attractive slate surfacing. Made in three natural, non-fading colors—red, green and blue-black.

If you plan to reroof this spring—or to have your old roof repaired—consider the many advantages of laying storm-tight Genasco Latite Shingles *right over your old, weather-battered wood shingles.*

You save the time and cost of ripping off the old roof. You avoid the muss of dirt-littered lawns and attics. You don't expose your home to damage by rain while reroofing. And, of even greater importance, you get a strong, beautiful, *new* roof that will safeguard your home for years.

Genasco Latite Shingles have withstood the test of hurricane winds. They are built of the highest-quality all-rag felt heavily protected on both sides with the famous Trinidad Lake Asphalt Cement. A surfacing of granulated slate makes them beautiful as well as highly fire-retardant.

So low in cost are these shingles that thousands of property owners are laying them on garages, stables, etc., as well as the finest homes. All leading builders, building-supply dealers, roofers and carpenters supply them. Attractive booklets gladly furnished on request.

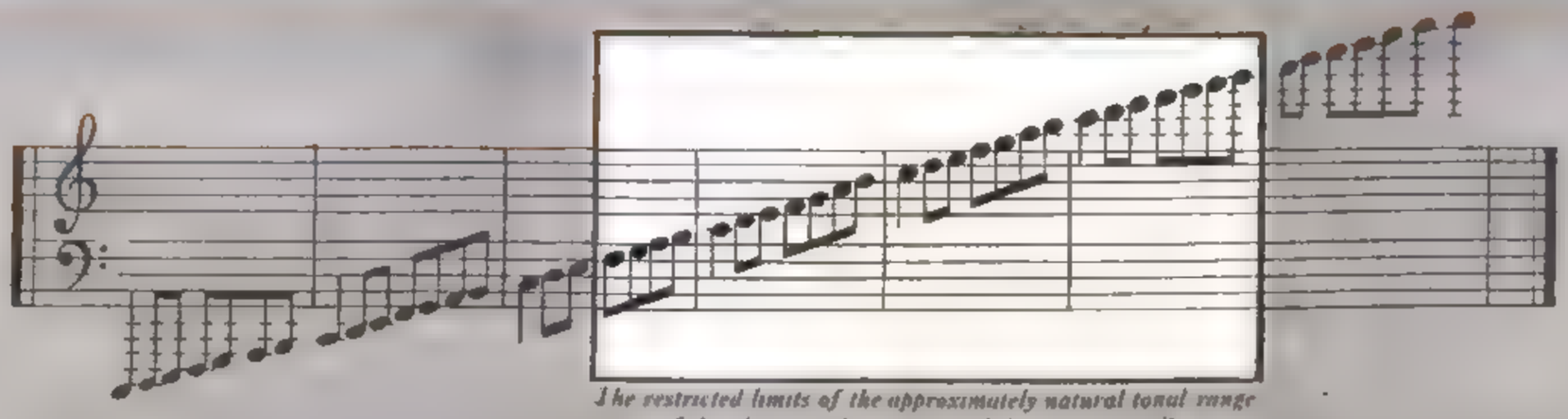
Back view of a Genasco Latite Shingle showing the "key" that locks each shingle tightly to those underneath. This "key" is invisible on the completed roof

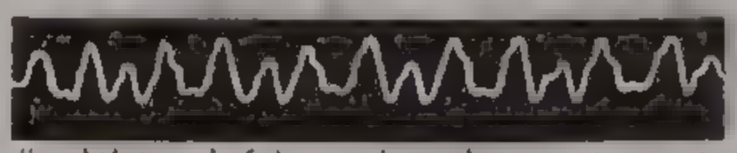
The Barber Asphalt Company

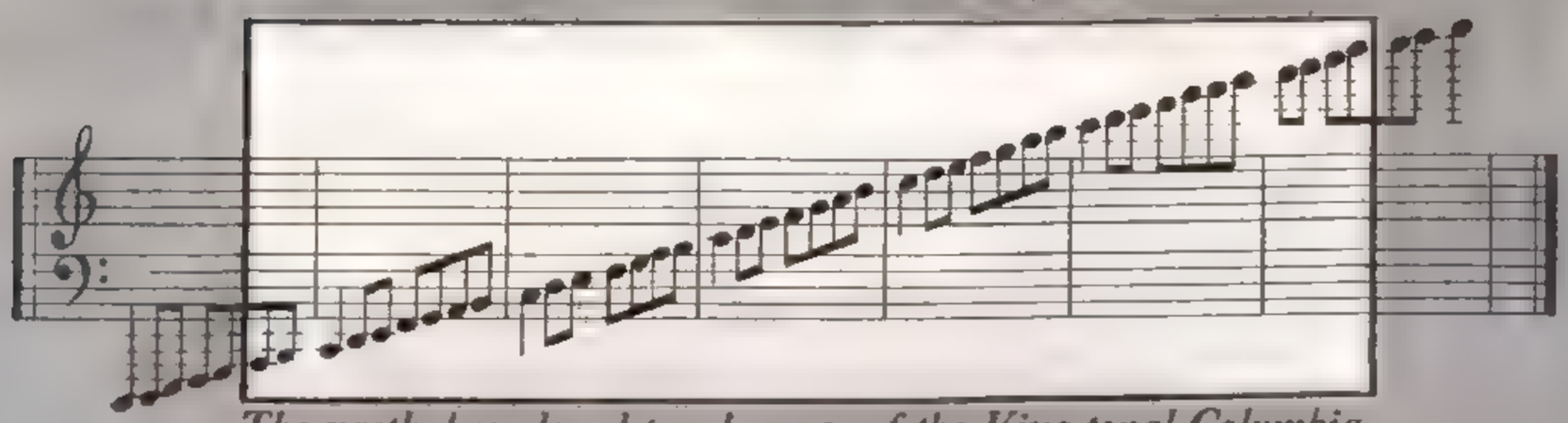
New York Chicago Pittsburgh Philadelphia St. Louis Kansas City San Francisco

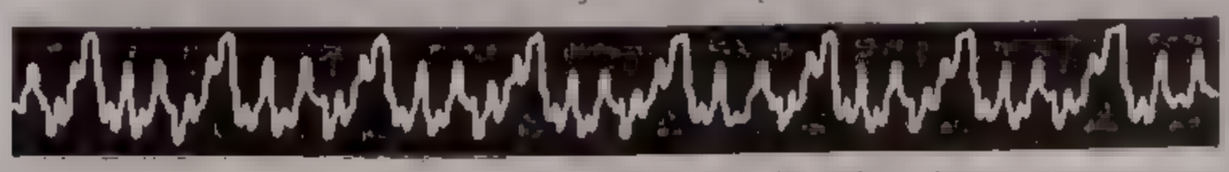
Genasco Latite Shingles

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The New Viva-tonal Col

The restricted limits of the approximately natural tonal range of the phonograph, represented diagrammatically.



Sound-photograph of phonograph reproduction—exposure one-twentieth of a second. In the absence of detail appears the cause of that "phonograph tone" universally recognized as characteristic of all phonograph music.

The vastly broadened tonal range of the Viva-tonal Columbia.



Sound-photograph of reproduction by the Viva-tonal Columbia, showing its unprecedented wealth of detail. The "phonograph tone" is absolutely non-existent in the music of the Viva-tonal Columbia. "Viva-tonal" means living tone and the tone of the instrument is precisely "like life itself".

Here is the successor to the

YOU must not regard the new Viva-tonal Columbia as a phonograph. It plays from records, certainly—but there the resemblance ends. Its outward design is only a faint indication of the discoveries it embodies and of the musical reality it creates.

Recently developed scientific understanding of sound-wave characteristics and acoustic projection made the Viva-tonal Columbia possible.

For example, where the phonograph employed a "sound box," the needle of the Viva-tonal Columbia is attached to an *acoustic transmitter* of exceeding sensitiveness and capacity.

The "tone arm," a familiar feature of the phonograph, is supplanted by a micrometered *sound-wave conduit.*

The "tone chamber," which in the phonograph was merely a horn cleverly adapted to confined space, is replaced by a progressively balanced continuation of the sound-wave conduit—shaped, fabricated, finished and positioned in accordance with lately discovered principles of acoustic science.

Practically the entire range of musical vibrations audible to the human ear is within the scope of the Viva-tonal Columbia—to receive and to project without distortion.

Every softest shade and richest depth of sound the human ear can receive, the Viva-tonal Columbia reproduces—in unimagined beauty of orchestral instrumentation, in almost miraculous illusion of the singer's presence.

Give your imagination free rein, build up your expectation without restraint, then hear the new Viva-tonal Columbia and try to be prepared for an instant of amazement at its very first opulent note.

umbia -like life itself

Viva-tonal Columbia, Model 510

phonograph

The four models of the new Viva-tonal Columbia shown here are typical of the entire line which your dealer will show you, or describe for you fully. All are exquisite examples of fine cabinet workmanship in mahogany or walnut. Each is a masterpiece in design and finish, embodying the utmost in dignity and appropriateness.

Columbia New Process Records

Viva-tonal Recording . . made the new way — electrically

The epoch-making electrical process of recording used in Columbia New Process Records is offered to the public by the Columbia Phonograph Company through arrangement with the Western Electric Company.

Columbia Phonograph Company - 1819 Broadway, New York

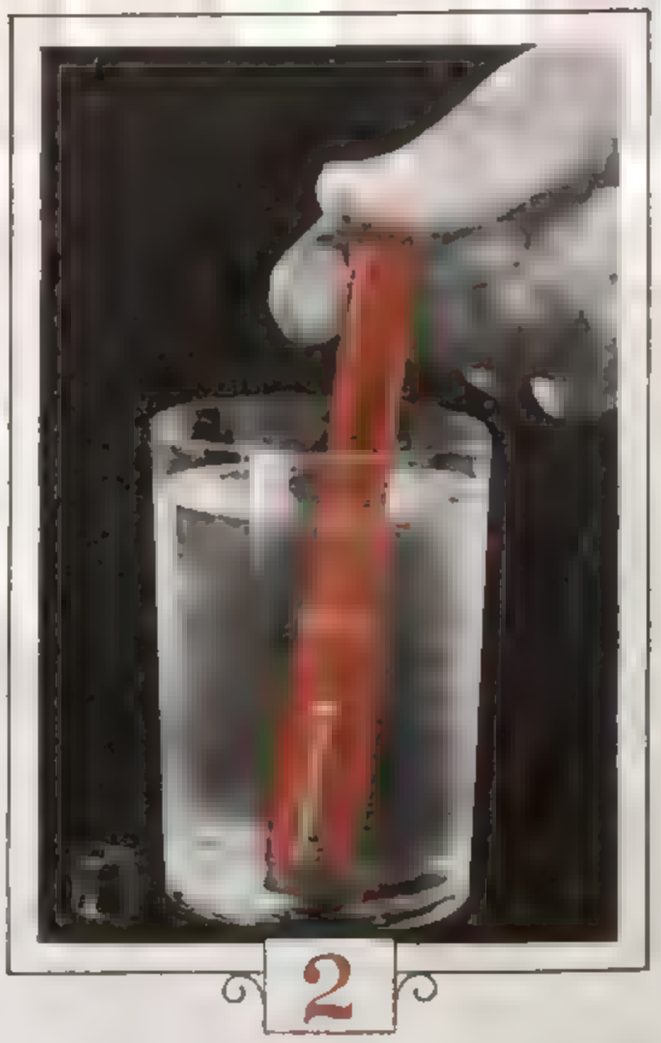
Viva-tonal Columbia, Model 710, $175 Model 700, $160

Viva-tonal Columbia, Model 611, $115, Model 601 $90

Viva-tonal Columbia, Model 650, $150

Distinguished Service Brings Rewards to People—as to Pens

1



2

3

Parker Duofold's job is helping people beat the average—it does it by doing its daily work visibly better than the average pens. This is the reason that this distinguished writer outsells any other, regardless of price.

And as with this pen—so is it with men—the market for Excellence is ever active—the world has a standing order for Distinguished Service.

If you're the timber that Success is made of, go try the pen that can speed you on your rise.

Big and easy to clasp, smooth and inspiring to write with—a pen with a point that's guaranteed 25 years, not only for mechanical perfection but *for wear!*

An Over-size Ink-Capacity Barrel, now made of Non-breakable Permanite, instead of rubber, as formerly.

A Black-tipped Lacquer-red beauty that's handsome to own, hard to mislay, and safe to lend—for no style of writing can distort the Parker Duofold point, though it readily yields to any hand.

Try this distinguished pen today at the first pen counter you come to. But look for the imprint "Geo. S. Parker," so that flattering imitations can't deceive you.

1. *The Writing Test*

Blindfolded and given eleven new pens of various makes, 8 men out of 10 picked the Parker Duofold, sight unseen, as the easiest, smoothest, most agreeable writer. Try the Parker and other pens with your eyes shut, at any good pen counter.

2. *The Leakproof Test*

One thousand empty pens of various makes were taken from dealers' stocks, the caps screwed on tightly, the pens immersed in water, and the ink sacs deflated by compressing the filling mechanism.

Escaping bubbles of air disclosed which pens leaked. None escaped from the Parker Pens—these proved to be leakproof.

Empty your pen, screw the cap tightly, and try this yourself.

3. *The Non-Breakable Test*

After we changed from rubber to Permanite for Pen and Pencil Barrels, an aeroplane pilot dropped the Parker Duofold 3000 feet to hard ground and could not break the pen.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN

OFFICES AND SUBSIDIARIES: NEW YORK • BOSTON • CHICAGO • CLEVELAND • MILWAUKEE ATLANTA • DALLAS • SAN FRANCISCO • TORONTO, CANADA LONDON, ENGLAND

Parker

Red and Black Color Combination Reg. Trade Mark U. S. Pat. Office

Parker Duofold Jr. or Lady Duofold, $5

Pencils to match the Pens Lady Duofold $3, Over-size Jr. $3.50; "Big Brother" Over-size, $4

OVER-SIZE $7

Duofold

Lucky Curve Feed and 25-Year Point

(Continued from Page 122)

only to wreck the mill as a profitable going concern but to rob it to somebody's great financial advantage as well.

Either that car loading was a mistake, an impossible blunder, or there was conspiracy—conspiracy shared by someone in authority within the mill and by purchasers outside! Of a sudden he felt this discovery would not come as a surprise to Knuckles, and as suddenly he put on his hat and strode out of the office. His humor was savage and he did not trust himself; he was afraid of taking ill-advised action unless he left the place and the possibility of action behind him for a time. . . . One thing he meant to do—it could not be a misstep; at worst, it could do no harm—he meant to take Knuckles into his confidence.

■

WALTER PERRIGO, round and bald and inconspicuous, looked up from his desk and frowned slightly.

"Well, Saxon?" he asked.

"That car's loaded. Papers ready to take up to the depot?"

"Here they are."

Saxon paused with the yellow sheets in his hand. "I dunno if any harm's done," he said, "but Cross seen it."

"Cross?"

"Yes, he was pokin' through the yard and stopped and watched us loadin' for a while. Wanted to know who the car was goin' to."

"Is that all he said?"

"Every word."

"All right, Saxon."

When the man was gone Walter sat quietly tapping on his desk with a pencil; he pursed his lips, and little wrinkles grew about his eyes so that suddenly they were transformed into the eyes of quite another person. No longer were they round and slightly staring; they were exceedingly sharp and capable. He got up presently and went into the outer office.

"Miss Biggs," he said, "Mr. Cross was just in, wasn't he?"

"Yes; he came in and went right out again."

"You didn't see him take last week's time sheet, did you?" Walter had no curiosity about last week's time sheet; he knew exactly where it was, but he had found indirection to be an efficient method, and one efficient to conceal his real purpose.

"No," said Miss Biggs. "He just came in here for a minute. Took a card out of the order files there and went back into his own room."

So Cross had come from the yards and had gone directly to the order files. It might mean nothing; it might mean everything. He went into his own room and inserted a card in his typewriter; on the card he entered an order from the People's Lumber Company for fifteen thousand feet selected red birch. Then from a locked and private drawer in his desk he extracted a letterhead—of the People's Lumber Company, of Boston, and wrote as follows:

"Supplementing our order of the 12th inst., ship at once 15 M red birch," and followed it with specifications. He signed it with the firm name in typescript, and then, with a blue pencil, scrawled an initial. To the letter he pinned the card, and watching for an opportunity when the bookkeeper was out of the room, slipped it in the wire basket on the standing desk. All this meant a distinct financial loss to himself and he did it regretfully. It might be he was taking a useless precaution, but Walter was not one to take chances. All that remained was to wait for Cross' return, when he would dramatize that supplemental order and effectively allay any suspicions which might have clouded Cross' mind.

But if it did not quiet suspicions—then what? It was Walter's custom to look on all sides of a question, and to peer into the future at all the possible results which might flow from any given action. It was a real pleasure to him to sit and think, to follow threads and to take out insurance against every possible contingency. He was not a man given to display of his powers; about him was nothing ostentatious. Indeed, he was at some pains to minimize himself and his astuteness—a course he had found invariably to be profitable. People do not take so many precautions in dealing with a dull man as with one reputed to be keen—and Walter preferred to be the one to take precautions.

One advantage he had at the outset, and this was that he knew exactly what he wanted. Remained then to plan the best, if not the quickest way to get it. And he was, strangely enough, a highly imaginative man, though not given to introspection. If he had a defect, and few men are without them, it was this: That he took himself for granted. Long hours he spent in the pleasant pastime of imagining what others would do if such-and-such a set of facts should group themselves, and in having on file the remedy. But he did not pursue his reflections to the ultimate; perhaps he dared not. Few of us like to reflect upon what we might be capable of if sufficiently driven by necessity.

For instance, Walter's plans could not contemplate his removal from his present position. He had to be where he was, and there he must remain. The arrival of Warren Cross had not been altogether unexpected, but it had come sooner than he had anticipated. So far Cross had been troublesome, but not, so far as he could determine, dangerous. He undervalued Cross because of the latter's obvious lack of experience in the actual operating of a mill and in those complicated operations which transform a tree growing in a forest into a log lying on a pile in a mill yard. Just as Janet Cross looked with biased eye upon the people and activities of Barchester, so Walter looked with biased eye upon a man born and bred in New York City.

Suppose then Cross should stumble upon the real reason why costs in the woods were high, why production was low, why timber which should produce such-and-such results fell so far below expectations. In that case he would find himself suddenly removed from his place, with even more disastrous results to apprehend. It was inevitable he should realize that Cross regarded him with suspicion—not his honesty, indeed, but his efficiency. Very well, he must so contrive as to remain in place and to make Warren Cross appear inefficient as well; to make the mill, the whole enterprise, appear inefficient and unprofitable and not one desirable to be retained by a corporation such as the Consolidated Lumber Corporation.

His plans to that end were reasonably sound, barring accident—some such accident as had happened today. . . . What then if Cross should return to the mill and discharge him out of hand? He contemplated that. Having done so he gave some thought to his brother James and to his sister Eunice. They were all in it. He even thought of Knuckles and his father, the justice, and estimated what a satisfaction it would be to them if he should come a cropper. Then he made up his mind he must see James. By all means he must see James at once and take certain steps.

And then James came in. It was opportune, for even Walter could not always lay hands on James when he was wanted.

"You weren't at home last night," he said, without other greeting.

James nodded. "Till midnight," he said. "I got up and went out to Camp 6."

"I never did understand you," Walter said. "Why don't you settle down and be civilized? Getting up at midnight to tramp fifteen miles through the woods!"

"Better than sleeping," said James.

"But why? What's the idea of it?"

"You wouldn't understand if I told you."

Walter was silent at this, and James sank into a chair, from which he looked out of the window, across the yard, with its piles of lumber, to the lifting hills beyond. Walter studied him—almost Indian, he reflected. Handsome! But, after all, what was inside him? What was the fiber of this inscrutable brother of his? Was he anything but a forest runner?

"Where's Eunice?" he asked suddenly.

"How should I know?"

"Confound it! She's getting more hightytighty every day."

"She doesn't like you," said James. "Maybe you've noticed it yourself." Walter could not tell if James were poking fun at him or if he were merely dull. Those quick roving eyes did not look dull. "She hasn't made up her mind about me," James went on. "But you, Walt—she doesn't trust you as far as a cat can spit."

"She isn't of age yet. One of these days I'll——"

"What do you know about animals?" James demanded.

"What's that got to do with it?"

"You get to know a lot watching animals in the woods. You crowd her too far and she'll explode like a cornered bobcat. I've seen it in her eyes. She's fairly hated you since you sold this mill."

"Why doesn't she clear out—go to Europe or something?"

"Suggested it, have you?"

"I did."

James smiled—a peculiar, far-off, cryptic smile. "And right off that was the one thing she wouldn't do. You're no cat trainer, Walt. Now she knows you want her to go and nothing on earth will make her budge."

"Confound it! Why?"

"Because, Walt, she's watching you—and me."

"Eh?"

"Cat eyes," said James. "She knows you're up to something—and she more than half suspects I'm in it. Um—I sometimes wonder myself, Walt."

"Wonder what?"

"Oh, this and that. . . . And speaking of cat eyes, there's Cross."

"What about him?"

"Nothing much—except we're both going to be out of jobs one of these days."

"I've an idea," Walter said slowly, "that Cross'll be leaving here before I do."

"Don't agree," said James. "Unless he gets taken sick of a sudden—and it's a healthy climate."

"What are you getting at? What do you know?"

"Nothing," James said carelessly. "Only he's no fool. Personally I don't care. The woods'll be there, and I can walk in them whether I've a job or not. We've got money enough."

"We?"

"The three of us—you and Eunice and I." His eyes were not now the eyes of some creature of the forest, lovely to see and rather wistful. They were bland and expressionless—coal-black and remindful of those of an Indian chief in embassy at some alien council fire.

Neither spoke for some moments. Then James said, "He's getting pretty thick with Knuckles."

"Who?"

"Cross."

"Knuckles!" said Walter softly, and half closed his eyes. "Thick with Knuckles!"

"Thought it might interest you. Saw them driving together a while back—and not half an hour ago he stopped at Knuckles' house."

"A half hour ago!" Walter's eyes were almost closed now; he peered at his brother through narrow slits. "He went to Knuckles' house a half hour ago?"

"I saw him."

"Well, what of it?"

James lifted his shoulders. "I thought you might like to know," he said.

"What I'd really like to know," Walter said, and there was a disagreeable note in his voice, "is why you're hanging around that Cross girl?"

"Noticed it, did you?"

"The town's talking about it."

"Ever see her, Walter?"

"Naturally."

"Ever talk to her?"

"No."

"Just one more question on that subject: Walt, is it any of your darn business?"

(Continued on Page 129)

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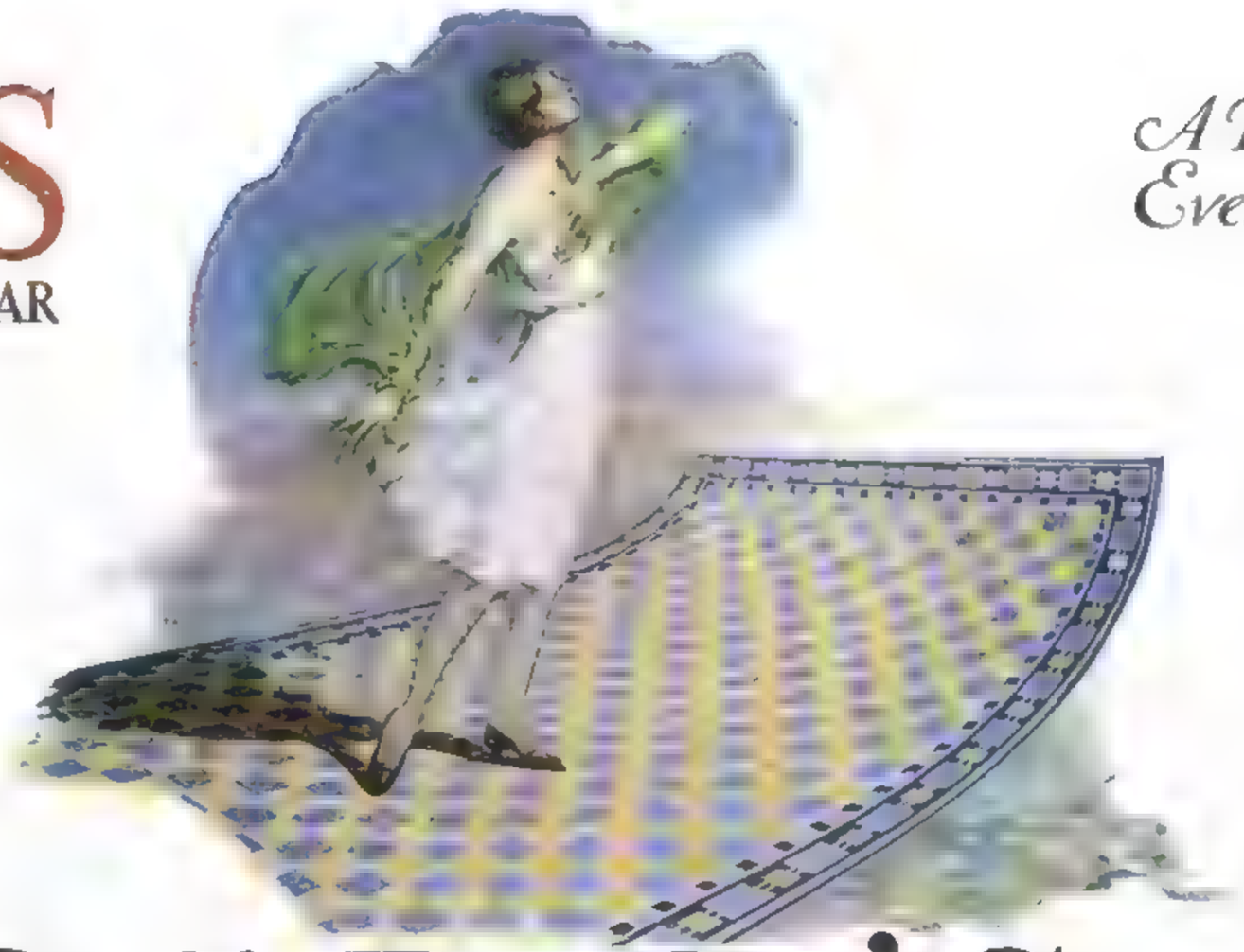

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BIRD'S
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(Continued from Page 127)

"It might get to be."

"As how?"

"If you lost your head over her ——"

"Yes?"

"You might lose sight of which side your bread's buttered on."

"And then again," said James ironically, "Cross might hesitate to fire his brother-in-law—or otherwise, as the case might be."

Walter leaned forward. "What do you mean by that?"

"He mightn't be satisfied with just firing."

"Listen," Walter said, "I'm working for you as well as for me."

"Sure, for the Perrigo family—you and me and Eunice. . . . What if she should up and marry all of a sudden, Walt?"

"Not for ten months yet," said Walter grimly.

"Try to stop her if she takes it into her head!"

"Look here, Jim, you've been hedging and hinting around for an hour. Lay them on the table"

"Not today, Walt."

"You've got to do your share."

"Don't let that worry you. When the time comes for doing, I'll do." He paused and his eyes again looked far out of the window at the forested slopes of the hills. "I hate to think of anybody else owning that, Walt. It doesn't seem right."

"Nobody else will own it long—if we pull together."

"Maybe. . . . Well, I just dropped in to mention that about Knuckles. . . . And if you don't want a cornered bobcat on your hands"—he lifted his shoulders expressively—"put some sugar in Eunice's feed box."

"Going?"

"Yes."

"Home to dinner?"

"Don't care for the atmosphere of meals in the Perrigo home. . . . No. Flat-rock fry out at the lake with the Bridges and Foxes and Crosses."

"That girl again, eh?"

"That girl again," said James, and went out with that graceful, soft-footed stride, that forward, pantherlike sway of the shoulders. Walter stared after him—and again there was a deep line between his eyes.

XI

KNUCKLES was not at home when Warren Cross called; indeed, he was seldom at home. His place of business was the county. Unless one happened to run across him by chance, the only way to get an interview was to take up a station in front of the post office and wait until he turned up.

If he wanted to see you he would find you; if you wanted to see him that was a very different matter.

Just now he was in the ice-cream parlor behind the grocery—where that confection was made from genuine cream—completing an important and somewhat intricate transaction in the realm of barter and trade. He had given considerable time and thought to this particular deal; it had consumed, in its various ramifications, the better part of a week, but at last it was being consummated—he was swapping a trombone.

The facts were these: Knuckles owned the trombone. At one time he had played it in the Barchester Silver Cornet Band. It was a first-class trombone, plated with silver and with a gold bell. But that musical organization had ceased to be some years before, and the instrument became merely an asset. Of course Knuckles might have attempted solos, but he did not; he merely put it away in its case and waited for the day when it would come into its own as something that somebody else wanted and would give good and valuable consideration to obtain.

That day had arrived with the formation of a new band, for bands came and went in Barchester. Every year or two there appeared a stranger whose avocation was leading brass bands. There are numbers of such individuals in this interesting world; men who must stand in the middle of the circle and stamp and wave with tremendous seriousness as they try to draw from eighteen or twenty assorted horns—to say nothing of the drums—the ever-popular strains of the National Emblem March. Such men are foreordained bandmasters; wherever they plant themselves for a year or a decade, the town hall will become terrible with brass. Generally they have whiskers, and in a surprising number of instances they are millwrights during the daytime.

Another surprising phenomenon is this: That any bandmaster arriving in a new town knows there is one instrument he will not have to worry about. He may have to teach the cornets and the altos and the drums, but there will be ready and waiting for him a tuba player. There is a tuba player in every village in America, awaiting eagerly the dawning of the day when a new band will organize. One does not easily perceive why some souls are in tune with this particular instrument, which seldom if ever accomplishes anything more intricate than to rumble the same umph-ah, umph-ah through each and every piece. But it is so.

That day had dawned in Barchester; the whiskered bandmaster had arrived, and of evenings one heard on all sides the not-soothing blare of cornets and altos and the somewhat hesitating *arpeggios* of the clarinet. So Knuckles' slide trombone was coming again into its own.

Willie Bassett coveted it and made advances. It was Willie who made and served the ice cream, and took a just pride in his accomplishment; but he could not do business with Knuckles. No; Knuckles would not sell for cash; that would involve too great a sacrifice from the original purchase price, and Willie owned nothing for which Knuckles would swap. But—and here the transaction commences to take shape—Luke Weaver owned a fine double-barreled shotgun which Knuckles desired. However, Luke was not interested in slide trombones. He was interested in a certain Holstein calf of more or less aristocracy. The owner of the Holstein calf had no desire either for trombone or shotgun, and there was impasse. However, he would sell for cash. And so, with infinite pains and diplomacy, Knuckles arranged it.

Willie Bassett, who wanted a trombone, bought for money a Holstein calf; then he swapped the calf for Weaver's shotgun; and now, in that back room, was swapping the lethal weapon for Knuckles' horn. The transaction had consumed more time and energy than many a bank merger, but Knuckles was content. So long as he continued to own that superfluous horn he would have been uneasy. In the end, if this bandmaster had not appeared, Knuckles undoubtedly would have had to organize a band himself in order to create a market!

So, carrying his new gun, he crossed the street, to meet Henry Bridge, just coming from the bank.

"Hopin' I'd see you," said Henry. "Cross is all het up to see you. He was to your house."

"Say what he wanted?"

"No, but I told him I'd meet you, most likely. We're havin' a flat-rock fry out to the lake, and I told him I'd ask you to come. He wanted to see you bad."

"Um—who's goin'?"

"The Foxes and us and the Crosses and Eunice—and I guess maybe the Hewitts."

"Got everything?"

"Larry's tendin' to that—just drove down to get the steaks and things. Nice night for it, seems as though—and not many skeeters."

"Cal'late I can manage to come," said Knuckles. He knew he could manage to come, though it was not often he wasted his time on such affairs as flat-rock fries; those were for the young married folks and for such unmarried men as were engaged in the labor of courtship. His reason for accepting was not to see Warren Cross. He was not especially anxious to see Cross; and it was an axiom with him that if the other man were anxious to see him, he would be more anxious after a little delay. His real motive was Eunice Perrigo—and there was something of saturnine humor in it. He wanted to see how she would act in an intimate group of which he was a part.

He stopped for a moment in the squire's office, a dusty room containing a few wooden chairs and bookcases filled with reports of the Agricultural Department and of state commissions and such other volumes as had come gratis by mail during the past forty years. The sole law books were the Compiled Statutes of Tiffany's Justice's Guide. On top of the bookcase were half a dozen astonishingly beautiful pewter tankards, tall, slender, graceful, ranging in size from a pint to a gallon. These were the ancient official standards of liquid measure of the township, and no collector had been allowed even to handle them.

"I won't be to supper tonight," he said.

The squire looked up from a conveyance he was drafting. "Where goin'?"

"Flat-rock fry out to the lake."

"Huh!" said the squire, and bent again over his document.

Knuckles left his newly acquired shotgun at home, pottered around for a time with the drawshave out in the woodhouse, where in odd hours he was shaping an ax helve, and did considerable thinking. A great deal of it had to do with Eunice Perrigo, but it was not the sort of daydreaming usually indulged in by a young man in such circumstances. It was highly practical, involving not at all the color of Eunice's eyes and the slenderness of her ankles and the loveliness of her disposition—which did not strike him as extremely lovely—but rather with her relations with Walter and James and the probable outcome of their involved family affairs.

He did not give a great deal of time to Walter, who was a known quantity to him; but James—so much revolved about James, about the basic character of James, which nobody had solved; about James' relations with Walter and how far he was tarred with Walter's brush; about the question as to whether James were not, after all, the directing mind in the affair. He felt that James could be just that. On the other hand, James might be completely bamboozled by the devious Walter and so not to be considered at all. Here lay the weakness of the position. It was impossible to move until he found the answer to James—and it was not printed in the back of the book.

He also reflected upon Warren Cross and estimated his potentialities. Warren had yet to prove himself, though it was certain that the mere coming of Cross into the picture was urging affairs to some climax. . . . And Cross wanted badly to see him. That meant something had happened, but Knuckles could not imagine what.

"Let him chop his own stove wood," was Knuckles' conclusion.

Presently he washed his hands, trundled his car with the flapping mud guards out of the barn, and drove somewhat jumpily toward the lake. The car had been acquired in a trade and it sufficed. So long as it continued to move from place to place without giving too much trouble it would continue to suffice, for Knuckles worried little about appearances. Some engine trouble was welcome; it gave variety to the journey, for he loved to tinker.

Up the pleasant valley he drove, across the meadows and the brook which meandered there quietly between grass-grown banks and harbored in its shadows speckled trout. Twenty minutes later he turned to the left into the woods and drove over granite outcrop at great hazard to springs until the road dipped and ran muddily through never-diminishing shade. Other cars had passed that way, and he followed in their ruts. In a little while he came to an upland, dry and stripped of growth; and then, dipping sharply past a dilapidated boathouse, he drove out upon the tongue of land where it was the custom to picnic in a little stand of spruce.

Larry and Edna Fox were there, and Kitty Bridge. Henry was collecting firewood.

"The old rock's split," Larry said. "Got a new one located—just waitin' for some more beef to help get it down. Here's Ab. Come on, we'll fetch it in that dray of yours."

They clambered in and drove back up the hillside, where they lifted a rock, some six inches thick and about a yard square, into the tonneau. By the time they returned the Cross family had arrived, Sarah with James Perrigo, and Eunice alone in her blue runabout. Then the Hewitts came—a little later, on account of the baby.

"I do hope you got the meat up where bugs can't crawl over it," Amanda said with her first breath, after she had labored out of the car. "The last time ——"

"Don't you worry, Mandy; we'll de-bug it," said Henry Bridge, glancing at Janet Cross to see how she took it. None of them were yet fully at ease with Janet, nor was Janet with them. Just now she was exceptionally uncomfortable, warm and a bit sticky, with a feeling that invisible insects crawled over her itchily. She had experienced picnics on the beach, with the surf breaking and civilized folks in bathing suits on all sides, but this was too primeval for her. . . . Sarah pried a nugget of spruce gum off a tree and chewed it with relish. "Should have had this fire going an hour ago," complained Larry; "it'll take forever to heat this rock."

The men set the rock and built a blaze over it; then they heaped wood over it, so that presently it was concealed by fire which crackled and sent its smoke just where it was least desired. Janet coughed and moved away. While it was heating Tom Hewitt organized a game of duck on a rock, which everybody, men and women alike, played except Janet and Mrs. Hewitt. Sarah enjoyed the boisterousness of it, and Eunice pitched her rock with a sort of vindictive efficiency. She resented Knuckles' presence; he, on his part, ignored her utterly. James flitted about darkly in the background, his eyes seldom forsaking Sarah.

"Heavens!" whispered Janet, as Warren sank down at her side when the game broke up through the sheer exhaustion of the players. "Is this what they call amusing themselves?"

"Hush! I don't know when I've had more fun," he said.

"You need a bath. . . . I never shall be able to eat a bite in all this dirt. . . . What they see in it ——"

But now Larry was scraping the fire off the top of the rock. He swept it carefully with a whisk broom and covered it with white slices of salt pork. These began to sizzle and curl and diminish in size as they took on a golden-brown color, and the top of the stone bubbled with grease. Next he heaped on what seemed like half a bushel of sliced onions, which frizzled in the grease and gave off an odor not reminiscent of the Ritz, but nevertheless curiously appetizing. Janet began to be conscious of appetite.

Presently the onions were raked aside, and the rock covered with thick steaks and broilers halved. Then the onions were heaped over them again, and Janet began to think possibly she could eat a morsel, dirt and all. A pail of coffee was making over a separate fire and corn was boiling in a kettle. The conversation was not edifying to one whose thoughts were on higher things, and perhaps were not carefully chosen.

"I could eat a raw dog with his tail on," Henry said with unction, and Janet shuddered.

"Never tried any dog," said Larry, "but I could raise thunder with a dead owl."

And this, thought Janet, was what passed for humor in these parts!

When everything was done Henry and Larry served—in their shirt sleeves, with grime mixing on their perspiring faces. You could see they were proud of their achievement.

Henry brought Janet a wooden plate so full of food it offended her—but the odor of it could offend nobody.

(Continued on Page 132)

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Battery men

(Continued from Page 129)

"Wait a minute," Henry said, anxious to please, "and I'll kind of slosh a hunk of bread around in the juice for you."

"Never mind, thank you."

She dropped her fork. Henry picked it up, wiped it on his sleeve and handed it back to her; but he did not, fortunately, see the look in her eyes. It was not one of gratitude. "If you sit kind of in the edge of the smoke, the skeeters won't bother you," he said solicitously. "Just a minute and I'll get you coffee. Then I'm comin' back and we'll make an evening of it together. I bet your husband'll be wanting to lick me before we start home."

Janet looked about for Warren, but he had withdrawn a little way and was eating with Knuckles; their faces were serious and she sensed business, so she did not summon him to her side.

"Mr. Knuckles," Warren was saying in a cautious tone, "I tried to see you this afternoon. . . . Seriously, will you consider taking on the woods job?" Knuckles was silent. "I've got to clean the Perrigos out. I hate to do it. It will make things difficult, but I've got to."

"Why?"

"I've found out why we run to Number 3 Common." His jaw set determinedly. "Found we were shipping out a car of selected red birch this afternoon on an order for Number 3. I wasn't looking for downright crookedness."

"Want I should run the woods, eh? Why?"

"I need a competent man, and one I can rely on."

"But," said Knuckles, "James don't run the shipments."

That was true. James had nothing to do with shipments, nor with buying supplies; indeed, he was concerned only with cutting and delivering logs.

"If one is in it, both are," said Warren.

"That ain't proved," said Knuckles. "Mebby there was some mistake."

"No; I checked up."

"It's none of my business," Knuckles said.

"I'm trying to make it your business. Somehow I've a feeling it is your business."

Knuckles peered at Warren. This man was no fool; he could see through a grindstone if there was a hole in it! And his back was up. Knuckles was conscious that his hand was being forced, that he would have to come in before Warren snarled things up. He was not ready yet for a forced issue, and to discharge the Perrigos certainly would bring matters to a premature climax.

"James is watchin' us," he said.

"Let him watch."

"I don't know about James," Knuckles said. "If I was you I wouldn't jump till I could see what I was landin' on. Walter's a rotten egg, but I ain't sure about James. . . . No, I won't take that woods job—not yet."

"Why?"

"There's more in this than shipping the wrong lumber," said Knuckles.

"What do you know?"

"Walter's a hog," said Knuckles. "He's not after what he can make with a little crookedness. . . . There's no love between us Knuckleses and the Perrigos."

"I know."

"If I only knew where James stood."

"No one seems to understand James."

"Your sister seems to be in a fair way," said Knuckles. "And there's Eunice."

"What about her? She can't be mixed up in it."

"Walter's turned the whole estate into money, hasn't he? All but the big house and the farms there?"

"Yes."

"Ever wonder why? Where would he put his money to do better than in the mill?"

"I've wondered about that."

"There was three owned the mill," said Knuckles.

"And three own the money."

"But," said Knuckles, "money's easier to juggle than a mill."

"You mean ——"

"Walt wants it all—or he and James want it all. And then he cal'lates to buy back the mill—cheap. Your company's kind of sick of its bargain, isn't it?"

"You mean he'd work some skulduggery on his own sister?"

"If," said Knuckles, "Walt could sneak his fingers into his own pants pocket and get 'em out without catching himself at it, he'd steal his own wallet."

"Will you work with me?"

"No," said Knuckles dryly; "but you can work with me. I been on the job some years. . . . The Knuckles family wants its own back. And there's Eunice."

"Don't you include her in the feud with the Perrigos?"

"It kind of looks," said Knuckles, "like I was makin' a special case of her."

"You don't think it best to fire the Perrigos?"

"Not yet. . . . I'm wondering how far Walt can force himself to go. If I was sure about James I'd know what's being risked. If James is in it he'll stop nowhere. But Walt ain't what you'd call darin'."

"Just what are you getting at?"

"I mean," Knuckles said, "that maybe if Walt finds it kind of hard to grab all the estate he might figger to inherit it."

"That's a mighty serious thing to say."

"It's a mighty disturbin' thing to think, and is why I want you should go slow. . . . James is eyin' us. We've talked enough."

He got up presently, walked over to refill his coffee cup and did not rejoin Warren. Warren, startled, disturbed as he had never been before, watched James with fascinated eyes. . . . James and his sister Sarah!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

BETWEEN HALVES

(Continued from Page 25)

"Better be careful, Spokane. He's a star, an' li'ble to cost you yo' job."

"Dead mens don't cost nobody nothin'."

Sidney spread his hands in a gesture of resignation. "Some folks," he observed, "is mo' enthusiastic 'bout gittin' even than they is 'bout holdin' a good job."

Spokane was foaming. "You don't understan' ——"

"Yes I does. An' I ain't no mo' fonder of Welford Potts than what you is, but ——"

He realized that Spokane was not listening. Instead, Mr. Washington was staring across the street. His figure was tensed, his eyes distended with hate. Welford Potts had left the restaurant, spied the group before the Champion Theater, and was now picking his way delicately through the traffic. Sidney Sprott suspected the imminence of disaster. He saw clearly that his friend had been driven beyond the point of reason, and he hated to consider the consequences should Spokane launch an apparently unprovoked attack on the little Mr. Potts. It would be different if there were witnesses who could testify to the good reason for the assault. But merely to walk up to the little man and perform mayhem ——

Welford sauntered into the group and ranged himself beside his friend Florian Slappey. Together they presented a picture of sartorial perfection which the others admired loudly. Nor were they averse to airing their cosmopolitanism.

"*Bon jour, Mushoor Slappey.*"

"*Très bon, Mushoor Potts. Très bon jour, n'est-ce pas?*"

"*Oui-oui!*"

The spectators gasped. These two exquisites, these boulevardiers, discoursing so fluently in the language of Paris and points south.

The rapt silence was broken by the insertion of a large figure which shouldered through the magic circle and glared balefully at Mushoor Potts.

"To you, Mistuh Potts," thundered Spokane Washington, "I don't talk no French. I speaks English an' I speaks it plain. An' I says fumadiddles!"

Welford blinked very rapidly. He felt a sense of impending annoyance of a personal nature and tried to divert the inevitable with a vast display of dignity.

"Person," he asked, "who is you?"

"Nemmin' who I is." Spokane's voice quivered with righteous fury. "Ise gwine explain to these folks who you is, an' also what. Welford Potts, you is the uselessest, mos' wuthless, uppity, no-'count, nonethinkin', slab-sided, scardest, wormiest, meanest, orneriest, misplaced slice of tripe I has ever set eyes on. Was you drownin' I woul'n't give you nothin' but a drink of water. What I ain't got fo' you is no use, an' I got it constant. Fo' two cents I'd lay you acrost my knees an' spank you, on'y you ain't wuth it. You ain't got the nerve of the buzzin' mosquiter you looks like. You is a fancy-dressed baked bean which has been cooked too much. An' if you denies anythin' what I says Ise li'ble to spread you out on the sidewalk an' step on you. Git me?"

Arms akimbo, eyes staring, Mr. Washington teetered eagerly before the cowering Mr. Potts. For an instant the crowd was held in spellbound silence. Then somebody snickered and that proved the signal for a good, honest laugh.

Spokane waited for an age-long minute. Then, seeing that Mr. Potts could not be induced to start hostilities, he swung around and moved away magnificently.

"An' that," he flung over his shoulder, "is how I treat li'l' bugs like you!"

Welford stared after the triumphantly retreating figure. The faces of his erstwhile friends were wreathed in grins of genuine amusement. Welford knew that he had lost caste absolutely and permanently. His dignity had crumpled before Spokane's crushing onslaught of adjectives.

Suddenly Mr. Potts started through the crowd—in a direction discreetly opposite to that Spokane had taken. His face was set, his eyes staring. Florian Slappey started with him, but Welford waved his friend away. He wanted to be alone, to think over this public disgrace which had come to him. The fact that Spokane had some justification did not affect the situation so far as Mr. Potts was concerned. He, a star of Midnight, had been stripped of his dignity and made a target for ridicule. He found his room and seated himself on the bed, staring dazedly at the blank walls. His slender frame was trembling, tears of shame and anger struggled for outlet. It did not matter to Welford that he had been wrong from the first. Nothing mattered save that he had been shamed publicly, and that only public revenge could reestablish him.

News of the clash in front of the Champion Theater spread like wildfire through Eighteenth Street and came at length to the ears of Midnight officials. President Orifice R. Latimer grinned broadly.

"Well, by golly!" he announced. "I don't blame Spokane. Welford has been ridin' him somethin' fierce. An' I heard 'bout what transpired just befo' that in Epic Peters' new restaurant. Welford claimin' he never even seen Spokane!"

Director J. Cæsar Clump nodded. "You is right, Orifice. But I does crave to have a li'l' mo' peace in my comp'ny. Us is just gittin' back into production. Studio is all ready an' we is plannin' to start shootin' right away."

Latimer heaved a great sigh. "Harmony is the fondest thing I is of, Cæsar. But of course ——"

"I don't butt in on no fights," asserted Clump. "An' I takes no part in this. Welford is starrin' in this new pitcher of ourn an' I was thinkin' of usin' Spokane in it ——"

"Go ahead then, Mistuh Clump. What these fellers does off the set ain't no concern of ourn. But once we starts shootin' ——"

In the next two days the Midnight lot buzzed with activity. Things had been put in readiness for the return of the company, but there remained a hundred little details to demand the efficient attention of Directors Clump and Fizz. There was, for one thing, the matter of wardrobe. Gradually, however, preparations were made to resume the old production schedule—twenty-six two-reel slapstick comedies per year. The easy indolence of Europe was disappearing and the members of the troupe snapping back into the old routine of long hours, hard work and sustained enthusiasm.

During these two days Welford Potts moped in solitary misery. He spurned the friendly overtures of certain intimates and announced that he preferred to suffer alone.

He did not mention Spokane Washington; which was a certain indication that he had not forgotten or forgiven the contumely which that large and much trod-upon individual had heaped upon his head.

The morning of the second day Mr. Potts sought Forcep Swain, Midnight's imminent author. They chatted casually for a few moments and then Forcep dropped a certain remark in his precise manner. Instantly Welford's eye lighted. He leaned forward eagerly.

"Tell me some mo' 'bout that scenario, Forcep."

Mr. Swain talked long and earnestly, displaying the pardonable enthusiasm of a creative artist in his own handiwork. Welford enthused, but he did not smile, which considerably dampened Forcep's ardor.

"What is wrong, Brother Potts? Is it not funny?"

"Funny? I dunno. But, Forcep, I does reelize this—it's magnificent!"

Mr. Swain was satisfied, but dazed. He was also surprised when Welford rose without a word and started across the lot toward the private office of Director J. Cæsar Clump.

Welford found his chief poring over the expense sheets of the technical department. He seated himself and commenced asking questions.

"Forcep Swain was just tellin' me the story of this new pitcher, Cæsar. He says you said I was gwine star in it."

"Tha's right, Welford. You plays the part of the Roman gladiator."

"H'm! An' the big funny scene is where I fights an imitation lion, ain't it?"

The director chuckled. "Sholy is, Thin Boy. Us has got a lion's skin which two fellers gits in. One becomes the hind legs an' t'other is the front legs. Opus Randall is the villain which the lion has et up previous an' you gits the gal previded you whips the lion. Well, ev'ybody is sittin' aroun' an' this comical beast comes prancing in an' you fights him, an' finely he sits up on his hind legs an' begs you to lay off an' then you climb on his back an' ride him over to the gal."

Mr. Potts was gazing at a spot far over Cæsar's head. He displayed keen interest, but little enthusiasm.

"What kind of a weepon does I use?"

"A great big wooden sword."

"H'm! An' who plays the lion?"

"I dunno." The director shook his head solemnly. "It's got to be a couple big fellers, 'cause us has got a big skin, an' the crazier it is the funnier it's gwine be. I was sort of thinkin' that ——"

"Spokane G. Washington would make a good half a lion," suggested Welford with simulated innocence.

(Continued on Page 137)

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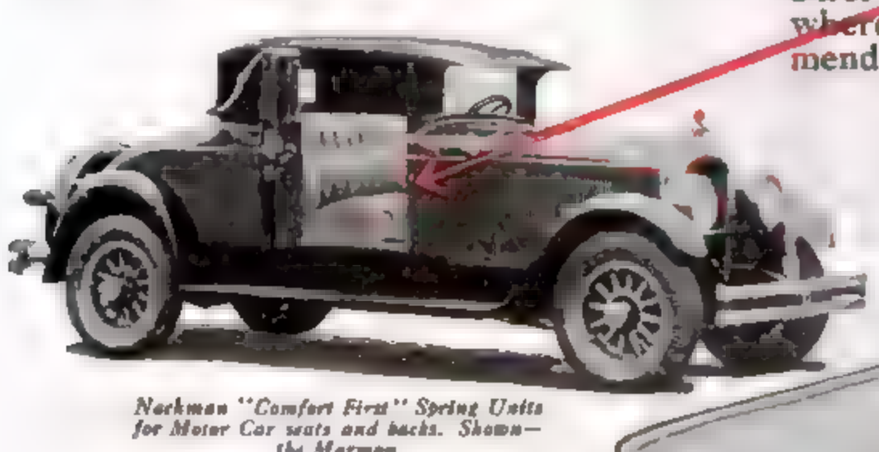

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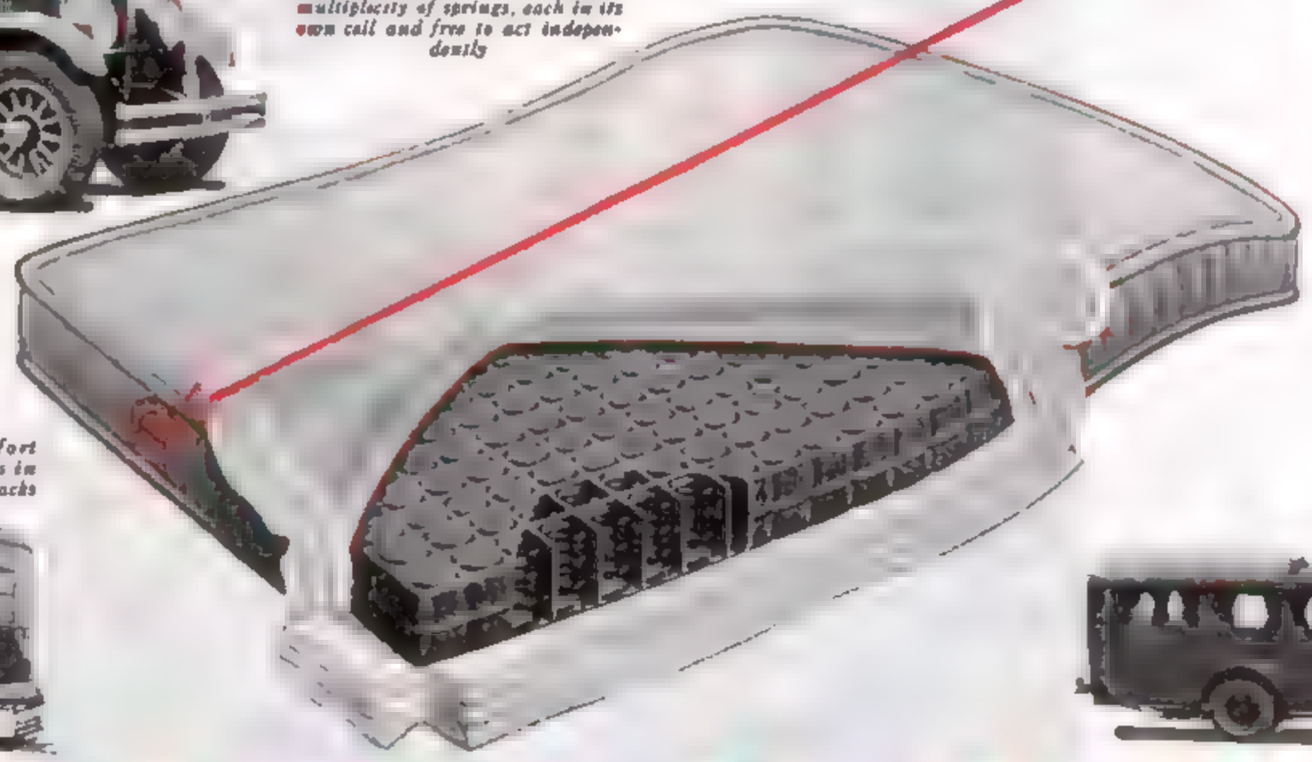
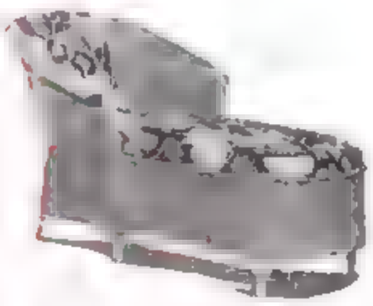
Nachman "Comfort First" Mattress. Cut-away view showing multiplicity of springs, each in its own coil and free to act independently





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(Continued from Page 132)

Director Clump scrutinized his star sharply. "How come you to think so, Brother Potts?"

"Just do. I sort of think he'd make a swell hind end."

Mr. Clump was no fool. He understood clearly what was transpiring in Welford's brain. He saw that the little man was glimpsing this scenario as an opportunity for legalized revenge upon Spokane Washington. Armed with a wooden sword and directed to whip a lion, it was assured that he would make an exceedingly thorough job of it, provided Mr. Washington composed the nether portion of the jungle king.

Cæsar did not betray his knowledge of Welford's mental workings. The quarrels of his actors often paid production dividends, and if this personal situation was to result in a realistic battle between comedy gladiator and imitation lion, then —— "I guess Spokane would be all right. An' I'll try Sidney Sprott for the front legs."

Welford's eyes glistened. "Tha's a good idea, chief. Bein' half a lion is just about the kind of actin' that Mistuh Sprott can do capable."

Mr. Potts departed. He broke the news to his friend, Florian Slappey, and Florian told Glorious Fizz, who told Exotic Hines, who told Professor Aleck Champagne. By evening the studio was buzzing. It had watched with keen interest for the inevitable attempt of Mr. Potts to satisfy his honor and discomfit Spokane Washington, and every person saw just what the keen director had seen—that Welford intended to make a devastating job of this particular combat under cover of his excellent alibi that it was in line of duty.

One or two expressed surprise that Cæsar Clump permitted such casting, but Eddie Fizz, second director, stuck tongue in cheek and wagged his head.

"Cæsar ain't no mo' foolish than a wizzid," he said. "He's dawg-gone well gwine see that a funny pitcher is made funnier. Can you imagine Spokane an' Sidney sewed up in that skin an' then really gittin' mad at Welford? Can't you see how screamin' it'd be if that happened to turn into a real fight? Boy! Brother Clump don't just use his head to park a hat on."

The following morning Clump posted the cast on the official bulletin board:

Roman Gladiator	*Mr. Welford Potts*
Another ditto	*Mr. Opus Randall*
Roman Lady	*Mrs. Sicily Clump*
Roman Empire	*Mr. Enoch Tapp*
Flower Girl	*Master Excelsior Nix*
Lion (Front legs)	*Mr. Sidney Sprott*
Lion (Hind part)	*Mr. Spokane G. Washington*

Mr. Washington read and went in search of Forcep Swain, the author. That gentleman explained with great particularity the details of the battle scene, whereupon Mr. Washington saw a light and sought his director.

"Cæsar," he protested, "I don't mind playin' some parts, but to hind parts I object strenuous."

"Says which?"

"How come you wants me to play the rear end of that lion? 'Tain't no part fo' no actor."

"Somebody's got to do it, ain't they?"

"They's a heap of folks in this comp'ny would make better lion legs than me."

"Shuh! Spokane, you an' Sidney is gwine be the laugh hit of that pitcher. Welford won't be nothin' ——"

"'Cept the guy what wallops us with a sword, huh? I guess you ain't thought of that, has you?"

"I never interfere with actors' quarrels, an' you know it."

"Well, all I says is that fo' a feller which don't care 'bout other folks' fights you sho ain't givin' me none the best of this deal."

Mr. Clump followed the large actor onto the lot where the company was assembled. He dispatched Spokane and Sidney to the wardrobe room to practice with their lion costume. The others moved into the old warehouse where they were informed of the nature of the script about to be shot and then told how to costume themselves. An hour later togas appeared from the dressing rooms and a few preliminary scenes were shot.

But those who were not actively engaged in the picture found greatest interest in watching the synthetic lion. Florian Slappey personally supervised the insertion of the two men into the skin. Sidney Sprott experienced little difficulty. His legs fitted nicely and there was a support for his head that enabled him to see fairly well through the holes which did duty as eyes. Spokane was less fortunate. Where his legs had to be snuggled into the rear of the lion, the flanks showed a tendency to sag. Florian hit upon the device of tying a stout piece of twine about Spokane's waist outside the lion's skin, so that the sagging was confined exclusively to the region of the lion's tummy.

"No lion woul'n't stan' to have his skin runnin' all over his bones nohow," explained Mr. Slappey. "Besides, you'd be trippin' yo'se'f."

Once inside the skin Spokane lost his final vestige of enthusiasm. He was forced to bend almost double and wrap his arms around Sidney Sprott's hips. Then when Florian sat down on the ground and drew tight the thongs which bound the under side of the lion, Mr. Washington uttered a wail of protest.

"Dawg-gone it, Florian, I cain't see nothin'."

"You ain't got to. Who ever heard of a lion with eyes in his hind legs?"

"I ain't no lion, an' I craves to look."

"All you got to do is foller where Sidney Sprott goes. He can see fine."

Mr. Sprott called back reassuringly to his hind-legged friend, but his voice came with disturbing vagueness to Spokane's ears. Spokane dispatched a messenger to Director Clump to file formal protest. Word came back that he could play the lion's hind legs or quit the company. Therefore, grumbling, he consented to keep the rôle assigned him, and rehearsal started.

It was a howlingly absurd scene as the lion attempted to become accustomed to its own two ends. It was Florian who hit upon an old army device: "Odd numbers is lef' legs, even is right. Ready? One, two, three, four; one, two ——" and the lion went stamping in queerly dignified fashion across the lot while the spectators shrieked with glee.

For nearly two hours Sidney and Spokane rehearsed. As they became more and more used to their stifling surroundings and malodorous costume, they entered more into the spirit of the thing. They tried a bit of running and a few tricks. The laughter of the spectators was balm to the soul of the perspiring Spokane, who emerged from his confining costume to receive the enthusiastic applause of his contemporaries.

And now the two portions of the lion threw themselves whole-heartedly into rehearsal. During the screening of the picture Spokane and Sidney bethought themselves of new and funny tricks; they even aroused Director J. Cæsar Clump to commendation.

Finally the day came for the filming of the great arena scene. The company, properly togaed, was on edge, for it had missed none of Welford's covert glances of triumph. The insults of the large Mr. Washington rankled deep in Welford's soul and he practiced assiduously with his sword. Things, he reflected, were giving symptoms of coming his way.

The temporary stands were filled that afternoon with members of the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc. Even President Latimer was present in costume. Two cameras were readied. Welford Potts and Sicily Clump cavorted through the preliminaries, and then Cæsar megaphoned for the lion.

Off to one side Spokane and Sidney were making ready. Mr. Sprott was comfortably incased in his end. Spokane was experiencing a bit of trouble and was forced to impress Florian Slappey into service.

"Tie this heah string aroun' my middle Brother Slappey. This skin slinks away fum me somethin' terrible."

The twine was duly tied about the waist of the lion's hind legs. Mr. Washington then bent over and clasped his arms around Mr. Sprott's hips and Florian securely laced the under side of the beast. Then he signaled the director that everything was in readiness. The camera started grinding. Gladiator Potts strutted to the middle of the arena, his eyes shining in happy anticipation. Clump barked orders and the lion came galumphing in to the roar of the crowd. It was a funny spectacle, and the laughter of the audience was sincere and unaffected.

"Now!" roared Clump. "Commence yo' fightin'!"

The lion anticked gayly, pausing occasionally to wave a derisive forepaw at his foe. Mr. Potts, always an actor, delivered a bit of hilarious impromptu comedy. Then he advanced to the fray. A large wooden sword waved in the hands of the gladiator. He danced nimbly about, brandishing this weapon, then, with the agility of a cat, circled the lion and brought his sword down sharply on the flanks of the animal.

The lion emitted a howl which did not come from the mouth. It sounded suspiciously like the voice of one Spokane G. Washington. The crowd yelled approval, and once again Mr. Potts flourished his wooden blade and spanked it sharply upon that section of the lion which was being played by Mr. Washington.

"Ouch!" came the protesting shriek. "That hurt!"

Clump was roaring his official approval, whereupon Welford heartened. He had rather feared directorial censure, but if Clump had no objections —— This time the wallop carried with it every ounce of his strength and the hind legs leaped frantically into the air. Heavily muffled, Spokane's voice carried faintly to the ears of his friend Sidney Sprott.

"Don't leave him git in back of us, Sidney. Ise becomin' ruint!"

"Cain't he'p it," gasped Mr. Sprott. "Besides, this is terrible funny."

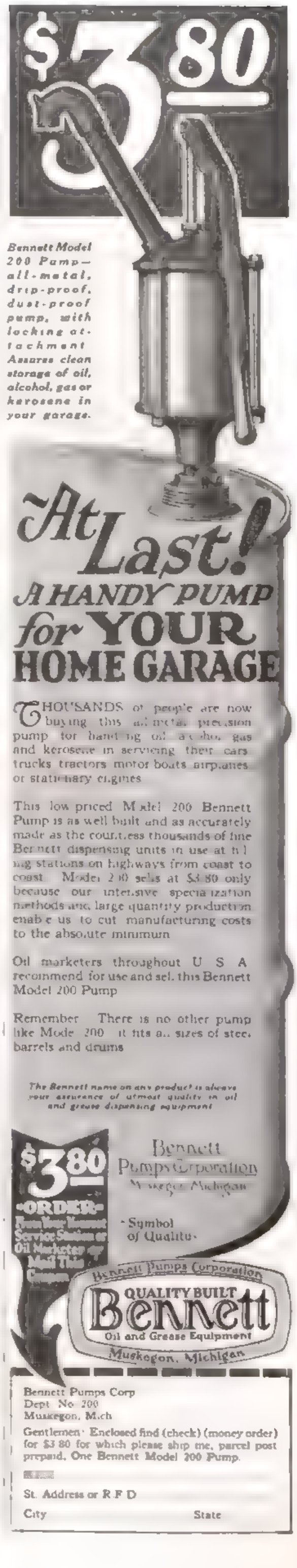
A great bitterness welled up in the soul of Spokane Washington. It seemed that even Sidney had turned against him, and that he was sewed up in the very skin of an enemy. At that psychological moment another devastating wallop found a resting place on his anatomy and Spokane shrieked with pain. At the same instant he decided that he wished to resign from the rear end of the lion.

He struggled to tear his way out of the lion skin. The effect, as registered by the camera, was little short of amazing. It seemed that one half the animal had suddenly gone mad. Spokane was leaping wildly here and there, but his efforts availed him nothing. To the spectators it appeared that the animal was suffering with acute indigestion. Exotic Hines was working pop-eyed at his camera. Director Clump was vociferously enthusiastic.

Vastly encouraged, Welford Potts decided to perfect a good job. Fast as the lion's rear end whirled Welford leaped even faster. His bludgeon battered a ceaseless tattoo on the person of Spokane Washington. Mr. Potts was enormously pleased with himself; vengeance was not only his, but it was a revenge which satisfied his sense of the artistic. He bent earnestly to the task and the muffled howls from the lion's skin attested his success.

Mr. Washington was alone in a dark, cruel world. A portion of his anatomy felt as though it had been ignited. He leaped and twisted and yelled protest, but each leap seemed only to accentuate the enjoyment of the spectators and the efficiency of the attacking gladiator.

Mr. Sprott refused to remain still or to assist his friend in any way. Spokane realized that whatever measures were taken for his own safety must be attended to personally. It was then that an idea came to him—an idea which he immediately put into effect.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The lion executed a strategic maneuver. Director Clump saw the rear end of the beast lower itself painfully but positively to the ground. In a sitting posture the lion was safe from the blows of the gladiator. The picture presented by the animal caused the spectators to shriek with approval. Director Clump howled orders to Spokane, but that gentleman stubbornly held his position. Mr. Sprott, however, heard the orders of the director, whereupon he shoved his right foot back and nudged his nether half on the ankle.

"Mistuh Clump says git up," announced Sidney.

Spokane touched Mr. Sprott with his own foot. "Tha's the most thing I ain't gwine do!"

Welford Potts, seeking further revenge, witnessed this bit of byplay. He heard Sidney Sprott say, "Well, you sho better git up right away!" and the gladiator acted immediately.

Approaching the lion on the blind side Mr. Potts drew back his sandaled foot and kicked sharply at the shins of Mr. Sidney Sprott. The lion's front legs danced and Sidney wailed.

"Quit kickin' me, Spokane."

Welford kicked again. Someone in the crowd gasped. "Did you-all see Welford kick Sidney?"

"I did," muttered Director Clump, "an' I woul'n't blame Sidney, nor neither Spokane, fo' anything they done." His eyes distended. "Golla! Look at that!"

That was further action from Mr. Potts. Following his second sharp kick at Mr. Sprott's shins and the yell of pain from that gentleman, Mr. Potts deftly and efficiently kicked the sitting Mr. Washington in the ankle.

Spokane's roar of protest rent the air He retaliated by kicking Sidney Sprott soundly, and Sidney, himself infuriated, returned the compliment in kind. Then genuine action commenced. Sidney gave Spokane credit for having kicked him. Spokane thought the same of Sidney. Both were furious, and Mr. Potts stood contentedly back to view the shambles.

All that had gone before faded into pallid nothingness beside what now transpired. The two ends of the lion started a knock-down-and-drag-out fight. The hind legs kicked viciously at the front ones; the front legs whipped out earnestly at the rear ones. Director Clump was almost demented with glee.

"Welford sho done a dirty trick," he announced, "but Midnight ain't never tooken no funnier scene than that!"

The battle waxed furious, with Welford inserting an occasional blow of his sword to increase the general hilarity. Inside the lion all was turmoil. Two furious men fought bitterly. But the advantage was all with Sidney Sprott. Spokane's shins were his target, whereas Mr. Washington could only kick blindly.

Sidney struggled to come to grips with his foe, but every time he turned, the rear end swung with him. On each occasion the infuriated Mr. Sprott kicked happily and Spokane howled his misery.

But Spokane evolved a stroke of master strategy. His body was bent over, his arms about Sidney's hips. And Spokane remembered that Sidney was ticklish!

His long, strong fingers sought for Mr. Sprott's ribs. They dug deep and moved violently. Sidney emitted a howl of torture. He leaped violently away from those maddening fingers, but no matter how fast he moved, Spokane stayed with him.

Mr. Washington did not relax the vigilance of his new campaign. He tickled as he had never done before. Sidney was frothing. As the front end of the lion, he entertained only one ambition—and that was to get away from the rear end. To the eyes of the spectators it seemed as though the beast had gone into violent convulsions. It lay on the ground and rolled; it rose and whipped in circles; it kicked and roared and twisted.

The questing fingers of Spokane Washington found a pocket in the pants of the man before him. In that pocket was a sharp knife. Spokane withdrew the knife and opened it. Sidney gave vent to a howl beside which all his other efforts were mere whispers. He fancied that his erstwhile friend was about to carve him. But Spokane had other ideas. With the keen blade of the knife he reached up and cut the hide of the lion.

The camera filmed a very queer phenomenon. It saw the two ends of the lion suddenly separate; the skin cut cleanly in half. It saw the front end fall to the ground and writhe. It saw the wild-eyed head and shoulders of a colored man emerge from the hind legs and stagger weakly. The lion's skin remained tight about Spokane's waist where Florian had tied the twine. Spokane staggered valiantly toward the prostrate Sidney, eager to conclude their battle. He was almost as weak as the front end of the lion, and his soul smarted with injustice.

"Sidney," he inquired furiously, "whaffo' did you kick me in the ankle?"

"Whaffo' did you kick me two times in the shins when I never had done nothin' to you?"

"You kicked me fust an' started the fight."

"I never did. It was you kicked me fust."

Front and rear ends glared at each other. Welford Potts hovered uncertainly near by. Then came Sidney Sprott's voice.

"Spokane," he announced, "somethin' is sholy wrong. I never kicked you a-tall until after you had most busted my shins twice!"

The tail end heard, and believed. "Sidney," he returned solemnly, "I swear I never kicked you until after you had busted me in the ankle!"

"Somebody kicked me!"

"An' somebody kicked me!"

"Well, if it wasn't we that kicked us, then who ——"

Sidney and Spokane found themselves staring at the figure of Gladiator Welford Potts. Sidney rose and started toward Welford. Spokane ranged himself on the other side of the terrified actor. Welford gazed fearfully from front legs to hind legs. He realized that only official intervention could save him from near-extermination.

"Cæsar," he pleaded, "make these two fellers lay off me."

But Director Clump was nothing if not fair. "This is all gwine be part of the funniest pitcher us ever got, Welford. An' you has done fine, so far."

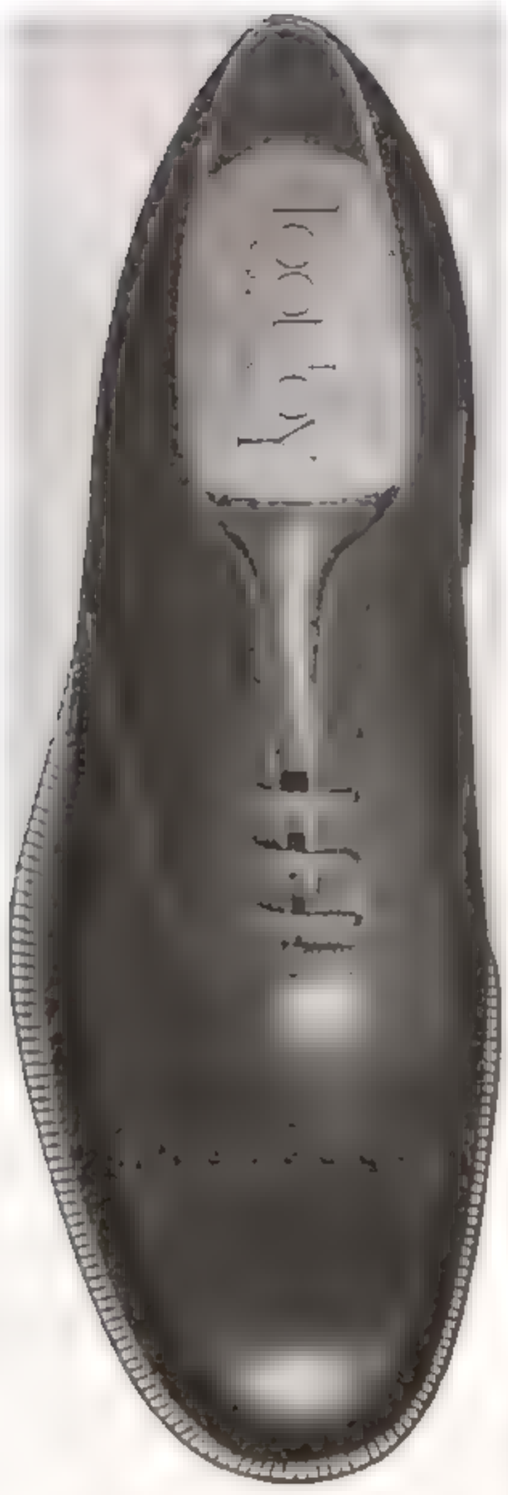
Spokane's eyes were gleaming with unholy joy. For many months he had prayed for the opportunity to wallop Welford Potts without jeopardizing his job. He reached out a large, muscular hand.

From somewhere came the director's voice, instructing the cameraman:

"Don't miss none of this, Exotic. I got a hunch it's gwine be great. Two halves of a lion beatin' up a Roman gladiator!"

Great beads of perspiration stood out on the forehead of the little actor. Mr. Potts glanced to his right. His eyes came to rest on the menacing head of the lion. He looked left. The tail end of the lion confronted him. The voice of the triumphant Spokane Washington came to his ears as the two angry men converged upon him.

"It's heads we win," explained Mr. Washington happily as he grabbed Welford Potts, "an' tails you lose!"



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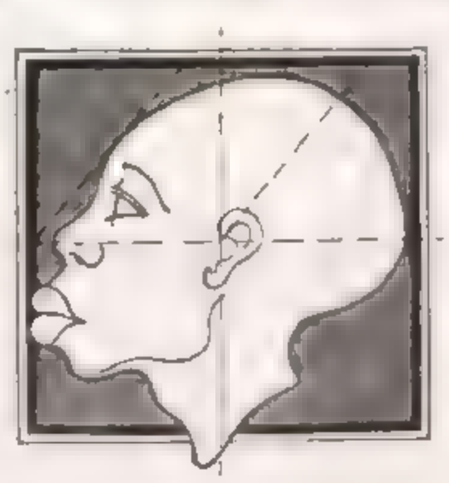
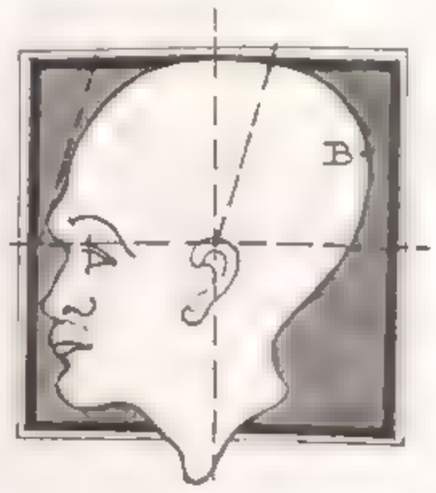


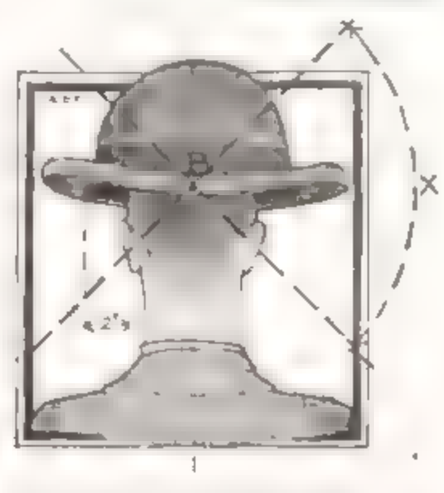
Cranial Index of Cro-Magnon Man

ANTHROPOLOGISTS
Say the world consists
Of men whose heads are wide,
Measured from side to side,
And those whose heads are long.
Unless I have it wrong
(Please put this in italic)
We all are less or more
Brachycephalic or
Dolichocephalic.



Cranial Index of Dr. Bishop
B. Lubricate Every 50 Miles With Soft Cup Grease

THE heads of Slav and Swiss
Are all alike in this:
They're shaped like cabbages;
Whereas, the savant says,
The Teuton, Dane, and Gaul—
Nordic races all—
And others without number
Show this phenomenon:
Their heads are modeled on
The everyday cucumber.



Dr. Bishop (rear View) Wearing Brachycephalic Kelly
X. Range of Derby With 3-Point Suspension

AT LAST I fathom why
No derby hat I buy,
However beautiful,
Will ever fit my skull.
In front and rear they pinch;
The sides stick out an inch.
Science explains such matters:
I am a Nordic guy—
Derbies are modeled by
Brachycephalic hatters!

Morris Bishop.

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1 Black	Valspar	7 Light Blue	Valspar	13 Deep Green	Valspar	19 Mahogany	Valspar
2 Orange	"	8 Yellow	"	14 Brown	"	20 Cl[illegible]	"
3 Ivory	"	9 Deep Blue	"	15 Clear	"	21 M[illegible] Green	"
4 Medium Blue	"	10 Vermilion	"	16 Light Oak	"	22 G[illegible]	"
5 Light Red	"	11 Deep Red	"	17 Dark Oak	"	23 Aluminum	"
6 Medium Green	"	12 Gray	"	18 Walnut	"	24 Bronze	"

W White (not illustrated)

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25	12 and 3	30	3 and 2	36	4 and W	42	3 and 10	48	2 and 7
26	14 and 9	31	1 and W	37	6 and W	43	7 and 10	49	14 and 3
27	5 and 3	32	13 and W	38	12 and 10	44	6 and 8	50	5 and W
28	7 and W	33	7 and 8	39	11 and 3	45	3 and 7	51	12 and 9
29	12 and 8	34	1 and 14	40	3 and W	46	12 and W	52	8 and 10
		35	12 and 14	41	8 and W	47	14 and W		

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Send Free Book ..... ☐

S. E. P.-3-5-27

Dealer's Name.....

Address

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Address City

WILLIE

(Continued from Page 29)

about the room. "I've got to! Gosh, I'll go crazy. Till two weeks ago I had a wife and a home. She liked me all right. Now ——" His empty hands finished it.

"So that's how it took her," Madam Hopp said.

"What did? What took her?"

She looked up into his good face with genuine compassion. "I wouldn't ask. It won't make you any happier."

"Happier!" It was a cry. "I want to know what I'm up against. I'm fighting in the dark. What stuff and nonsense did you hand her?"

She was not offended. "I guess I wouldn't speak that way. I told her just what her planets said. You're sure you want to know?"

He stood over her, waiting. "Good Lord, yes!"

"Well, Mr. Holden, a second marriage was indicated."

Willie sank into a chair. The silence went on and on until at last he found a husky whisper: "A second marriage!"

She was as calm and as kind as a surgeon. "So her auspices said."

His pain struggled into bitter words: "And that's why she has been so jolly!"

"Now I wouldn't take it to heart," she said sensibly. "Anybody's kind of excited at the idea of a change. Why, Mr. Holden, if I told most any husband you know that he had a second marriage coming to him, he might be stricken, but he'd begin to take notice too."

Willie had no ears for comfort. "What becomes of me? Do I die or just clear out?"

She offered to give him a reading, but he refused in a roar.

"No! Not much! I don't believe that guff. Neither does Bee, really, but she's got imagination, if you get me—she's trying it out, playing it's true." He went off into somber thought, and she waited with the patience of one who has seen many souls in torment. At last Willie looked up, brightening with an idea. "Look here, if you will come to my wife and tell her you made a mistake, that there isn't any second marriage, it'll be worth five hundred dollars to me." She did not answer. "Gosh, it will be worth a thousand," he exclaimed, but still drew no response. "Well, you name your own price!"

She seemed to be considering. "Mr. Holden, what is your business?" she finally asked.

"Stock broker."

"Well, you read your ticker and follow the market the best way you can, don't you?" He nodded, wondering if it was a tip on the market she wanted. "Then suppose a client says to you, 'Mr. Holden, if you'll tell Jones that his stock is going down and he'd better sell quick at my figure, it'll be worth a big sum of money to you'—what would you answer?"

Their eyes met, and there was something in hers that made him say with startled sincerity, "I beg your pardon."

"That's all right," she said heartily. "I guess if you looked into it, you'd find the stars a good deal more reliable than the ticker. Now we all make mistakes, and I'm perfectly ready to see if I made one in your wife's case. I'll give her a second reading, and it won't cost her a cent."

Willie's gratitude was cut short by another difficulty. "But I don't want her to know I've seen you! Gee, I'm not proud of it—poking into her affairs. She'd have a right to be sore. I'll tell her some day, of course, but not just now. You've got to keep this visit a dead secret."

Madam Hopp was equal to any difficulty. "I was going to bring her a copy of her chart anyway. I'll drop in with it, first thing in the morning, and run over it with her. I'll do my best."

He had a feeling that her best would be very good indeed. "That's great," he exclaimed. "Now, see here"—a suggestive hand went to his pocket.

"A dollar for the cab; not another cent," was the firm answer.

He put her into the cab and shook her hand with honest liking. "If I can do anything for you downtown you call on me," he said, and went in sick and sore, yet with a sense that comfort might yet be found.

For the first time in their married life he shrank from seeing Beatrice. He went to bed, meaning to pretend sleep when she came in and to avoid her in the morning until Madam Hopp's visit had punctured the dream. The pain of his discovery made him groan aloud, and yet there was a relief in knowing the worst. He could not blame Bee so terribly. God knew, he wasn't her equal in any way, had never been half good enough for her, only he did love her. And she had loved him; she sure had. Perhaps it would all come right yet. She was just excited, kind of playing a game. She wouldn't really throw him over. Why, she couldn't; she was his wife. The sleepless nights that he had passed weighed his head down into the pillow. He drifted into a sleep so profound that even the rising wind and the growl of thunder could not rouse him.

Beatrice awoke from a brief, deep sleep with a sense that the room was very light and her bed strangely hard, even lumpy. The texture of the bedclothes under her fingers was harsh, unfamiliar, and she seemed to be wearing a great deal of nightgown. She lay wondering about it, but too sleepy to investigate until a subdued cough close to her bed jerked open her eyes.

There was no bed, no room. She lay on a bushy and gravelly slope backed by stunted pines and bounded by limitless ocean, out of which the sun was just rising. On a rock near by, Aunt Myra sat with folded hands, bearing it.

"Oh, of course—the shipwreck!" Beatrice came up from under the rug with a laugh. A limp mass that had been an accordion-pleated chiffon wrap fell back from her bare arms, a soaked and stained yellow slipper dangled from her foot. "Wasn't it wonderful!"

Aunt Myra, as always, kept to the facts. "Being in an open boat that refuses to run in the middle of a thunderstorm is not my idea of pleasure," she said, but either she was less sharp and snubby than usual or else her truth in this bald setting seemed more like a flavor than a weapon. With last night's experience fresh upon them Beatrice could look on her likingly.

"But it was so interesting," she argued. Before last night it would never have occurred to her to argue anything with Aunt Myra. "It revealed us so. Fred was man of the world and cool, Dick Harrison was devoted and distressed, David was glorious—he loved it!" She glowed over them. "Aunt Myra, which of those three men do you like best?" Bee did not really believe that foolish prophecy, but she had to know which would be the right one if it should be true. Lots of men about—don't take the wrong one, Madam Hopp had warned. Aunt Myra's judgment would probably be sound, and her, "Can't say I like any of them," only made Bee laugh. "Which would be the nicest to be married to?" she amended her question.

"They can't one of them be compared to Willie," was the firm answer. "I have never joined in on the Holdens' mutual admiration chorus—I find our family very tiresome in that respect—but if a woman must have a husband I should say that Willie was about the best possible."

A glaze of inattention had cut off Bee's eyes and ears. "Poor Willie, I suppose he is half crazy," she said lightly. "He must have roused the whole coast by this time."

Aunt Myra looked up and down the empty waters. "Why don't they find us then? I should like my tea."

"Oh, they will." Beatrice was in no hurry even for tea. "There were still some of Dick's sandwiches left for breakfast. Or David will catch a fish and I'll broil it, and we'll put jasmine wreaths about our necks and eat like gods!" Her laughter spilled over. She loved everybody. "You were so fine and brave and uncomplaining last night, Aunt Myra. They all said you were a trump."

Aunt Myra did not often meet fervent appreciation, and it touched her. She actually made a small joke: "Well, I certainly thought it was the last trump. Not that I have any great objection to dying. If you have been a sufferer all your life ——"

When Aunt Myra began on her sufferings one always interrupted. "I certainly am glad you were with us," Bee exclaimed. "Heavens, how the family would have talked!"

"They're talking a good deal anyway, as I suppose you know." Aunt Myra patted back a yawn. "That was why I came," she added. "I detest boats."

Beatrice had drawn herself up. "I am sorry if you martyrized yourself!"

"I certainly did." Aunt Myra was unruffled. "And martyrized the rest of you as well. I saw that I was about as welcome as a dog at a prayer meeting. Not that I blame you. Nobody wants a suffering old woman on a party. But I'd do a good deal for Willie."

The cavernous black eyes were resting on her not unkindly, and Bee's resentment passed. After all, Aunt Myra's flat truth had its appeal. It gave one a startling sense of liberation, as though life might have less of evasion and pretense and surface. An impulse to try it herself drove Beatrice to reckless speech:

"Why are you all so crazy about Willie? He is rather silly, with his everlasting jokes. He really has very tiresome ways, and one can't break him of anything—he's unchangeable. He gets frightfully on my nerves."

Aunt Myra could admit all that without shock or reprobation. "Yes, I guess that's true. But you've got to remember that you've got trying ways too."

Bee was honestly surprised. "*Mais quoi, donc?* What are they?"

"Well, your French," was the placid answer. "I don't know why it's so annoying, but I suspect it's because you enjoy it yourself. I don't want to hit you for it, as Frances says she does, but I'm irritated by it, and I dare say Willie is too. Only he's too kind to admit it."

Bee's color had risen. "Well, if there is nothing worse than that to criticize!"

"I just mentioned one thing. You asked for it," Aunt Myra reminded her. "Plenty more to criticize in any one of us. But Willie's good, Beatrice. He's good."

"So are other men. Good enough. Sometimes Willie is too good." She wanted to add, "To his family!" but David's laugh sounded from the other side of the island, and her ill humor was wiped out. The flashing echo in her face might well have troubled an aunt. "There, they are awake. What do you suppose they are doing?"

Aunt Myra mounted a rock to look, then abruptly came down again, a peculiar expression compressing her lips.

"Well, I should say they were about to take a dip!"

Beatrice laughed and rose to shake the sand from the wreck of her fragile dress. The mirror from her beaded bag showed her rumpled curls as rather attractive, and she did not attempt to rearrange them. A woman who was always exquisitely in order, as she was, might gain a sudden wild charm from disarray. The fun of being charming—the long, dull years when she had never thought of it! She touched her cheeks and lips with color, chanting under her breath. Aunt Myra went to wash her hands, regarding the rosy beauty flooding sky and sea with a straight gaze that defied them to put anything over on her, but they were putting over on Beatrice a sweet drunkenness. Her spirit skimmed the little waves that leaped for her satin toes; the dawn breath, fresh, but milky soft, streamed through her chiffons to caress all her vibrant body; three suitors flew on her shining track, and it was good! *Ohé, la vie!*

And yet, in the middle of her ecstasy, she had to remember that one of Willie's new shirts had not come back from the laundry. It was maddening the way the practical would always thrust itself in. She had never heard a symphony concert through without some marring recollection—that the oysters must be spoken about or a mattress made over. Last night she had made them pick up every scrap from their midnight supper. Even on a desert island Bee was an incurably good housekeeper.

A knocking on a rock presently translated itself as a signal.

"Oh, come in," Beatrice called, and Fred's head appeared over the tumble of rocks that separated the two sides of the tiny island. It looked so odd, unshaven and uncombed, that her laughter would have burst out if his weary eyes had not warned her that he found it no joking matter. He wore his rumpled clothes and drowned shirt with his unshakable air of fastidious elegance. He even bent over her sandy fingers, but forgot to complete the ceremony with his lips.

"Good morning. I hope no one will ask anyone how they slept," he began.

"Well, I did," Beatrice said. "I thought you were all in swimming."

That drew a frown of acute annoyance. "I can't swim in the same ocean with Stewart." He let himself down on a rock with gingerly care. "He watches me. Confounded impertinence, I call it. I've swum for a good many years without his help. . . . Why on earth hasn't Willie looked us up?"

"He is hunting madly, the poor boy." She was as certain of that as she was of the sunrise. In a serious issue one could count on Willie. "But it is a fairly big ocean. Why don't we put up a signal?"

"There was talk of it." Fred was too spent to take responsibility. "We were wondering whether you would have a petticoat. Ladies don't, do they?"

Bee dipped her head toward Aunt Myra, who had found a pool in a rock and was rubbing her hands as though she had just turned a faucet. "She might."

Fred regarded her, his glasses high on his nose. "Very likely. Red flannel, I should say. Well, Harrison can ask her—he got us into this."

"Poor Mr. Harrison! He was perfectly miserable." Bee's voice was warm for her good Dick.

"I should think he might be," was the relentless answer. "He takes out a boatload of important people—some of them important—maroons us in midocean, and feeds us soggy sandwiches and ice-cold pop. I shall never feel quite the same toward Harrison. He ought to have seen to it that his boat could run, or that at least there were oars on board. If we hadn't practically bumped into this island it would have been our finish. I hate a bungler." And Fred lit a cigarette.

She tried to keep the morning rapture alight. "But it was interesting! *Nous voilà* ——" She stopped short, amended her phrase to "There we were, freed from conventions, seeing one another as we really are."

Fred's glance touched her wild hair and wrecked dress. "I hope not," he murmured.

In spite of herself her hand fumbled for hairpins. "But, Fred, here is adventure: it's being cast on our desert island."

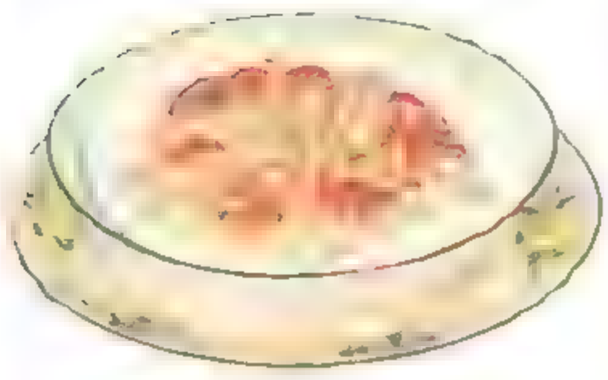
He actually had forgotten. "What desert island?"

"The modern, steam-heated desert island where we were going to find the perfect adventure."

(Continued on Page 142)

The Art of Making Breakfasts Attractive

Is the Art of Supplying Variety



Berries, fresh or cooked, with Puffed Rice and milk or cream — a breakfast treat that's delightful, yet "good for you" too.

Delicious, appetizing . . . sliced bananas, with your morning Puffed Rice, bring the charm of variety to a wholesome, nourishing dish.

Puffed Wheat, with prunes . . . in fact, with any fresh or preserved fruit . . . combines the enchantment of a change with the elements of a well-balanced diet

Another delightful variant is Puffed Wheat with peaches—combining the nourishment you require from a cereal, with the change your breakfast appetite craves.

With these unique grain foods to help you, no breakfast can be dull!—the vital grain foods you need in a form that you love

HEN your breakfast appetite lags, change your breakfast," is the accepted dietary urge of today. Poor breakfast appetite is usually nothing more than an appetite that craves a change.

To prove the point, try tomorrow an entirely *different* breakfast. Instead of forcing your appetite, tempt it. What happens will surprise you. Scores of thousands have found here the true solution of the breakfast problem.

Grain foods that supply the great adventure of variety

Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are the most unique grain foods known. There is no other like them. They are different from any other known—alluringly, wonderfully different.

They taste like toasted nutmeats; they tempt like confections. Children who resist ordinary cereals revel in their unique deliciousness.

Each grain is steam puffed to eight times its normal size; then oven toasted to a wonderful, crunchy crispness. Every food cell, too, is broken in this process and digestion thus made easy.

Almost 20% bran—but you would never guess it

Quaker Puffed Wheat is whole wheat, steam-exploded to fairy richness. Almost 20% is bran, but to eat it you would never guess it, so delightfully is it concealed. Supplies, too, the minerals and excellent nutritive elements of wheat, so necessary to the healthful diet.

Quaker Puffed Rice is selected rice, steam-exploded like the wheat. Its flavor is unique among grain foods. Its food value is high in the carbohydrates of fine rice.

Many delightful ways to serve

Serve with milk or cream or half and half. Try with fresh and cooked fruits. Use as a between-meal tidbit for children; as a light luncheon enticement; or as a before-bed snack that will supply nourishment without imposing on the digestion.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

Weis

CLEAR INDEX

Saves Time; Reduces Filing Costs

In offices where profits hinge on prompt, accurate handling of correspondence, the Weis "Clear Index" Method of indexing is sure to meet with marked approval. "Clear Index" is a step forward in filing efficiency—a means of eliminating costly delays and errors, simplifying the indexing of both current and transferred files, and reducing the cost of filing supplies. It consists of the following:

A Main Index, tabbed in two positions, which remains in current file permanently—is never transferred

B Miscellaneous Index in folder style, one folder being placed in each subdivision to hold miscellaneous papers. This index is placed in transfer case at transfer time to serve as index for transferred name folders.

C Name folders, tabbed in two positions, to hold important letters and copies

D Note that all tabs are legibly numbered and lettered. Finding is by name and filing by number—the quickest, most accurate method known

"Clear Index" keeps letters from important correspondents in separate compartments, in chronological order. Transferred correspondence is indexed in the transfer file just as it was in the current file through the transferring of the Miscellaneous Index Folders along with Name Folders. The Main Index never need be replaced.

"Clear Index" is so arranged that all tabs may be seen at a glance. No more irritating delays when you need a letter in a hurry. No trouble to return a folder to its proper place after use.

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Fred did not care for her tone. "I can't hear people who are funny at this hour of the morning."

"At what hour do you like them funny?" Bee's voice had a distinct edge.

"I don't like them funny at all. I am peculiar about that. I can't endure the eternal joking that goes on among middle-class people. I appreciate wit—I believe I am not without it—but I don't want even wit all the time."

Beatrice sighed. "My father was like this before he had had his coffee. I must say for Willie he is as cheerful before breakfast as after."

Fred made short work of that. "Willie has as much emotional complexity as a lawn mower."

That made her unexpectedly angry, though she was not going to show it. "Ah, Fred, where is that primitive man with his nostalgia for the jungle?" she teased.

"Primitive man be hanged. He didn't have neuralgia." Fred felt his head with wincing fingers. "When my neuralgia gets really going nothing stops it but medicine. Fanny always carries it," he added, his tone a reproach.

"Neuralgia?" Aunt Myra was looking at Fred with a fresh interest. "I know all about neuralgia, which is more than the doctors do. Which kind is it?"

"Yes, there are two kinds!" Fred was newly alive.

"At the very least," said Aunt Myra with solemn emphasis.

They sat down together and compared experiences with an absorption that left Beatrice out altogether. Their common recognition that sometimes it jumped and sometimes it was a steady boring gave them a mysterious joy. Adventures with strawberries and tomatoes made them blood brothers. Each could hardly await a turn to give testimony. Beatrice looked on in amazed disdain

"Fanny can keep him," she told the universe and, after all, it was a relief. Fred at his best took a good deal of living up to; one would have to be a marquise day and night—not even Thursdays and Sundays off! Bee had a rowdy and joyous thought that she was a little sick of being exquisite. David would like her tumbled hair, and good old Dick would like anything. Her spirits were dancing again when Harrison's shout came across the island:

"Break-fast! Breakfast is now being served in the dining car to the rear!"

He stood waiter-fashion to receive them, smears of boat grease on his clothes and his unshaven face, but so unconscious of his appearance, so brimmingly, cheerfully devoted, that Bee's heart went out to him. He had made seats of boat cushions for the ladies, he was ready to serve them hand and foot. That they were not resentful for the night of hardship seemed to him an extraordinary grace. He really had a beautiful nature.

"The great lovers are very rare," Beatrice told herself, accepting a good deal of unnecessary help to her place.

David, intent over a fire, gave them his sunny smile, but not much attention. He actually had caught a fish, with string and bent pin, and broiled it on green twigs. The remains of the sandwiches were toasting before the flame. His white clothes had been soaked with rain and blackened with grease from working over the boat, and his hair was wild, but he had not the others' look of comic disarray. Bee found him splendid in his open shirt and bare arms. His smooth young lips and chin showed no need of a razor.

"Youth, youth!" she sang in her gay heart. "Great lover or splendid youth?" "Love will bring you happiness," her stars had said.

They gave the spoon to Aunt Myra and Fred ate his fish laboriously with a forked twig, wincing as the rest took to their fingers. Bee found a malicious pleasure in licking her finger tips in his sight; annoying Fred was even more amusing than charming the others. Marquise—silly idea! Just the sort of being Fred would like, all airs and polished surfaces. Imagine trying to travel with Fred and to keep him soothed in delayed trains and poor hotels! "A long journey by land and by sea" would be clear joy with David

"Very strange that Willie has not found us," Aunt Myra said, her eyes on the distant coast. "I should suppose he would have a fleet of boats out."

"I could swim it," David offered

Fred thought that an excellent idea, but the others cried out, would not hear of it.

"Not in this cold water," Beatrice insisted. "David, I won't let you." She knew that she was being maternal again, but one had to take that tone when the crazy boy was measuring miles of ocean with fearless young eyes. "I'd rather stay here a week'"

"That is all very well," Fred declared, "but nothing edible grows on this island but blueberries."

"Blueberries!" It was a chorus. "Where?"

"Oh, there are no more. They were rather sour," was the cool answer. The pause that followed was embarrassing for all but Fred, who was turning over the bones of his fish with peering dissatisfaction. "If I don't have proper food this neuralgia gets out of hand," he complained. "No one has any idea what it is."

"I know. I am surprised not to have it myself," Aunt Myra said firmly. "I dare say it will come on when I get back. Nobody can suffer worse than I do. I remember one time ——"

Beatrice burned a finger turning the toast and so created a diversion. Poor Aunt Myra never did get a chance to detail her sufferings, but she accepted interruption without protest or annoyance. Bee felt a sudden compunction for all the tales she had cut off

"You're a good sport, Aunt Myra," she said warmly. "I do hope that this adventure won't have any bad consequences." And she actually laid a hand on Aunt Myra's. Funny how that night under the same rug had brought them together. It was all right about the French. Perhaps that was irritating—superior, or something.

David thought that they might yet get the engine going. He went back to it as soon as he had eaten, and Beatrice frankly followed, perching on the side of the boat to watch.

"I am so afraid you will leap overboard and swim for it. I am not going to let you out of my sight," she threatened.

"If you will just move a bit so that I get all the light," David said, and for fifteen absorbed minutes he showed no further consciousness of her existence. He even swore rather explicitly when something slipped. Men were like that—they could do only one thing at a time—and yet Bee's morning joy was sadly dimmed. Her exultant consciousness of charm and power quite oozed away behind that oblivious young back. She suddenly realized that she was tired and bedraggled and not so young after all. She felt a pathetic gratitude when at last, after producing a brief splutter, David looked up and spoke.

"I'm getting it," he assured her.

"It must be very different from your boat," she said, with a homesick vision of those deck chairs and bright awnings and servants with trays.

"Oh, rather. You have to wear a bathing suit on my boat. She's likely to ship a sea any time," was the depressing answer.

"It is not a yacht then?"

He laughed a yacht to scorn. The boat was only twenty-two feet long, sail with an auxiliary engine.

"Then you don't take women on it," she accused him.

His delightful, intimate smile came out as he sat back on his heels to look up at her. "There's only one woman I'd try it with," he said with meaning.

She wanted to respond fitly, but a chill cramped her spirit. At the same time a pain registered in her hip. Good heavens, sciatica! She had had it once before. If she had brought it back with this crazy night ——

"She and I were marooned once in my boat, just like this," David went on.

Beatrice straightened up, forgetting her hip. "Who were?"

"My lady and I. But some blamed fisherman had to come along and rescue us."

She was bewildered but cautious. "Tell me about your lady."

"I've been telling you about her right along, haven't I?" David's veiled young eyes were heavy with his dream. "It has been so wonderful the way you understood, Queen Bee."

"Oh, yes, I understood," she assured him hastily.

"You see, she's got a rotten husband"; the words came hard, through a stiffened jaw. "He drinks, but she won't throw him over. Loyal—all that. Thinks she can save him, poor angel! And he goes off—she doesn't half know what a rotter he is. I had to come away—couldn't stand it any longer. But I might as well go back, for all the good it has done."

Beatrice was curiously cold. Her hands gripped the boat for steadiness. "Does she care too?" she managed to ask.

"Oh, yes. It was from the first moment with us both." A sigh rent David. "She says it's hopeless, but I can't help believing that he'll drive himself over a cliff some dark night." Again that rending sigh, telling her things she had forgotten about young love. Her heart ached in her breast, and she was ashamed of her gay quest, her practical investigations. Marriage was not a matter of small annoyances and trivial adjustments; it was the leap of two hearts in the dark.

"I'm a fool," she told herself bitterly, and the jab of pain repeating itself in her hip echoed and shouted it: "Fool!" Adventure was for the young. She had had about enough of it herself. The one comfort was that David would never know just what a fool she had been.

David went back to the engine, and presently she got up and wandered away unnoticed. She found Aunt Myra's pool and was drearily dabbling her fingers in it, mentally telephoning about a manicure, when a long growl made her jump. The bushes beside her were stirring, and a louder "Wr-r-ow!" filled Beatrice with incredulous dismay.

Harrison came out on his hands and knees. "A lion is going to devour the lovely lady," he explained, and started in on her hand

"Willie only jumps out and says 'Boo' at me," Beatrice spoke heavily to the universe at large. "I didn't know you played jokes, Dick."

"I used to be a great old joker." He brought out a handkerchief and wiped her wet fingers with a clumsy tenderness. After all he was a dear. And he could be taught not to joke. He wasn't unchangeable like Willie.

"Shall I tell you what is every man's dream?" he began as they wandered toward a log that offered a seat. "It is to be cast away on a desert island with a lovely lady."

Something deep within Beatrice muttered a crude "For goodness' sake!"

"Here we are," she said, trying to be gay. "What do we do on your desert island?"

He had not got to that, and had to think. "Well, first I build you a little house and find you something to eat."

"And what do I do?" She knew that she was being captious, but could not seem to play up. Either that touch of sciatica or David's lady had spoiled everything—she could not tell which.

"Oh, you're just here," was the best he could do. "You could cook the game and make the skins into clothes."

"Cooking and sewing—the same old business," she objected. "It sounds to me like married life in a suburb." Her impatience burst out: "Isn't there anything new?"

"Every day would be new," he told her, so warmly that she was ashamed.

(Continued on Page 145)

"HIGH-VACUUM" *tells its own story*

See This Astounding Demonstration of Eureka's Deep Cleaning Efficiency—Which Won the Grand Prize at the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition

This amazing Eureka "High-Vacuum" Test (illustrated at the right) has been a revelation to thousands of women. It consists simply of operating the Eureka, with dust bag removed, over a small section of an apparently clean rug. The stifling torrent of embedded germ-laden dust and dirt discharged proves convincingly the cleaning efficiency of the Eureka "High-Vacuum" principle.

See the Grand Prize Eureka at work, and you'll quickly understand why 1,700,000 women have already chosen the Eureka in preference to all other cleaners; why approximately every third purchaser of all electric cleaners selects Eureka; why the highest award at the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition was bestowed upon Eureka—its seventh Grand Prize in international competition.

Try It In Your Own Home—FREE

You, too, can enjoy this wonderful home-cleaning help. Ask any Eureka dealer for a free demonstration and trial in your own home, or write us for the address of our nearest Branch. Remember, you can purchase the Eureka with a small down payment and extremely easy terms if you desire. No extra charge for attachments.

EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY
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The Grand Prize **EUREKA** VACUUM CLEANER *It Gets the Dirt*

Years ago Joel Cheek perfected this blend which today has won such fame as never before came to a coffee

He created *a shade of difference in flavor that is changing the habits of a nation*

No other man, perhaps, could have done it. A Southerner of the old South, born with a genius for flavor. A boy growing to manhood in a land long famous for good living.

It is no accident that his achievement has taken rank as one of the most notable of all in the art of blending. To his great work, Joel Cheek brought something more than the usual traits which make men outstanding figures in industry.

Women who have dined at his own table, say that they learned the secret there: in his own exquisite knowledge of good things to eat and drink.

No task in the world of foods is more difficult than that to which Joel Cheek set himself years ago down in Tennessee. Hundreds of kinds and grades of coffee, each with its own distinct flavor, yet each lacking in something! Differences almost too fine to taste to be studied. The blended flavor that he dreamed of to be built up, step by step.

Finally, that shade of difference, that mellow richness which has now won for Joel Cheek's blend such fame as never before came to a coffee.

The news of it spread rapidly

It was the great families of the old South who first enjoyed this blend, so wonderfully full-bodied and smooth. Long ago Maxwell House Coffee became the first choice of the cities of Dixie.

Today it is pleasing more people throughout the whole country than any other coffee ever offered for sale. The blend that Joel Cheek perfected in the old South years ago is swiftly changing the habits of a nation.

And now this same blend with the same touch of special richness that delighted the old South years ago, is offered to you. Your first taste of its mellow liquor, your first breath of its fragrance will tell you why it has become the largest selling coffee in all America. Cheek-Neal Coffee Company, Nashville, Houston, Jacksonville, Richmond, New York, Los Angeles.

It was at the most famous hotel in the old South—the Maxwell House in Nashville — that this blend first won fame

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

It is pleasing more people than any other coffee ever offered for sale

"Good to the last drop"

(Continued from Page 142)

"You do say the sweetest things!"

"Only to the sweetest lady."

A yawn swelled in her throat, but was successfully swallowed. "You are a dear, Dick. I believe you would be a wonderful lover." A second yawn rose uncontrollably, broke into her voice. "I have had so little sleep," she apologized. "The dawn woke me up."

"Dawn is my favorite time," he told her. "I'm like the birds. When the sun rises I want to talk and sing and go out into the morning."

They would keep spoiling things. "You like to do it alone, don't you?" she asked anxiously.

"Not if I can have real companionship." His hand found hers on the log. "When I see a glorious sunrise I want to share it with someone dear."

Beatrice's whole being had a droop of utter discouragement. "Willie sleeps like the dead, till a Christian hour," she said heavily. "Now aren't we going to do something about getting back?"

That started a flood of apologies. He had brought real hardship on his lady, but she had been so sweet about it that he had almost forgotten his guilt. They could have rowed to shore if only those fools in the shop had not taken out the oars and forgotten to put them back. Instead of soothing his misery Bee let him beat his good breast uncomforted. He had bungled; he might as well recognize it. And no one should try to be sentimental with streaks of grease on his unshaven face. She sat clouded and averted until Dick nearly cried.

"He ought to tell me to brace up and be a good sport," was her unkind thought. "Willie would!"

"You will forgive me?" he pleaded.

"There is nothing to forgive, Mr. Harrison," was the civil answer.

"Not Dick any more? You have changed toward me?"

She looked about the shining world with newly sobered eyes. The game was over. She had always known that it was only a game. "I have had a dream," she said sadly. "I saw my future."

"Yes? What was it?"

She faced and accepted the whole bleak truth. "I shall give little family dinners, do a little club work, play a little bridge, drive a little car, grow a little fat ——"

A toot from the launch broke in, announcing the good news. David had conquered the trouble.

It was a silent trip home. Aunt Myra dozed, Fred nursed his neuralgia, Harrison ran the boat and David hovered over the engine. As they neared home Beatrice huddled into her wilted wrap, dreading the crowds that Willie's anxiety would have called out. She expected to find the water front lined with the family, but the cottages still slept and the wharf was empty.

"Very queer indeed," said Aunt Myra.

Fred turned to the club with no formalities of leave taking, the launch sped on to the Point with David and Harrison. The house was open and servants were stirring in the kitchen, but no one met the two women trailing up the stairs. Beatrice opened Willie's door, and they gazed in at him, lying sunk in peaceful slumber, then closed the door and faced each other in amazement.

"He didn't even know that we weren't home," Beatrice murmured. "No one knows it!"

"But with the thunderstorm ——" Aunt Myra began.

"Evidently he was not worried," Bee said with hauteur, and shut herself into her own quarters.

She was a long time bathing and washing the sand out of her hair. When she came out Willie had breakfasted and gone, Katy could not say where.

"You lost your necklace, m'am," she added, and brought Beatrice a brilliant chain of semiprecious stones.

"That is not mine." Bee drew the shining length through her fingers and failed to identify it with anyone. "It is very handsome. Where did you find it?"

Katy had found it in plain sight on the seat of the big chair by the table. She had not seen it when she lit the lights last night, but this morning there it was. She did not know if there had been any callers, for Mr. Holden had sent them off to a movie—his treat it was—and he wouldn't let them even stop to do the dishes. They had seen a grand picture.

"Some of the family must have dropped in," Beatrice said, but without conviction. Seeing Charley Whitney mowing his lawn she took it out to the barberry hedge that separated their places.

"Does this belong to Frances?" she asked.

Charley was sure that it was not the property of any Holden. He knew all their necklaces, and even their dresses.

"Who was the visitor you had in the evening?" he asked.

"Visitor?"

"Well, we saw a cab in front of your door, and it stayed there a good while. We wondered who it could be."

Beatrice started to say that she was out in the boat, but changed her mind and got away with a vague, "Oh, yes." Last night's adventure began to seem remote, unimportant, not worth telling. She looked about for Willie, then carried the chain up to Aunt Myra's room.

Aunt Myra was in bed, exhaustedly flat, and she listened in silence while Bee, moving nervously about, told of the necklace, the maids sent out and the cab. Bee tried to keep her tone light, as though it were all merely funny, but Aunt Myra landed squarely on the central fact:

"If you found Willie with a strange woman in his lap you'd know it was all right. That's Willie."

"Yes; but you'd want to know why she was there," Bee said irritably.

Into the black depths of Aunt Myra's eyes came a keen shaft of intelligence.

"You take your fun; why shouldn't Willie have his?" she asked reasonably.

"He never has," was all Bee could find to say. "You don't really believe—you just said yourself ——"

"Willie has had plenty of provocation," Aunt Myra reminded her. "I never pretended that he was a saint. I saw you on that log with Mr. Harrison; I guess Willie has got a right to go as far as you do. If there is any right in such things."

"But he doesn't know anybody," Bee exclaimed. "It's absurd. I don't see how you can think such things of Willie, Aunt Myra!"

"I wouldn't have thought that you'd let a middle-aged widower all streaked with boat grease hold your hand," Aunt Myra pointed out. "Hard to tell what people will do. Especially at the seashore. It's relaxing. Now if you want to give me my drops out of the bathroom cabinet I think I can sleep."

Beatrice wandered downstairs, upstairs, down again. She was overtired, but could not rest. Of course it was all right about Willie, only it was so queer. And his not caring whether she got home or not was so unlike him; usually he fussed absurdly, was really frightened if she came in ten minutes late for dinner. That he should have gone to sleep while she was out on the water and in real danger, hurt with a steady, boring pain that was new to her experience. She might change from one season to another, but for Willie to change was a cataclysm.

It was a relief when Madam Hopp was announced. Beatrice had again that sense of a homely, kindly country doctor, who might ease the pain. Madam Hopp settled herself comfortably and opened her reticule.

"I've brought you a copy of your chart," she began. "I was passing this way. I've just come from an early appointment, rich widower down on the Point, name of Harrison. My, I had to tell him some fierce things. I guess there's a lady in the case."

Beatrice spoke sharply, "No, there isn't."

"Well, I hope not." Madam Hopp laid out the books. "Now let's run over yours to make sure there wasn't any mistake. Though I guess you liked what I told you?"

"Oh, I don't know." Beatrice sighed. "It was upsetting. I don't really believe, you know."

"Well, let's see anyway. You were born in 1895?"

"Why, no. 1894."

"I've got it 5 here. You must have told me '95."

They stared at each other in puzzled question.

"But I couldn't have said '95. I know when I was born." Bee looked at the record. "You have the month, day and time right. Did you ask me the year?"

Recollection came slowly. "Well, that's right! Mr. Holden was in the room, only I didn't know he was your husband, and I said I was in a hurry and he said he could give me your dates. He gave the year 1895."

Bee's color had risen. "Oh, well—he would," she admitted. "It sounds silly—horribly silly but I am six months older than he is, and you know how a girl feels about that—I was afraid he would hate me for it. So I made it six months younger. I have always been ashamed on birthdays, but in between I rather forgot it."

"Well, I declare!" Madam Hopp was rapidly turning leaves. "Why, dearie, that changes everything. I'm afraid you'll be real disappointed."

"Oh, I don't care," was the weary answer.

"The auspices are still good." The finger was moving across the books. "H'm, h'm. Venus is poised in the sign of Aquarius. Yes. You would marry only for the highest love and soul communion. And just once. There is no second marriage indicated; none whatever."

Bee dropped her head on her hands with a wail of laughter. "All that excitement for nothing!"

"Well, if you've got a nice young husband ——" Madam Hopp closed the books and rose. "I declare, I'm real glad. No sense changing cars when you can go through on one line. If I were you I'd tell him all about it."

"Oh, why?"

"He may have got some notion. He's a headstrong type—Mars in Pisces would be my guess for him. I had a client of his build once, and when his wife went off and left him ——" She paused, nodded ominously. "Well, they called it an accident! . . . You want a copy of your new chart?"

"No; never mind." Beatrice had had enough of the stars in their courses. "No; I will leave the future alone. The present is about all I can manage."

She let Madam Hopp out and came slowly back, to find Willie standing in the middle of the room—a fighting Willie, purple with anger.

"So you've lied to me!" he flung out.

She was shocked. "Willie!"

"1894! Lied to me for ten years! Gosh, that settles it!"

"But, Willie ——" She wanted to explain how she had cared and feared to lose him, but he would not listen.

"I couldn't any more lie to you than I could hit you. I'd have believed anything on God's earth you told me. I don't care a whoop in Hades what your age is—you might have been six years older and it wouldn't have made any difference—but if you could lie to me for ten years—gosh, a fat lot you know about love!"

He had made her angry, and anger with Beatrice was cold steel, not his hot flame.

"It is never very safe to eavesdrop," she reminded him. "If I had tried listening at keyholes last night I should know why you sent the maids out, and who came here in a cab and dropped this necklace. Did you give it to her, Willie?"

He had started, but his fighting force was not weakened. "No, I did not. Someone came here on business, that was all."

She smiled subtly. "Business! At least, Willie, I have been open in what I did."

(Continued on Page 147)

The Appetites of Husky Men

can be satisfied by *Kampkook* in the quickest and most efficient way. The bugbear of trying to quell a million-dollar appetite with poorly cooked food is a thing of the past, when *Kampkook* takes command. No matter what you have—game, fish, beans, buns or bacon—*Kampkook* will transform it into the best of meals by the time you are ready for it.

American Ready-Lite Lantern. Lights the camp as bright as day. Burns gasoline; lights with matches—no torch. Has blue vitreous enamel top, which cannot rust or corrode. Complete, with built-in pump.

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All leading camp equipment dealers sell *Kampkook*. If you have any difficulty in locating one, send in coupon for name of nearest dealer and interesting folder.

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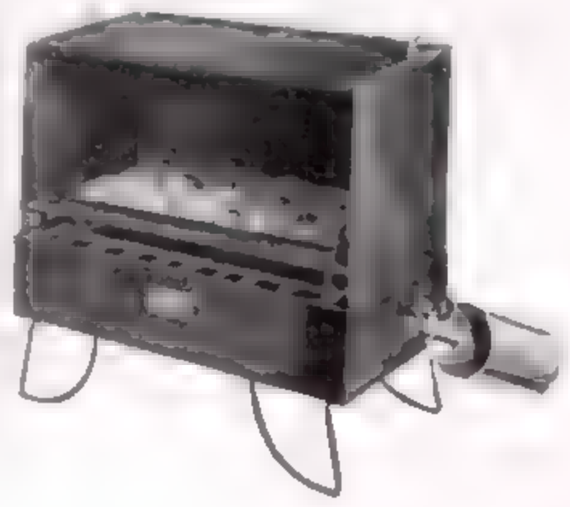

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New booklet free—on the fascinating subject of personal movies. Send coupon, below.

The A·B·C of making your own Movies

YOUR personal movies can be only as good as the camera and equipment you use to produce them. You therefore need the amateur equipment which operates on the principles used in producing *professional* motion pictures.

The only such equipment obtainable is called FILMO. It is made by Bell & Howell Company, who for 20 years have made the professional cameras used almost exclusively by leading motion picture producers throughout the world. So FILMO possesses features which are otherwise found only in Bell & Howell cameras costing up to $5000. Each of these features has a purpose very important to you.

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Your first thought will be to ask *price*. You will find the FILMO price to be the highest. This higher cost of FILMO is your protection, if you desire movies of feature-film clearness, beauty and variety. These are reasons why. Read them carefully:

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FILMO

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Continued from Page 145

"Open!" he shouted. "You might call it shameless."

She ran the necklace through her fingers. "Are you going to tell me about this?"

"I am not." He took it from her and dropped it into his pocket. "What do you care who was here? You've had a grand time picking out Number Two. You're the merry widow all right!"

His challenging strength terrified her. This was not the good, kind Willie she had always known.

"I don't believe in horoscopes any more than you do," she declared.

"I believe in them—sure thing." He laughed loudly. "I'm not kicking, am I? You can have your second husband, and your third, and your seventeenth. Who's to be the next happy man?"

"But if you hid and overheard what Madam Hopp ——"

He would not listen. "Don't count too much on Fred; but you can get David, that son of ——" He swallowed, substituted, "Jesse; and there's still that ass ——"

"Mr. Harrison," Katy announced.

"I can't see him," Beatrice was beginning, but Willie cut in:

"See him, Bee—put him out of suspense. Show him in, Katy. We'll be modern and reasonable. . . . Oh, how are you, Harrison? Come in! Make yourself at home!"

Harrison was too preoccupied to feel the storm in the air. His distressed eyes clung to Beatrice. "I must see Mrs. Holden," he said.

Willie's grin was a snarl. "Sure thing. Till death do you part. Let's settle it in a friendly chat."

"Willie!" Bee commanded.

"I have had bad news." Dick wiped his forehead.

"You bet you have," said Willie. "But it will take you ten years to find out just how bad."

Bee's sharp "Willie, will you please go?" was met by a truculent "No, I won't!"

"Of course one doesn't really believe these horoscopes," Harrison struggled on, and again Willie burst in:

"Horoscopes don't lie. But your wife does."

"It's something due to Mercury in Leo. Or perhaps it was Gemini." Harrison's trouble looked out at them unashamed. "Certainly my first marriage ended in disaster. If my love is going always to mean disaster ——"

"Surest thing you know," Willie asserted. "You go along for ten years thinking you're the happiest man in the world—gee, you've got a wife and a home! Then a few planets get together and sing out, 'Change cars!' and it's all over. Finished. Apple sauce."

Harrison heard him only as he heard the passing sounds in the street. "To bring misfortune where every instinct is to cherish and care for ——" Mechanically, not clear what he did, he picked up a footstool to put under Bee's feet. Willie's wrath surged into his right arm; he snatched away the stool and for a dreadful second it hung brandished.

"Willie!" Bee implored between wrath and tears.

His arm slowly dropped. "I'm the modern husband, I am, pleasant and sensible, but I've stood about all I can," he muttered, turning away. "Go to it, Bee! Bong voyage! I'm through!" And he went out, banging the front door.

Harrison saw only his own case. "I ought to go about like a leper with a bell," he exclaimed. "She said I would bring disaster on any woman I loved. As an honorable man I have to warn you—even if we don't believe in it."

"Madam Hopp has been here this morning too." Bee's voice was cool, clear, meaningful. "She promises me a happy life, and there will be no man in it but Willie."

Their eyes met; his were the first to fall. "Willie doesn't understand you," he protested.

"Oh, yes, he does," Bee spoke sharply. "That is just the trouble."

"Well, I suppose it is all nonsense, but it is upsetting." He turned to go. "You know it has been rather wonderful."

"I want to forget it," she said. "We will never speak of it again."

"As you say." He paused at the door. "Oh, Stewart sent his good-by to you. He says he will write from the train."

"He has gone?"

"Yes. He found a telegram waiting for him. Some man at home had been killed in a motor accident. I don't know why he was so pleased about it. He had to get right back."

David and his affairs seemed infinitely remote, and she shut the door on Harrison with a sense of sweeping him out. Fred came presently to tell her not to be concerned about his neuralgia, as it had disappeared; but he, too, was swiftly disposed of. She had played a foolish comedy, and it had turned to stark tragedy on her hands. Even Willie could change. Even Willie's love could be killed. He saw her as she was, with her cheap lie and her second marriage and her little thin airs and graces. A real marquise would be a woman of heart and brain, not a posing girl, crazy for a sensation.

"I am not good enough for Willie," she told herself in solemn discovery, and longed to say it to him. Whatever he had done last night she had earned it. All that interminable day she waited and listened for his step. She could not expect forgiveness for such a hurt, such a double insult, but surely he would come back to let her say she was sorry. He could not really mean that terrible "I'm through."

The empty afternoon dragged on forever. If Willie left her, every afternoon would be as empty and as long as this. She had no family, no world but his. She had accepted his world as a dull necessity, but at the thought of having it shut to her, she felt lost and frightened. After all, the Holdens were real people, warm to one another, genuinely concerned for the good of all; their solid force was something more than the sum of the individual members. Beatrice saw them suddenly as the man without a country may see a nation, and her heart bled for the coming homesickness if they should cast her out. In the late afternoon she actually went over to the Inn and asked for Grandma Holden. Someone to talk to might break through this nightmare of fear; and she might find out where Willie was.

Grandma, Aunt Margaret and Aunt Sophie were rocking placidly on a side veranda. They greeted her with a little surprise, as though her coming alone were an event, and so kindly that she had to fight back tears. They had not seen Willie. The talk ranged over the family, as it always did: Eunice's lack of firmness with little Tom, Dorothy's orchid bridesmaids and how trying the color was, Ann's bobbed hair and Edward's feeling about it; intimate details of a kingdom's administration. Why not? It was human and, if one was not pretending to be superior, it was interesting. Beatrice slipped her cold hand into grandma's warm clasp, and the old lady was so pleased that she wished she had done it oftener.

"We must have an evening of rummy," she said. "Aunt Margaret, do you remember what good games we had last summer?"

They assented heartily and their approval felt warming. Madam Hopp passed, and they were reminded to ask Beatrice about her horoscope, but she shivered away from the subject. "It was dreadful nonsense," she exclaimed.

They agreed that those things were dreadful nonsense. The Holdens had no affinity for the occult.

"Madam Hopp lost a necklace yesterday evening," Aunt Margaret said, "and she wasn't consulting the stars about it—she was going for the night clerk."

"In his lap!" Beatrice barely caught back the happy cry. Of course, of course—Willie had wanted his horoscope, too, poor darling, and would die before he'd admit it. The cab and the maids sent out! She turned on them so shining a face that they enjoyed her openly, as the elderly do.

"I declare, Beatrice grows prettier every year," they told one another after she had hurried away. She was not changed, unless for the better; Frances was inclined to be censorious, and Charley certainly did love to gossip. No woman married to Willie could really look at other men, and they had been intimating she did. She was a sweet, good little woman, not perhaps Willie's equal, but she made him happy, and that was the main thing.

"I must take that spot out of my black satin if we are going over there to play rummy," Aunt Margaret said contentedly.

Beatrice ran home with a glow of comfort about her heart, and told the news about the necklace to Aunt Myra, who looked up from her pillow with a solemn black gaze that refused to kindle.

"Well, I never did suppose that Willie would act up, but I thought it wouldn't hurt you to see how it would feel," she observed.

"I didn't believe it for a minute, and yet it made me miserable," Bee admitted. "And I didn't believe that horoscope, and yet it made me ——" She fell into somber thought. "Oh, I wish Willie would come home!" she exclaimed. "He couldn't have gone up to town in knickerbockers and golf shoes. Where is he?"

Aunt Myra had no idea. "I want to see him myself," she said. "I hope he gets back before I go in the morning."

"Go—in the morning!" It was a cry of distress so genuine that Aunt Myra's wintry face warmed to a smile.

"Well, you wanted me to go Monday," she said, "so I told you I'd go Saturday."

Beatrice broke down altogether. "Oh, don't leave me," she wept. "Please stay. I like you, Aunt Myra. One can be so straight with you. I used to hate it, but now it feels good. If I'd known you sooner I wouldn't have told Willie that rotten lie. He hates me now. Oh, please don't leave me. One has to have some family, if you g-get me!"

"Of course I won't go if I'm needed." Aunt Myra so liked being needed that she awkwardly touched Bee's bowed head. "Wouldn't it make you feel better to tell me all about it? What was the lie and what was the horoscope?"

So Beatrice, her face still hidden, told the whole tale, as one could tell things to Aunt Myra, without softening or pretense. "And Madam Hopp warned me that he was a rash type," she ended, a wail in her voice. "She said he might do something to himself. I don't believe in horoscopes, but I am so worried I'm sick! Oh, why doesn't he come?"

Aunt Myra, who had been lying spineless all day, rose up with sudden vigor.

"Suppose we go out and take a look for him," she said. "You get out the car, Beatrice, and remember that I don't feel any too safe with a woman driving, so put your mind on what you are doing. I'll look for Willie."

Willie banged out of the house that morning in a rage of pain. He did not try to think, for he had not the habit of thinking about human relations; he simply suffered and stormed and flung broken words as though they were stones as he stumped along the beach.

"Lied!" he muttered over and over. He had been ready to forgive the second husband, or thought he had; and he did not ask whether he could not have forgiven the lie if there had been no question of a second husband. To get away and never go back—that was all he asked. Mile after mile he plodded on in the blazing sun, toiling through sand, scrambling over rocks, driven by a fierce need to hurt his body that the anguish of his soul might be eased.

The sun had passed noon when at last he had to stop. He was dizzy now, and mercifully numb, so that it didn't matter much whether his home had crashed or not. Life

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was like that. He had had about enough of it. He lay for a long time in the sand under a jutting cliff, too spent to care where he was. A wave had to break at his feet before he would lift his head to look about him.

"For the love of Mike!" he exclaimed, scrambling up.

The broad beach he had followed was hidden under a tumble of waves; a mere pocket of sand was left to him, set in an overhanging wall. Right and left the tide was splashing up the face of cliffs with a discouraging force. Willie had been wanting bitterly to die, but he distinctly did not want to be rolled on those rocks first. He ducked back from the clutch of a wave that, breaking, sent its thin edge up about his feet and to the very line where his bit of sand met the rocky wall. The sand gave unpleasantly under his soles.

"Gosh, I'd better climb," he muttered, and hunted nervously for a foothold. A third wave had him by the ankle before he found a place where he could squirm and flounder halfway up that inhospitable wall. There on the ledge that had sheltered him he found a perch, but could get no higher. He could not tell whether the tide reached this spot or not. A tiny pool gleamed in a hollow, but it might have been left by rain. Willie, working toward it, felt his pocket catch and rip and saw something go slithering down the rocks. There was a last gleam from Madam Hopp's necklace as it vanished into the foam.

"And a good thing, too," was his harsh comment.

The water in the pool was sweet, and he drank thirstily, almost gay with relief. He found himself insanely trying to tell Bee how the pool had proved that he was safe. Then as the waves reached up at him, each a little higher than the last, he had to wonder if they knew about that pool and would abide by its testimony. They leaped at him like angry dogs, higher and higher, and no boat passed that lonely spot. A good swimmer could have dived through them, but no one had ever called Willie a good swimmer. He tried shouting, but the tide roared him down. There came a moment when he sat with feet drawn under him, facing the pack, and suddenly his heart spoke:

"Bee would be sorry," he said. "She does love me—everything else is all piffle. She loves me and I love her. I'm dinged if I'm going to die yet."

As though the waves had heard they faltered, dropped back, came again, but had to give it up. After that it was only a matter of sitting still on a harsh rock for a few hours. Willie had cigarettes and water, he was not hungry. Slowly, painfully, with many relapses into feeling, he began to think.

Beatrice and Aunt Myra drove about until Aunt Myra demanded her belated dinner. No one had seen Willie, he had not taken train or boat or played golf or dropped in on the family. They made their quest as casual and unalarming as possible, and only Frances and Charley Whitney found it sinister. Frances presently followed them home.

"Charley thinks I ought not to repeat it," she said in her strong way, "but I think you ought to know that night before last he found Willie very blue. Willie said things about wanting to die young. You mustn't let it worry you, Beatrice, but it may make you more careful."

Beatrice cowered, but Aunt Myra looked Frances in the eye.

"Fried fish, most likely," she said. "The Holdens all have to go light on fried fish. After eating indiscreetly I have often said that I was indifferent to life; but when my life was in peril, not long ago, I found that I liked it very well. Tell Charley not to repeat everything he hears."

"Well, I'm sure ——" Frances went with hauteur and Aunt Myra sat down with the air of one about to enjoy a good dinner, but Beatrice, waving away food and comfort, went out to pace the terrace with haunted steps. Could a little folly actually wreck two lives? Would everything always be different from now on? "Well, they called it an accident," Madam Hopp said. Had she read a coming tragedy in Willie's stars and tried to give warning?

"But I don't believe in those things, and neither does Willie," Bee said with chattering teeth.

A launch stopped at the wharf below and Harrison's voice said good night. The boat, chugging on again, drowned any answer. Straining to hear, staring through the dusk, not daring to hope, Beatrice stood motionless till a dim shape came slowly up the path between the cedars.

"Willie?" she breathed.

His voice came back a husky whisper: "'Lo, Bee."

She ran to meet him. "You're all right?"

"Fine."

She put a timid arm about him and felt him rest gratefully on it. His arm slipped about her shoulders. They sank down together on the terrace bench.

"Bee, I've just heard—about last night." She could feel that he trembled. "Harrison brought me over—I stopped there and asked him to. I wanted to apologize for making such a blithering ass of myself, but he didn't seem to have noticed it. And he told me. You out there all night—nearly drowned—and I sleeping—it makes me sick!"

"Oh, Willie, everything has made me sick," she breathed into his coat. "I've been a fool—and a liar ——"

"Oh, look here, Bee ——" He straightened up earnestly. "I haven't been quite straight with you myself. About my birthday. I've called it April second, two minutes after midnight—people are so damn funny about April first. But my father always said that the clock was five minutes fast!"

She looked into his face with marveling eyes. "You are the sweetest soul that ever lived!" she said solemnly. "I don't see why you love me, but if you do ——"

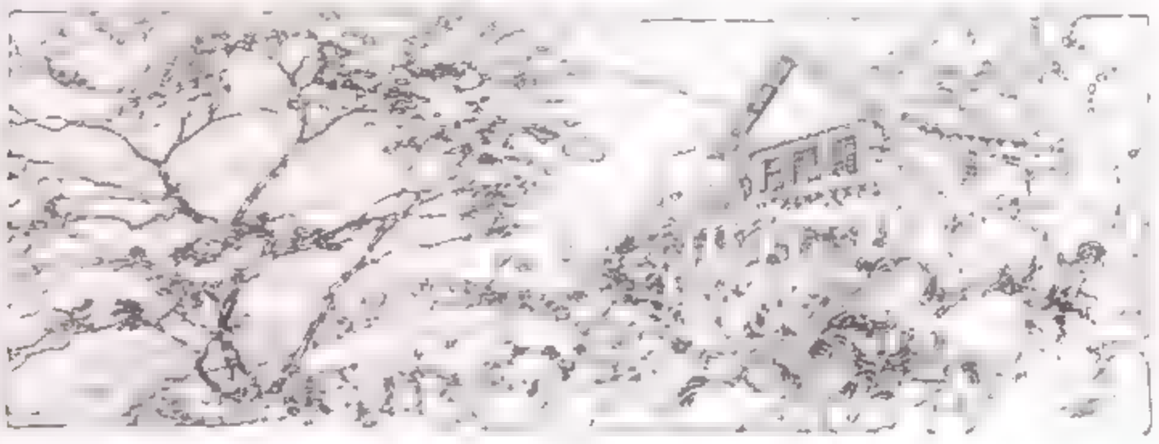
"I sure do," said Willie, and thumped her in the back, but gently, very gently. "I know I'm a roughneck. I must drive you crazy half the time," he muttered. "I'll try to be more—what you like. Bee, that necklace—well, it was Madam Hopp's."

"I know."

"I suppose she has been looking for it. And I lost it."

"Get her another," Bee exclaimed. "Oh, buy her a beautiful one! For I had lost something, Willie, and she found it for me." She jumped up. "The family is coming in to play rummy soon, and Aunt Myra says she will stay as long as we like. Come and have your dinner, darling, and then we'll finish Lulu!"

(THE END)



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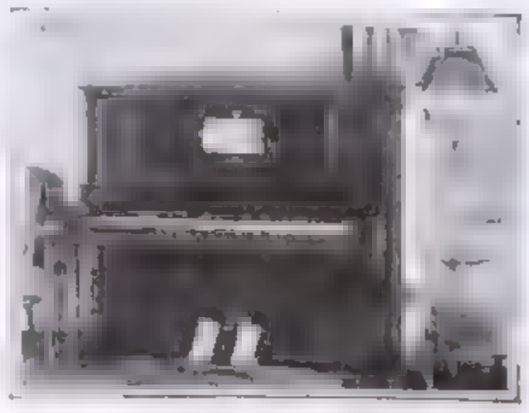

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OUT-OF-DOORS

(Continued from Page 50)

So the trainer must be careful to wash the doggie's feet in a chemical solution after each race and then use a manicure file.

Twice a day the canines are exercised. The trainer takes four or five on leashes and goes for a stroll of a mile or more. Then he brushes them vigorously and puts them through a close physical examination. Even the teeth come in for examination, and the modern trainer must be something of a dentist as well as a veterinarian. The diet consists of raw ground meat, buttermilk, bones, bread and bran. Once a week, usually on Sunday, the kennel is treated to a Mulligan stew, consisting of boiled beef and vegetables.

English and Irish trainers adhere to a soft diet, consisting principally of dog biscuits, bran and bread. They never feed raw meat, but the American insists that it is necessary to use the hard diet if the racing dog is to retain his vigor and brawn. The fact that American greyhounds have defeated their foreign cousins in nearly all distance events and endurance tests seems to justify American feeding methods.

The tracks of the International Greyhound Racing Association are quarter-mile ovals, banked on the turns after the fashion of automobile courses. The distances of the races are from three-sixteenths of a mile to five-sixteenths of a mile. By far the most popular event is the quarter-mile steeplechase in which the dogs jump over a series of four hurdles placed at equal distances apart. Jumping dogs are developed by placing tiny obstacles in their kennels when they are puppies. As the dog grows the height of the obstacle is raised, so that by the time he is ready to race the presence of a hurdle on the track does not disturb him.

The Puppies' School Days

Each kennel club operating a track in the circuit stages a Derby near the end of the race meeting. The owners nominate thirty-two dogs to start in the eliminations at three-eighths of a mile, and the eight fastest runners are matched in the Derby final at one-half mile. The Derby purse usually is $2000, and this, coupled with the prestige such a victory gives the winner as a sire, brings about keen competition among the owners. Public interest in these distance tests is no less sharp. At Miami, Florida, 20,000 cheered Red Concern, winner of the 1926 Derby; at St. Louis, 15,000 saw Sunny Concern emerge victor, and similar gatherings witnessed these events at New Orleans, St. Petersburg and Toledo.

The racing life of a greyhound averages four years, and there is a constant registry of young runners at the various tracks. The only way to develop a green performer is to school him, and this the various kennel clubs do. The youngsters are equipped with muzzles and taken on the track for their first sight of what appears to them as a very grotesque rabbit. The trainers hold them on leashes as the electric hare rolls by very slowly. Then they are placed in the starting box for their maiden effort, the process being repeated until all have shown that they are capable of getting off to a good start and staging a real contest. The dogs which run fastest in the schooling races are bunched together for their first official effort under the arc lights.

The mechanics of horse and greyhound racing are similar in many respects. The Thoroughbred is handicapped on the basis of the amount of weight he is able to carry and still retain his speed; the greyhound is judged solely by the time he makes. Where the turf-racing secretary is able to balance an unevenly matched field by the simple expedient of alloting a bigger burden to the faster horses, the greyhound-racing secretary may select a field of runners that are matched within one-fifth of a second in the matter of speed. This makes it easier to obtain nose finishes in dog racing than in horse racing.

It is an axiom of the turf that if men were as consistent as horses there would be no basis for wagering. And it might be added that if horses were able to be as consistent as greyhounds there would be even fewer differences of opinion about the all-important matter of speed. Records of greyhound racing reveal many outstanding performances. The most notable is that of Mission Boy, who raced over the first track built in the United States at Emeryville, California. During a period of three years Mission Boy won thirty-eight out of forty starts and established five world's records, and in seven years he won $40,000 in purses and wagers for his owner, Lawrence Freeman, of Tulsa, Oklahoma. Today, at the age of eight years, when most racing dogs are retired to the farm, Mission Boy is winning an occasional race.

In a recent meeting at Butte, Montana, Rags, holder of the world's record of twenty-seven and two-fifth seconds for the quarter-mile hurdles, won ten out of sixteen starts, finished second in three and was unplaced only three times. At the same meeting, Actor Boy started thirteen times, won seven events, was second twice and third once. Another consistent runner was Uproar, which was in the money fifteen out of sixteen starts.

Some greyhounds exhibit almost uncanny ability to run near the inside fence and save ground going around the sharp turns. Others prefer to run on the outside, where they have a clear view of the speeding bunny at all times. It is inherent for them to chase a rabbit, therefore they enjoy the nightly sprints. It is said that a few of the more intelligent dogs know when they have won a race and show their satisfaction by returning to the judges' stand with tails a-wagging and ears up.

The Elusive Electric Hare

Each race is composed of eight starters, which are placed in a box having eight separate compartments. A single door, pulled upward by means of a rope and pulleys, permits all of them to emerge from the starting box at the same time. The starting box is placed on the track and the dogs are ushered into a compartment, the number of which corresponds with the numeral on their blankets, the latter being of different colors. Thus, the No. 1 greyhound is assigned to the compartment next the rail, and so on, the No. 8 dog running out of the box nearest the rabbit rail. An electrician then turns the controller and the mechanical hare begins to trip around the outer edge of the oval. Stationed in a tower overlooking the course, the electrician is able to keep the bunny just far enough ahead of the flying pack so that all may see it and bring about a closely contested race. As the bunny passes the starting box the door is opened and eight greyhounds sweep out in pursuit of the prey. As the dogs pass under the wire at the finish the hare disappears from the track through an escape. A second later the trainers have snapped their leashes onto the collars and the greyhounds are returned to their kennels and rewarded with a repast of raw Hamburger.

—Howard S. Purser.

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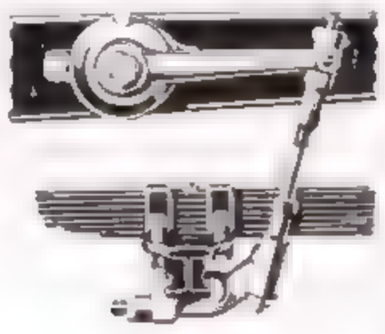

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THE MEXICAN COMPLEX

Continued from Page 9

the foremost newspapers of Mexico City, made the following declaration last July apropos of an impending municipal election:

The fact is that there exists, as no Mexican now ignores, a complete collective indifference on account of the falsifications which are periodically committed in our country in connection with the leading and principal act of democracy. The people do not vote because they consider it to be useless to take part in a farce that has been duly rehearsed beforehand. The legal sanctions against this aversion which the citizens feel toward the most important of their civic rights are impotent to stop it, due to the exorbitant number of delinquents. On the other hand, the authorities of the whole country contribute toward accentuating it.

The Mexican people do not vote because they are afforded no facilities for doing so, and because the vote is not respected and because our political parties do not add anything, but subtract from everything. The matter of suffrage has been converted into a public calamity, thanks to the methods employed by the professional politicians. Instead of the elections being something of a school for the exercise of citizenship, they become the scene of immoralities and the theater of all kinds of violence.

Because of confirmed inability to compose differences, revolution stalks about. There is no real patriotism to crystallize sentiment and make for unity in a common cause. In most of the chaos the troops have not had the slightest idea of what they were fighting about.

As in China, war meant a meal ticket, possibly loot, and this sufficed. Nor is this surprising, when you examine the constituency of the masses. Calles has set loose a lot of talk waves about nationalism, but it is, in reality, a half-baked radicalism devised for political expediency.

The population of Mexico is about 15,000,000, of which about 7,000,000 are pure Indian. Of the remainder, 3,000,000 are white, while the rest are a mixed breed representing in color every shade and nearly every gradation of culture.

The Indians are a mass of undigested illiterates. Like the country itself, they are at the burro-and-pack-train stage of civilization.

Mixture of race has wrought much of the trouble. Analyze the long and astounding confusion and you find that in nearly every instance a cross of blood has been at the root. This is no new revelation. It is notably true of the Eurasian in the Orient. The two outstanding figures of the country who have left the strongest impress—I refer to Juarez and Diaz—were full-blooded Indians. History repeats itself in the fact that General Amaro, Minister of War and Marine and perhaps the ablest figure in the ring around Calles, is of the same straight breed. His Indian strain has no mixture of any kind.

Speeding Up the Millennium

Though Spanish is the predominant blend in the cross breeding, there has been a strange infiltration of other alien bloods. Calles, it is said, has Syrian blood in him. Saenz, Minister of Foreign Affairs—his first name is Aaron—has a touch of Hebrew; while Pani, the Minister of Finance, shows the Italian influence.

Even to the most superficial observer, it is obvious that the Mexican masses are not suited for self-government either in experience, training or temperament. For generations they have had no voice in their public affairs and but a limited control over their private matters. Moreover, they have been ruthlessly exploited, not by the Americans, as the ruling group has sought to convey, but by their own kind. The best rebuke to this libel is that whenever a Mexican has been employed by an American he will not work for a native afterward.

Under the old reactionary régime a peon was little more than a serf. Poverty and ignorance were his lot, and there has been little change.

Many of the workers in mine and mill are searched as they leave for the day. The new labor laws encourage contempt for the employer and his assets. Not very long ago an employe of an American-owned mine was caught with his pockets full of ore. He was arrested, but dismissed. The court not only gave him a clean bill of moral health but rebuked the foreman for "defamation"!

No one can quarrel with the Calles ambition to uplift the people. His intention is high, but the methods employed are wrong. He seeks to bring about a swift millennium through drastic legislation that, so far as the agrarian end is concerned, has little regard for the rights and property of other people. You cannot automatically legislate the Mexican illiterate into economic or mental independence. Such procedure requires a slow and—what is equally important—an honestly regulated process of preparation and education. Fundamentally, the Indians, and by them I mean the great mass of the people, are gentle, submissive, easily led, and on the whole inclined to be trustful.

The Key to Mexican Discord

But their ignorance is appalli[ng] could cite numerous incidents. Here's one: After the Madero rebellion had achieved its purpose, the army was demobilized. Each peon was given a horse, a blanket and the gun he had used. It was observed that various groups hung around the camps and towns, refusing to go home. When they were asked why they did not return to their normal pursuits, almost invariably they replied, "We are waiting to get the effective suffrage for which we have been fighting."

In the Madero campaign the battle cry against the autocracy of the Diaz régime had been, "No reëlection! Effective suffrage!"

On another occasion, when the Zapatistas, as the followers of Zapata, the bandit leader, were called, took possession of Mexico City, a fire engine dashed down the main thoroughfare at full speed, with bell clanging. Instantly the soldiers opened up on the firemen and killed them all. They thought it was an engine of war and therefore a menace.

No matter what question you ask the average Mexican of the lower class, he invariably replies, "Yes." On the morning I arrived in Mexico City from Vera Cruz I asked a chauffeur if he knew where the University Club was and he made the usual affirmative reply. After driving me about aimlessly for half an hour, I discovered that he had never heard of the University Club. This fact would not label him ignorant. I cite the incident to show the prevailing state of mind.

There is a quality of mystery, fear, sadness and stolidity about the Indian. He drinks a liquid fire called mescal, or *tequila*, which is made of a cactus plant, or a powerful sugar-cane brandy. He first burns up his stomach with this vile stuff and then, as I heard a man say, "cauterizes it with red-hot chili." As you travel across the great spaces you feel a sense of the potency of vast areas, and with it realization of the impotency of the people.

The tragedy of Mexico is that the masses have never had a look-in, because the country has always been governed by an oligarchy masked behind a misnamed democracy. The same form obtains today, when the ruling clique, with its chief weapon, the army, represents a bare 4 per cent of the population.

This brings us to the ruling class, from which all the trouble radiates. At the start let me say that political governing power in Mexico is invariably gained and held by force.

Here is the key to the eternal discord: In this closely coördinated class government, the members are accountable to none but their own particular group while it remains in authority. It means that the largest single industry in the country is politics, and it is above the law. Incidentally, let me interpose that the double-cross and politics are almost synonymous. I doubt whether in any other country treachery has reaped such a rich reward.

The rule of force mobilized in small groups grows out of the fact that Mexicans invariably place personality above principle. Hence instead of political parties with definite programs, you have had Maderistas, Huertistas, Zapatistas, Villistas and Obregonistas. Thus a leader, whatever his failings, is followed instead of a cause. There is probably only one exception—Francisco Madero, who had a high conception of what he wanted to achieve.

Perpetuity of power is sought at all hazards and in utter disregard of the public interest. The amendment of that noble document, the constitution of 1917, is a case in point.

The Madero revolution was fought out in blood and sacrifice on the platform—as you will recall—of no reëlection to the presidential office. This was incorporated in the constitution of 1917. In 1925 the alleged inviolability of the constitution was readily overcome by congress and the state legislatures, when Calles recommended and put through an amendment that will permit his predecessor, Obregón, to come in after the present term expires. The constitution, as originally written, does not permit a president to serve more than one term. The irony of the situation is that even with this amendment now in force, every official letter that emanates from a government office in Mexico City is stamped with the sentiment, "Effective suffrage. No reëlection."

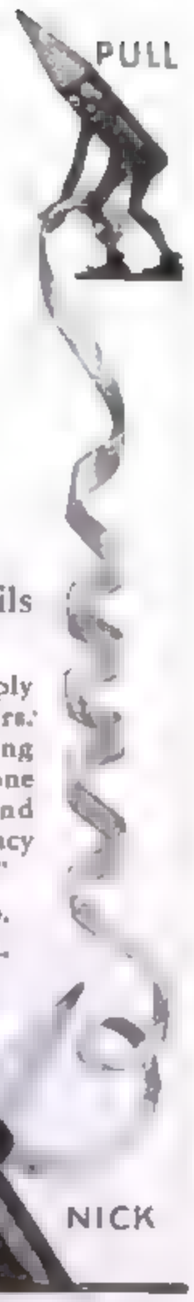
For generations the people of Mexico, as well as those of Central America, have suffered from internal convulsions due to the recurring struggles of armed and warring political factions for the control of affairs and the public treasury. It is a definite business with them. When the United States steps in to enforce law and order and to protect the life and property of its nationals, a great hue and cry goes up that Uncle Sam has donned his imperialistic clothes and is using the big stick.

Too Many Presidents

In 1915, for example, three presidents functioned at the same time. They were Carranza, who was installed at Vera Cruz; Roque Gonzales Garza at Mexico City and Eulalio Gutierrez at San Luis Potosi. Mexico City had precisely six governments in the course of a week and each one issued its own paper money. It was a crime to be caught with any of the swiftly scrapped currency on your person. Matters came to such a pass that the foreign merchants had to have their shops sealed up by their respective consuls and no business was conducted for seventeen days.

During the past 100 years Mexico has had seventy-three presidents. One of them—Porfirio Diaz—served thirty-four years. You can therefore see just how fast and furious has been the succession. Since 1911 exactly twelve different presidents have worn the sash of office. The inauguration of Calles on December 1, 1924, was the first peaceful induction into office during the whole post-Diaz period.

Every time trouble starts in Mexico there is a disposition on the part of the ruling element to lay the blame on the "meddling American" and his interests. The absurdity of this contention is evident when I say that for more than half a century after Mexico revolted against Spain in 1810 the country was in continuous disorder and revolution. During that period there were fifty-four violent changes in power. The fact to be emphasized is that throughout this entire period there were practically no Americans living in the republic except those in Texas before its secession from Mexico. It was not until the Diaz epoch, which began in 1877, that



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American nationals and their capital began to come in.

With two concrete illustrations I will show how confusion and worse have been the Mexican lot ever since the advent of the so-called republican form of government. The sole exception was in the era of Porfirio Diaz, who ruled with iron hand. His régime was an autocracy.

In 1850 Brantz Mayer, who was Secretary of the American Legation at Mexico City in the early 40's, published some observations on Mexico. In the course of them he said:

> The distracted political condition of Mexico since 1809 has contributed largely to the proverbial impoverishment and financial discredit of a country, which, nevertheless, has during the whole intervening period been engaged in furnishing an important share of the world's circulating medium. [He refers to silver.] The revolutionary and factional state of parties, the unrestrained ambition of leaders, the violence with which they displaced rivals, their short tenure of office when they attained power, and the consequent impossibility of maturing any permanent scheme of finance; the ordinary reliance of statesmen upon a large army and the immense cost of its support; the continual and habitual recourse to loans at ruinous rates of usury; the comparative ignorance of domestic resources and their failure of development in consequence either of internecine broils or the ignorance and slothfulness of the population, together with the plunder of the treasury by unprincipled demagogues and despots, may all be regarded as the basis of Mexican misrule and pecuniary misfortune.

Early in 1840 Calderon de la Barca went to Mexico as the first Spanish envoy since the break with the mother country. His wife, who, by the way, was of Scotch birth, wrote a series of diverting letters to members of her family. They came under the notice of Prescott, the great historian, who sponsored their publication in what remains the classic of Mexican life. These letters were so typical of the then Mexican state that during the so-called "ten tragic days" in 1910, when the forces of Diaz and Madero were battling for supremacy in Mexico City, the local English newspaper published extracts from them side by side with the news of the hour. They revealed an exact parallel of happenings.

All this tumult develops, let me repeat, from the mentality, such as it is, of what I have called the governing class, which has never at any time represented the voice or the sentiment of the people. At this point you may well ask: How can such a mass of undigested illiterates have a voice or an aspiration? They have lacked these requisites because of their ruthless exploitation by the cliques in power and their avaricious self-interest. When a program such as Calles has devised for agrarian uplift becomes operative, it develops into nothing more or less than a rapacious altruism. Lands are seized without the slightest regard for the rights or compensation of the owners.

A Court Without Authority

Next in order therefore is an examination of the governing mentality. The outstanding lack in Mexico today is character. I used to think that China took the palm for graft, or squeeze, as it is more commonly known there. But in China the business of perquisites—I use the most amiable word—is on a retail scale as compared with Mexico.

Some men holding public office have what is known as a "coyote," who is a sort of liaison with the friendly bank roll that seeks favors. The "coyote" is therefore the intermediary through which the graft is passed. He shares it with his patron on a percentage basis. The individual in power can thus keep his skirts clear, so to speak. On a show-down he can prove that he has absolutely nothing to do with the case.

You are not surprised therefore to learn that, generally speaking, there are no poor revolutionists in or out of Mexico. Most of the loot is transferred to New York or Los Angeles banks, where it is safe from assault and provides the nest egg for the inevitable self or enforced exile.

The following is an extract from an editorial entitled The Phantom of the Supreme Court, in Excelsior, one of the leading journals of the capital:

> In order that a court of justice may merit such a name, two fundamental conditions are required: That it may settle controversies according to the law in force and that it may enforce its decisions. The first is of no value without the second, because to dictate a decision which may not have practical, definite results amounts to as much as to write in water or speak in the desert.
>
> The Supreme Court of Justice of the nation, our most respectable and distinguished tribunal, has been converted into a romantic, Platonic organization which does not form a part of the government, which lacks effective and actual authority, and which dictates judgments so that criminals may ridicule its decisions and that the authorities charged with enforcing them look to them with disdain or ironic smiles.

This miscarriage of justice is not confined to the courts. Although the whole matter of American claims growing out of revolutionary destruction will be dealt with in the next article, I must make a reference here to what happened to the Special Claims Commission set up to consider the 3000 claims for damages for acts committed against Americans between 1910 and 1920. It ended its career after only one case had been heard.

An Invitation to Contribute

This was the Santa Isabel incident. Fifteen American mining experts who had abandoned active operations in Chihuahua were asked by Carranza to resume work in order to give employment to the destitute peon population. Under guaranties of safety from the government, and with special passports, they started back. The Americans were taken from their train and slaughtered by Villa's men.

The claim for damages was ruled out under strong Mexican pressure—the deciding vote was cast by the presiding commissioner, who was a Brazilian—because Villa was technically regarded as a bandit, and therefore the Mexican Government had no responsibility for his actions. After this decision the Americans withdrew from the tribunal and it ceased to function.

In refusing to concur in the decision, Judge E. B. Perry, the American member of the commission, made this statement:

"The conclusion reached is such a departure from the facts, so at variance with international law and so completely repugnant to the plain, mandatory and unequivocal terms of the convention agreement that I cannot concur therein."

The naïve manner in which the Mexican Government dismisses protests for outrages is expressed in the following note addressed by the Foreign Office to the American Embassy in response to a complaint about the holdup of an American citizen by bandits:

> Referring to the incident suffered by Mr. Blank, American citizen, I have the honor to communicate that the gentleman in question was not kidnaped, having merely received an invitation from his assailants to aid with cash the movement they declared they had initiated. Mr. Blank required very little pressure to induce him to deliver a certain quantity of money.

This reference to a kidnaping brings to mind the fact that outrages on the foreigner are still common happenings. The comparatively recent brutal murder of the American tourist, Jacob Rosenthal, happened less than thirty miles from Mexico City. On the Sunday before I left the capital six cars were held up by armed bandits on the same road where he was abducted.

One of the things that impressed me on the Calles train was the fact that most of the civilians on it carried pistols. If the members of congress had been frisked before they took their seats it would have disclosed the fact that every one was armed. The most popular way of settling a private grudge in politics is to hire a gunman. Some of the patriots do the business on their own. The number of unprosecuted murders committed for political purposes would be startling were the facts revealed.

Until the latest diplomatic crisis, Excelsior published strong editorials from time to time, flaying the new laws and the

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FOR RESIDENCES

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CYCLONE PROPERTY PROTECTION PAYS

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methods of enforcement. Calles, however, has clamped the lid down tight. Since the middle of December the papers everywhere have blazed with indignation over our alleged imperialism and with abuse of President Coolidge and Secretary Kellogg.

Every book that reflects on Mexico is immediately suppressed. I found it impossible, for instance, to buy a copy of the Rosalie Evans Letters from Mexico anywhere in the republic. In a subsequent article you will find out the reason why. Mrs. Evans was the gallant American who held her ranch against the forces of confiscation and the armed assaults of agrarians, aided and abetted by the federal forces. Eventually she was assassinated and the assassins remain unpunished. Hers was an epic of defiance of the corrupt elements that prey on property rights.

Since Carranza's time the governmental propaganda system has labored hard. Carranza organized a paid press bureau in the United States and did not hesitate to enlist journalists with international reputations. Obregón and Calles followed the same procedure. With Calles, however, writers with radical leanings are preferred.

To illustrate the widespread conviction that much of the sentiment favorable to Mexico is endowed, let me intrude a personal experience. As soon as it became known that I had gone on the trip with President Calles, the rumor factory began to work overtime. It was at once assumed that I had been subsidized by the government. It went so far that a well-known American in Mexico City told me that he had been warned not to talk to me frankly because I had gone on the presidential train! When I went to Tampico the Mexicans immediately believed that I was in the pay of the oil men. No matter what you do, you fall under the curse of the country, which is suspicion.

Analyze the Mexican—and by him I mean the type of the governing class—and you discover that he is self-centered, proud and supersensitive. Inexperienced in world affairs and the responsibilities of government—this is especially true of the group around Calles—he is jealous of power and prerogative. The political leaders are mainly actuated by vanity, visions or vengeance. With the average person you meet, the constant reiteration is *muy hombre*, which, freely translated, is "very much of a man." When a Mexican runs out of facts in support of a cause, he falls back on his pride. He is almost an absolute stranger to logic and reason.

Mexico for the Mexicans

Moreover, most Mexicans have a fear complex which grows out of what they constantly regard as the menace of annexation by the United States. Though this is remote from the truth, it is a stand-by to arouse hostility to us. Nearly every Mexican makes the point that Mexico has already lost Texas, California and other areas, and that it is only a question of time when we will rule. Deep down, however, and like most Latin Americans, they secretly envy and resent their big neighbor on the north.

In the public schools our war with Mexico is taught as one of many instances of Yankee aggression. When a Mexican child was asked if she knew anything about the United States, she answered, "I know who stole Texas."

Though many Mexicans like us as individuals, they dislike us as a nation. I except, of course, the members of the old upper class, which looks with horror upon the disintegration of the country.

The truth of the matter is that while keeping within her bounds as a power, Mexico has done, and is doing, everything possible to express defiance of the United States Government. She asserts the undisputed right to curtail property holding, to condemn privately owned lands for municipal purposes, to extend whatever recognition she sees fit to whomsoever she pleases to favor. But all these prerogatives of a free government are exercised in utter disregard of vested rights and agreements, and with swaggering indifference to Anglo-Saxon interests, wishes and ideals.

The slogan of the Calles administration—Mexico for the Mexicans—is typical of the state of mind of the governing group. In most countries this would mean redoubled efforts to eliminate foreign competition by increased home industry, intensive development and commercial organization. Not one of these methods is apparently practicable in Mexico. There is a notable lack of industry among the poor and no disposition on the part of those in power to eliminate it. In fact, it is often discouraged by official confiscation of goods and produce on trivial pretexts. There is little enterprise or public spirit. Commercial organization is out of the question, as people of means repose no confidence in one another.

More than 100,000 Mexicans leave the country every year to seek work in the United States. On the day I write this paragraph is published the determination of the American Federation of Labor to seek a quota on this influx.

Political leaders and their henchmen are constantly seeking opportunities to enrich themselves. Party promises to the public are bombastic and extravagant, while each aspirant for power has his own creed and copyrighted program. But there is one cry at which all discordant elements rally; one banner under which the rich and the poor, the politician and the peon, the Indian and the mixed breed, gather. It is—Mexico for the Mexicans! The rallying spirit is antagonism for the Anglo-Saxon.

A Camouflage for Thoughts

This attitude is comparatively recent. Diaz encouraged alien economic penetration on a big scale and it gave the country its first real advance. Francisco Madero was educated in the United States, and the members of his numerous family for years had close business connections in this country. Madero was not only friendly but advocated close commercial intercourse. He deported a South American writer who sought to foment Latin-American hostility to the United States. While he was provisional president, Francisco de la Barra actively encouraged the development of the work of foreigners, as did General Victoriano Huerta. It was not until the coming of Carranza and his cohorts that the present political attitude began to be manifested toward Americans and other aliens.

Though the antiforeign feeling is general, there is a noticeable leniency toward Germans, French, Japanese and Russians. As elsewhere, the Germans readily affiliate with Mexicans, enter into their social life and establish domestic ties which bind them to the people. The French are temperamentally like the Spanish and they understand one another. In the Calles scheme of things, anything Russian is welcomed. From the Japanese the Mexicans blindly look for coöperation in a common crusade against us.

Behind all the vagaries of character are the subtleties of the Mexican mind. Evasion is the rule in their dealings. The Mexican has, in the main, a different code and a different standard in business from ours. Like Talleyrand, he believes that language is made to conceal rather than to express thought. In consequence, everything is done indirectly.

I can best illustrate with the incident which precipitated the present crisis between the American and the Mexican governments over the oil lands.

In 1923 the Mexican Government entered into a solemn agreement with the United States to the effect that the provisions of the constitution of 1917 should not be retroactive. They embody that part of the constitution which provides that all lands containing subsoil products, as well as other lands within certain areas owned by foreigners, shall become the property of the Mexican Government. The Mexicans

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readily assented to this arrangement, because they wanted the Obregón régime, then in power, to be recognized. On the basis of the agreement, we recognized Obregón. This meant the guaranty of a Calles succession, because Obregón and Calles work hand in glove. As soon as his administration got well under way, Calles brought about, by decree or otherwise, the enactment of the petroleum and alien-land laws, which seek to confiscate the very lands which should be immune from retroactive action. Retroaction means confiscation.

Let me emphasize again that such procedure imperils inalienable property rights and could easily be made the precedent for similar action by any other country with a grouch against us.

In making these revelations there is no intent to indict the Mexican people as a whole. As I have intimated, they have never been able to assert themselves—first, because of repression; second, because of the governing cliques that have usurped power and perpetuated their kind in office.

Business at Low Ebb

The Mexicans of the upper class are charming and cultured persons. Those who have been able to leave the country have done so. The remainder at home are under constant espionage and dwell in fear and trembling. Hence their influence is negligible.

The rule of the governing class that I have tried to analyze and especially the legislation it seeks to enforce have brought the country near to commercial chaos at home and in sharp conflict with the one foreign power whose friendship and support are absolutely essential to the well-being of the country. A brief survey of the economic situation in Mexico is illuminating.

When Calles was inaugurated on December 1, 1924, peace seemed to brood over the country and there was more unity perhaps than at any time since 1910. The new president made a splendid beginning. He started to build roads, dismissed a large number of useless federal employes, introduced drastic economies in all branches of the government and set to work to wipe out the large treasury deficit that he inherited. He also took steps to curb the anti-rent red agitators at Vera Cruz and dealt promptly and energetically with rebellious tendencies that asserted themselves. By these acts he gained the confidence of commercial circles. Business in general received a stimulus. A strong current of optimism got under way and hope of a boom stirred.

This optimism received a severe setback in March, 1925, when Calles forced the British-owned street-railway company in Mexico City to recognize a union of its employes which the company claimed represented a dangerous minority group. The company was also compelled to pay the wages of the strikers during the entire period they were out, which amounted to considerably more than $150,000.

In this episode Calles showed his real hand for the first time. It meant that the swing toward the Left had begun. Now began the avalanche of laws, including the alien land, the petroleum, the agrarian, the mining, the irrigation, and all the other measures that are frankly antiforeign in intent and effect. On top of all this, the labor law, the most drastic yet conceived in any country, including Russia, was framed. Likewise the anticlerical movement began.

In addition, Calles put through the amendment to the constitution so as to permit Obregón to be his successor.

Since the birth of all these laws the trend of business has been downward, until the existing commercial depression is the worst the country has ever known even during the active revolutionary periods. The flow of foreign capital into the country has stopped, with the result that there is no new enterprise of importance anywhere. This grows out of the fact that practically all capital in the large industrial and commercial undertakings is foreign. It can come only from abroad, since it does not exist within the confines of the republic.

The chief source of revenue to the country comes from the petroleum tax. In 1925 the oil production fell off 17 per cent, while the output last year was 50 per cent less than the preceding year. Mining, which provides another big income for the government and was active in 1925, also has slumped. Here a contributing factor has been the fall in the price of silver bullion due to the adoption of a gold standard in India and the war in China. The real cause, however, is the new mining law, which provides that all personnel in Mexican mines, from the top down, must be 90 per cent Mexican. All initiative is stifled, because no one knows what is likely to happen or what new law will further cramp expansion and pinch profit.

Another reason for the slump is taxation. Tax laws are issued by presidential decree under special powers conferred by congress. The inevitable corollary of this situation is that internal-revenue measures and import and export duties are changed frequently. Business men in Mexico must be prepared to revise their accounts overnight, because the promulgation of a new tax decree can practically destroy an enterprise. To pay all the taxes imposed means little less than bankruptcy.

The new immigration law has practically put a stop to all tourist traffic. The once-over that incoming European travelers get in New York is undiluted kindness compared with the rigid examination on the Mexican border and at the ports. This, in turn, has a disastrous effect on the railroad and steamship companies.

Although the government seeks to minimize its effects, the Catholic boycott has helped to accentuate the depression. The religious element has forsworn the theater, travels only when it is absolutely necessary, and has cut out all luxuries. Wherever I went I was told that retail buying has been drastically curtailed.

The Decline in Agriculture

In former years all store sites in or near the center of the capital were at a great premium. To get a lease it was necessary to pay a big bonus. Today it is easy to get a desirable location. Always a land of beggars, Mexico today perhaps has more mendicants than ever before.

The final evidence is the slump in agricultural output. In an editorial headed The Agony of National Production, Excelsior made this statement:

> Our agriculture is not now sufficient to satisfy the necessities of the people, poorly fed as they are. What is still worse, their incapacity becomes more aggravated from year to year, since the total of our importation of foodstuffs increases more and more as time goes on.

During the first nine months of 1926 Mexico imported from the United States 1,421,595 bushels of wheat and 3,810,958 bushels of corn. The irony of this situation is obvious when you realize the immense area available for agriculture in Mexico, and that the peon is an agriculturist.

The agricultural statistics show how production has declined. In 1910 Mexico produced 81,000,000 bushels of corn; in 1925—the latest complete figures available—70,000,000; in 1910 the production of coffee was 79,000,000 pounds; in 1925, 66,700,000. The output of beans has been cut down by nearly one-third. So, too, with livestock. In 1902 Mexico had 5,142,000 head of cattle; in 1924, 2,200,000. In the Diaz day there were 1,194,000 horses and mules. That number has been reduced to 900,000. Though revolutionary depredations are partly responsible, the real cause of the failure to increase the herds is lack of initiative among all the ranch owners, both Mexican and foreign, because of the insecurity of holdings due to the menacing legislation.

To round out this preliminary article it remains only to probe the reasons why so much friction has existed between the

(Continued on Page 161)

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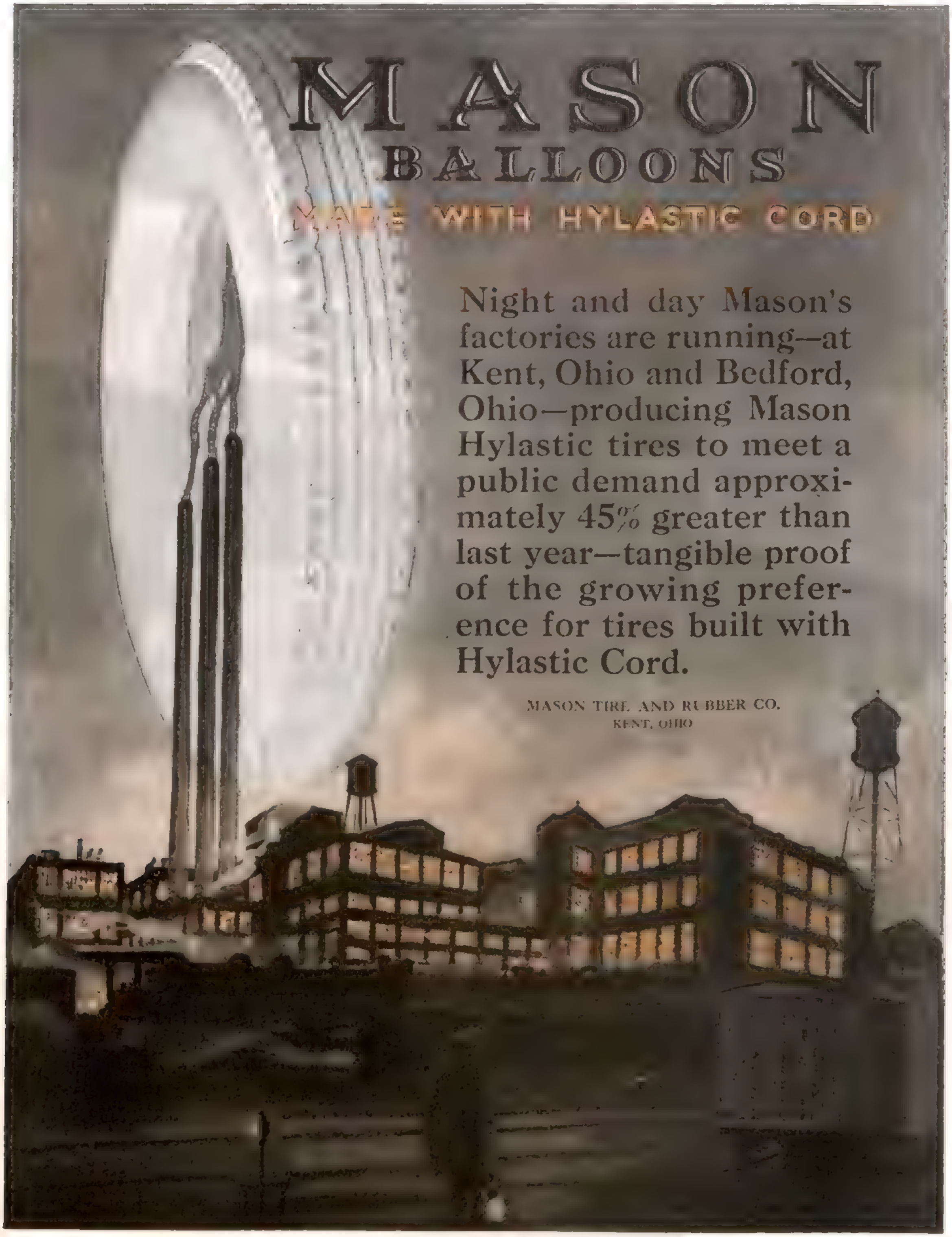
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(Continued from Page 158)

American and the Mexican governments. First and foremost seems to be our persistent failure to understand the Latin-American temperament. I have already pointed out its peculiarities. We have made the mistake of putting all the republics south of the Mexican border into the same boat and dealing with them on what might be called a mass basis. Each presents an individual problem.

A Case for Special Treatment

Mexico is in a class by herself. Being bang up against the United States, she has her own peculiar brand of antagonism. Just as in every city there is an imaginary line which divides rich from poor and hoi polloi from the socially elect, so does the Rio Grande separate two extremes of civilization. In the city the submerged resent and are envious of the eminence attained by their neighbors. So is Mexico jealous of our progress, position and prosperity. In this respect she is not unlike many more advanced European countries.

Having this state of mind, Mexico requires special treatment, so to speak. The plain truth of the matter is that because of their peculiar mentality the Mexicans respect only force. They are accustomed to use it themselves. Every time we have held our ground consistently we have brought the country to book. Here is a comparatively recent illustration of how firmness with the Mexicans wins:

Last year, when the Calles legislative program got under full swing, the new radical labor organization known as the C. R. O. M., which is really a political weapon for the president, sought to dictate terms to the four alien banks, which then included an American institution. The C. R. O. M. insisted, among other things, upon having the right to examine the books, to select the personnel, to hire and fire, and to exercise what in the United States would be the prerogative of a national bank examiner. When the banks refused, the labor leaders breathed reprisal. The banks then said, "We will call all loans and liquidate." The threat was effective and there was no further attempt at union domination.

The trouble all along has been that our Mexican policy has been consistently inconsistent. As one cynical American put it to me, "Our policy seems to have been distinguished by the lack of it." This sounds like an Irish bull, but it is only too true. We have blown hot or cold, been petulant or soothing, bullied or coddled. We have first shaken our fist and then pointed a reproving finger. England never would have stood the insolence and violation of personal and property rights that we have tolerated.

Whenever we assert ourselves the bogies of dollar diplomacy and imperialism are raised by sincere but ignorant uplifters in the United States. They point to Nicaragua, Haiti, Cuba and the Philippines as horrible examples of American oppression of the downtrodden. Once more the Colossus of the North seeks to impose her might upon a weaker sister. The existing crisis is no exception to the general rule.

Because of the aid and comfort that Mexico gets in this country, together with our vacillating attitude, she flouts us. Out of long experience she has come to believe that the United States seldom means what she says. With three instances I can illustrate.

One was the Pershing expedition into Mexico after the outrageous raid by Villa and his men upon Columbus, New Mexico. It was merely a gesture. Another was our ill-timed and unwarranted recognition of Carranza after he had virtually insulted us. The third was our occupation of Vera Cruz in 1914. We went in and then went out without accomplishing anything except to clean up a pesthole.

Furthermore, Mexico believes she can always get away with her high-handed attitude because she knows that, save for some unspeakable outrage, there is no sentiment in the United States for intervention. It is largely due to the fact that, as a people, we have little concern in what goes on beyond the border. When Mexican turmoil arises the average man merely says "Just another Mexican revolution" and lets it go at that.

This indifference has been costly to us in the past. It has emboldened Mexico to project the program of confiscation that endangers the present. If permitted to go unrebuked it will make future relationship difficult and dangerous.

What then is the remedy? Obviously it does not lie, for the moment at least, in intervention. Annexation is even more remote. A firm policy on our part would go a long way toward bringing Mexico to her senses. She invariably buckles when her bluff is called. Alien advisers of the Mexican Government are urgently needed. Left to her own administrative devices, Mexico, save under a constructive ruler like Diaz, is the prey of disorganizing and disintegrating forces.

The Juarez Formula

In the end you find that there is really no Mexican problem so far as we are concerned. The principle governing our position in every one of the long series of snarls is embodied in what is known as the Evarts doctrine, a note communicated by William M. Evarts, Secretary of State under President Hayes, to Minister Foster for presentation to the Mexican Government in 1878. It reads:

> The first duty of government is to protect life and property. This is a paramount obligation. For this, governments are instituted, and governments neglecting or failing to perform it become worse than useless.
>
> This duty the Government of the United States has determined to perform to the extent of its power toward its citizens on the border. It is not solicitous, it never has been, about the methods or ways in which that protection shall be accomplished, whether by formal treaty stipulations or by formal conventions, whether by the action of judicial tribunals or that of military force.
>
> Protection, in fact, to American lives and property is the sole point upon which the United States is tenacious.

Then, as now, the issue is precisely the same. The greatest of all Mexicans, Benito Juarez, wrote the formula for accord when he said, "Respect for the rights of others is peace." If this can be translated into actuality by our neighbors across the line, an era of permanent understanding will be brought about, and with it the political regeneration of their country.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with Mexico. The next will be devoted to the American stake.

CRAP SHOOTERS

(Continued from Page 19)

"It's old Two-Bits," said the unseen challenger, evidently speaking to a third person. "He's got a pass. Wanta see it?"

"Where's he goin' this time o' night?"

"I dunno; prob'ly huntin' crap shooters."

"T'hell with him. Let him go."

"Gwan!" said the challenger.

Mr. Tewbert picked up the bag and continued on his way. He had intended to explain his mission and ask the way to the nearest company P. C., but the reference to the crap shooters had dissuaded him. His only wish had been to get away from the vicinity after that. What a terrible thing that had been! In his sheltered life before the war he had known that men drank, that they gambled, and that they did other things, but men spoke of them as of the North Pole, something remote and far away. Mr. Tewbert's first months in the Army had been a nightmare. He had been sent overseas too soon. He had gone one night, walking vigorously, his lips firm, to the headquarters of the division, had walked in and up the stairs to the first floor with such a look of stern determination on his face that the few who saw him never thought of stopping him. Into the division commander's room he had gone.

"General," said Mr. Tewbert in ringing tones, "I have to report that I have found men of your division playing dice for money!"

They had hustled him forth from the council room, yet someone, kinder than the rest, had sent an aide with him to investigate. They had found a game in full swing at the very gates of the P. C., and two corporals who were taking an active part therein were summarily reduced to the ranks, not for playing dice for money, which is not a crime in the Army, but for doing so with privates, which means reduction for a noncommissioned officer in any outfit worthy of the name. The corporals in question had offered as excuse that the artillery brigade had been paid and they, the infantry, had not, and that the privates were privates of artillery, and therefore there was nothing predjudicial to discipline in corporals of infantry shooting a game or two with them. But Mr. Tewbert was at the aide's elbow, and military discipline had taken its course. Mr. Tewbert would have liked to forget the incident, but the division did not seem to be inclined to let him.

A rocket suddenly hissed up and burst into a white flare that went sailing off down wind, trailing smoke behind it. Mr. Tewbert came to an instant halt. He had never been farther up than the battalion P. C. before, but he knew that flares coming up marked the very front line. Pride or no pride it was imperative that he inquire his way. He listened for signs of life.

A half hour before, the countryside had seemed dead, abandoned, but now there was a vague murmuring, a sense of awakening, and a man could feel life stirring all about him. It reminded Mr. Tewbert of the early morning in the mill at home, when one by one the machines took up their daily task. Thousands of men were coming out of their dugouts, their hobnails thumping and their slickers rustling. A gun, far back of the ridge whence he had first looked across the plain, gave a heavy slam. Northward, behind the German lines, another answered, blam! And the shell went screeching by overhead, to burst somewhere back of him, on the highroad perhaps, with a sound like breaking crockery. To the left some machine gunner ran through half a clip that had been left over from the morning stand-to. Mr. Tewbert shivered a little with the cold. In his canteen at Royaumeix it had seemed an easy thing to go up to the front and give out a bagful of chocolate bars, but now that he was on the ground it began to look more difficult.

Clink, clink, jingle, clank, clang!

"Where the hell are yuh goin' to?" demanded an angry voice.

"Never mind, I just slipped."

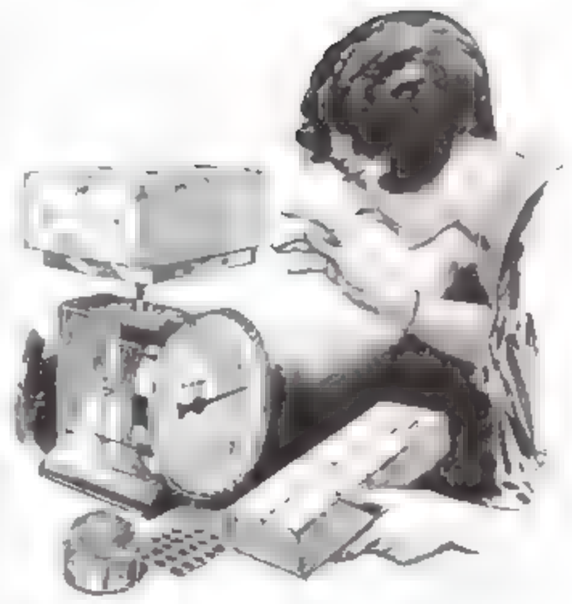
"Well, pick up your feet! Yuh near slammed that pole through my skull!"

"C'mon; c'mon, you guys! Drag out!"

"Now, keep your shirts on! There ain't no fire! This here jasper fell down an' our canteens are all over the road. You guys just pipe down!" There was a sound of grunting and floundering, and the same voice muttering, "Where do they get that drag-out stuff? They ain't no better'n anybody else!"

"Well, well, fellows," said Mr. Tewbert, drawing near the voices, "what a slippery road it is anyway. Could you tell me where I could find the commanding officer of K Company?"

There was instant silence. "Huh?" said someone finally.



Easier than guessing

Why let mailing clerks or office boys guess at postage . . . . . it is easier to be careful than careless with a Hanson Postal Scale. Saves postage. You can be assured of accuracy to a *fraction of an ounce.* No weights to adjust . . . . . instantly the Hanson Scale registers the exact postage needed

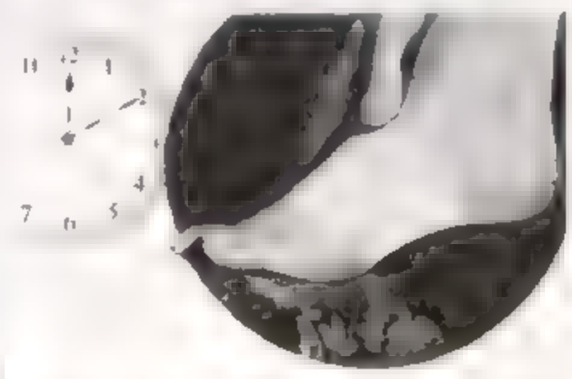
Of filing cabinet green, equipped with a brass platform and glass covered dial, Hanson Postal Scales show the exact postage for 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th class mail.

Two styles: 5 lbs. by half oz., $7.50, 2 lbs. by quarter oz., $8.50, at your stationery and other local stores—or $7.75 and $8.75 postpaid from factory.

Send for details concerning the complete line of Hanson Postal Scales.

HANSON BROS. SCALE CO.
502 N. Ada St. - Chicago, Ill.
Makers of Household, Bathroom, Nursery, Postal and Diet Scales

HANSON Scales



NO PAINS

in feet or legs after this amazing band is worn

Burning, aching feet and legs—cramps in toes, foot calluses, pains in the toes, instep, ball or heel—dull ache in the ankle, calf or knee—shooting pains, flattening and spreading of the feet, sagging arches—all can now be easily overcome.

94% of all foot pains can now be overcome in most cases stopped in 10 minutes by scientific attack on the cause (the weakened condition of a few small muscles). Now an amazing device acts instantly to rest and strengthen these muscles. It's a strong supporting plastic, yet amazingly thin band designed and invented by a foot specialist. It's called the Jung Arch Brace. You slip it on. That is all.

Pain stops like magic. Stand, run or dance with delight—wear stylish shoes comfortably. Soon band may be discarded. Feet are well to stay. 2,000,000 now are worn. Specialists are amazed at results. urge it widely.

Test it 10 days, if not amazed and delighted your money returned. Go to druggist, shoe store or chiropodist. If they can't supply you, use coupon below and pay postman. Send for free book on foot and leg troubles.

JUNG'S "The Original" ARCH BRACES

TEST FREE

Jung Arch Brace Co.,
143 Jung Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Send 1 pair ☐ Wonder Style, $1 and postage. ☐ Miracle Style (extra wide for severe cases), $1.50 and postage. ☐ Send free book.

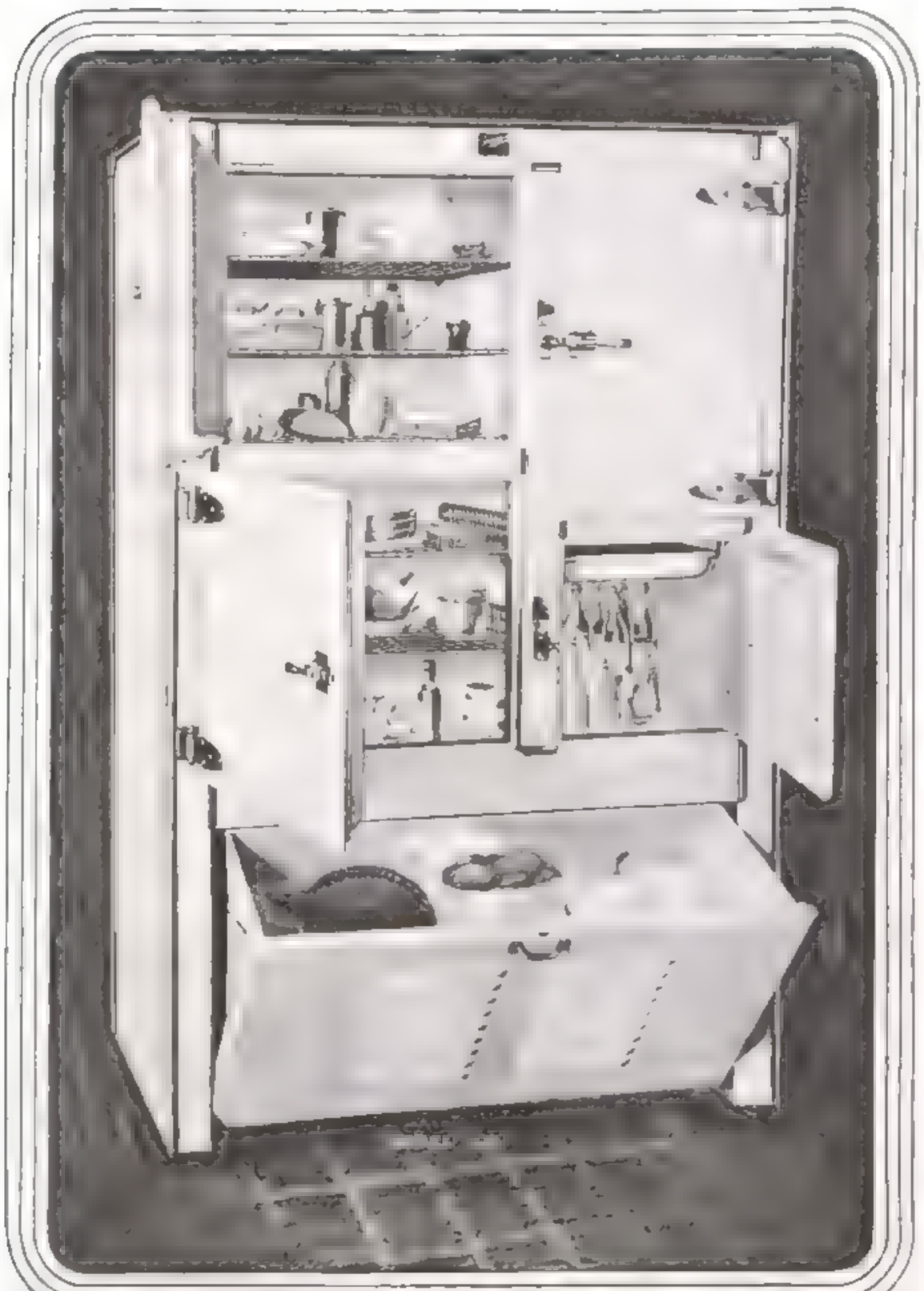
Shoe size ____ Last ____

Name ____

Address ____

P. O. ____ State ____

Canada Kirkham & Roberts, Pacific Bldg., Toronto. Can. prices, Wonder, $1.25; Miracle, $1.75. Cash. No C.O.D.



CABINETS BY
Seeger
SAINT PAUL

Electrical Refrigeration installed in a New All Porcelain Cabinet by Seeger meets the most exacting demands of the present and of the future.

Among the many unique features of the New All Porcelain Cabinets by Seeger are

Porcelain Vegetable Storage Compartment
Porcelain Defrosting Pan—No Drain
Removable Porcelain Baffle Wall

The Representatives of Electrical Refrigeration will be pleased to show and demonstrate the New All Porcelain Cabinets by Seeger in sizes to meet your requirements.

Cabinets by Seeger for use with ice and also for commercial purposes will continue to be shown by usual representatives.

SEEGER REFRIGERATOR COMPANY
SAINT PAUL — NEW YORK — BOSTON — CHICAGO — LOS ANGELES — ATLANTA

Standard of the American Home

"I said could you tell me where the commanding officer of K Company is? I think his name is Leverett—Captain Leverett."

"Yeh, sure; we're outta K Company ourselves. Jump in the trench and follow it till you come to the P. C."

"What trench?" asked Mr. Tewbert. "I don't know my way around here very well. In fact, this is the first time I have been up. I'm Mr. Tewbert, you know, from Royaumeix."

Another silence. "Well," said a man at length, "you folly the road till it turns, an' then you'll find a trench that begins beside the cemetery wall. Just jump down in the trench an' keep goin'."

"Why can't I go back with you fellows?" asked Mr. Tewbert. "Are you going back right away? I could wait here for you, you know, if it wasn't too long."

"Nah," said several men at once. "We're goin' back after water. We won't be back till mornin'." They moved and there was a sudden clinking and jangling. They probably had a whole company's canteens along on poles, which being empty, clinked and clanked like so many cowbells.

"We got a long ways to go, too," remarked someone. "C'mon, gang; whaddyuh say?"

The others evidently understood the hint, for they began to move away, their feet splashing in the mud and their burden making melody.

"Just go up the road an' jump down the trench," called back someone, kinder-hearted than his fellows. "You'll find it; it ain't far."

Mr. Tewbert picked up his hand bag with a sigh. It was black night now and, though there were stars overhead, the surface of the ground was not visible. Another flare hissed. It had been fired from some distance off, however, and its light did not extend to Mr. Tewbert's neighborhood. But he could feel the stones of the road under his feet, so he marched bravely on. When the road turned he would know that he was near the trench.

Things were becoming more and more lively as darkness advanced. A battery somewhere to the westward fired a salvo, and Mr. Tewbert listening, could hear the shells burst on the German lines, clump, clump, clump, clump, like doors being shut. There was quite a roll of machine-gun fire in his direct front.

Who-o-o-o! Kechung! Mr. Tewbert felt himself falling, the bag one way and he the other. He went down, one hand outstretched to break his fall. His hand met nothing—down, down, he went into blackness and horror, down an incredible distance. Sock! He landed. He was dead. No mistake, he knew it. He was dead, blown to bits by a shell.

He lay quietly for a time, half stunned. There was a vague thought in his mind that he should hear celestial music, that suddenly there would be a blaze of light and angels would appear. Gradually he began to realize that he was very cold, that an icy hand seemed to be worming its way down his back. At the same instant he realized that different parts of his body were extremely uncomfortable. He moved, and found to his surprise that he still had control of all his members. Further exploration showed that he was on his side in some mud, one arm in the air, and that the icy hand that explored his back was water leaking in over his collar. He sat up. He got to his feet. He was sore, he was lame, but a careful search could discover no wound. Plenty of mud, cold and gluey, of the temperature and consistency of ice cream, but no blood, no torn flesh. His searching hands felt more mud, chicken wire, stakes.

"I must have fallen into the trench!" marveled Mr. Tewbert. The shriek and crash of another shell confirmed this, for the flash of the explosion lighted the trench walls. The enemy were shelling the angle of the road, and if he had not fallen into the trench at the first shell, the second one would have ended his earthly troubles. A third one slammed down so close that it shook dirt from the trench wall, that fell splashing into the water at the bottom. Perhaps the enemy had heard the departure of the water detail, and hoped to catch them as they came out of the trench onto the road.

"Well, as I'm alive I might as well go on," decided Mr. Tewbert. He felt around for the bag of chocolate, found it, wiped off as much of the mud from it as he could, and started down the trench. "They said it wasn't far," he whispered to himself. "I hope it isn't. 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.'" The chattering of his teeth and the rapid beating of his heart prevented further speech.

In an angle of that trench was a small bay, a sort of retiring room that served to allow men going in one direction to step into and allow those going in the opposite direction to pass. The retiring room served another purpose on this particular night. A detail had been sent out to mend wire just in front of the parapet, and in the retiring room an auto-rifle crew covered the workers below them. Two men composed this crew—Bug-Eye Schultz and Weed Turner. These two were not the type of soldier portrayed on Liberty Loan posters. They were shooters of crap, both reduced noncommissioned officers, thieves, gool-knockers and drinkers, their only ambition to beat formations, to duck details, and when in rest billets, to stay absent without leave as long as humanly possible. Now they beat their breasts and wrapped and rewrapped their woolen mufflers about their ears.

"C'mon; you guys!" called Bug-Eye over the parapet. "Git goin' on that wire an' git it done! We're freezin' to death here."

"Shut up, you, the boche'll hear yuh!" replied those working on the wire.

(Continued on Page 167)

A Cypress Tree on 17 Mile Drive, Monterey, California

SHEET STEEL PRODUCTS FOR THE HOME, FARM, FACTORY AND FOR BUILDING CONSTRUCTION

Guaranteed
Hand Dipped
in pure
Molten Zinc

Thirty six years' experience has emphasized the superiority of the Wheeling process of dipping each article separately by hand in pure molten zinc. While modern large scale production methods offer quicker and cheaper ways to perform this operation, the slower but more thorough hand-dipping process is carried on in Wheeling factories because it gives a heavier, longer-wearing zinc-coating inside and out

The Dealer Is Behind this Trade Mark

In this new improved Wheeling Pail, the dealer points out features which never before have been found even in higher priced pails. Stronger, practically indestructible, leak-proof, rust-proof, and also strikingly better looking.

It is but one of the many utensils of daily use which Wheeling makes for the home, farm and factory to which the experience of thirty-six years is applied to insure their greater value through greater service.

The high standard of workmanship and materials combined with the Wheeling process of *Hand-Dipping* has made the familiar Red Label, which identifies these products, the mark of the *uncommon*, the guarantee of maximum quality and reasonable price.

Go to your dealer for Wheeling *Hand-Dipped* Metalware. Let him show you these products bearing the Wheeling trade mark, which have his fullest endorsement.

WHEELING CORRUGATING COMPANY
Wheeling, W. Va.

Branches: New York Philadelphia Chicago Minneapolis St. Louis
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Others
of thousands of Users of Meyercord Decalcomania

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Atwater Kent
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Oak Flooring Ass'n
Sheaffer Pens
Dyanshine Shoe Dressing
La Palina Cigars
Pabst Ginger Ale
Hires Extracts
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Bradley Knit Goods
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Corticelli Silks
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Paris Garters
Pet Milk
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Illinois Power & Light Co.
Thorola Loud Speaker
Ball Band Footwear
Regal Shoes
Yellow Cab
Shaw-Walker Cabinets
Royal Insurance Co.
Baldwin Pianos
Blaisdell Pencils
Oldsmobile Trucks
Cletrac
American Florists Ass'n
National Jewelers Ass'n
Seth Thomas Clocks
Mikado Pencils
The Grayline Tours
Kleen Heet
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Purity Bakeries Corp.
Hamilton Watches
Ansonia Clock Co.
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Bethlehem Motors
Chicago Rapid Transit Co.
Western Electric Co
Hayes Shock Absorbers
Martha Washington Candy
Pyrene Extinguishers
Long Bell Lumber
Clown Cigarettes
General Cord Tires
Borden's Milk
Thos. J. Webb Coffee
A & P Stores
Gould Battery
Houdaille Shock Absorbers
Prest O-Lite
Sunbeam Electric Iron
Korry Krome Soles
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All Steel Office Equipment
Diamond T Trucks
Georgia State Bank
Sanitas Wall Covering
Schrader Tire Gauges
Johnson's Chocolates
Grennan Bakeries Inc.

..What is..

"This is the store— I always look for that window sign"

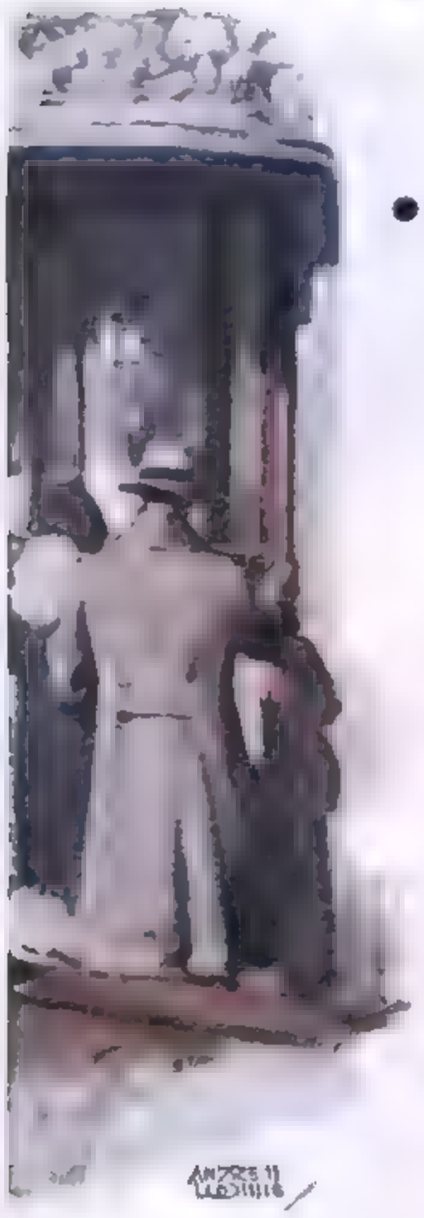
Meyercord Decalcomania, as used for a window or door display, is a beautiful art sign—advertising any kind of goods—familiarly seen at leading stores

It has a wide variety of other uses—but is best known, to millions of shoppers, as a buying guide on the glass fronts of America's vast and varied retail business.

All forms of Meyercord Decalcomania are made of enduring films of pure oil paint color and varnish. All the colors, and gold and silver and bronze, are used as required—reproducing and retaining all their original vividness and brilliancy. The colors are built up by repeated applications on a special paper which has the peculiar property of carrying the colors without absorbing them. When dipped in water the design may be easily transferred from the paper to glass or any surface. And it *stays* there as long as desired.

MEYERCORD

Decalcomania?



..a guide to good merchandise

An important service is rendered by Meyercord Decalcomania—to the public as well as to manufacturers and retail dealers. On the dealers' doors or windows it points the way to the desired goods *at the buying moment*. Do you realize that, daily, hundreds of thousands go up and down the streets looking for the place that sells a certain brand of merchandise? Yours?

Purchasers know that wherever the Decalcomania sign appears, the merchandise is there. They are not bothered by a tiresome search. They do not have to write for names of dealers. They do not have to read and remember a list of retail stores. Nor do they have to go right up to the window to read the name of the product.

There is the name—trade-mark—picture—right before them. An attractive colorful reminder that they can see from the street as well as the sidewalk.

These transfers are also made with a good-will message of the dealers on the other side. As customers leave the store Meyercord Duplex Window Signs invite them to call again, or express appreciation of their patronage. But window signs are only one of hundreds of uses of Decalcomania.

Do You Know that the great railroad systems of America decorate their luxurious passenger car interiors with Meyercord Decalcomania? Those beautifully wrought designs are the work of artists—but they are not hand painted on the cars. They are transferred.

Do you know that the lettering on fleets of trucks of many of America's better known firms and corporations are Meyercord Decalcomania Transfers applied in the same way—with far greater accuracy, uniformity and rapidity than are possible by the most expert hand painting?

Art effects in much of the best furniture decoration are reproduced—so like the original work of the famous artists that they can not be differentiated.

Portrait paintings of the founders or heads of business, or the great figures of statesmanship, commerce, art or science, are so faithfully duplicated that even the brush-marks show in relief.

The great oil companies, street-car systems, manufacturers of the most exclusive automobiles, tires, machinery, period furniture, musical instruments, clothes, radio, foods, beverages—leaders in all products—use Meyercord Decalcomania Transfers. You see them in sizes from one inch on an electric iron or hammer handle, to the impressive lettering or design on a tank car or a giant steam shovel.

Meyercord Kwik-Way Transfers are used as nameplates on a multitude of articles. They duplicate any trade-mark, any design, illustrative or lettered. They go like magic on metal, glass, wood, paper or leather—on either flat or rounded surfaces. They are easily applied at a rate of hundreds per hour. And they are permanent.

You are familiar with Meyercord Decalcomania as window signs. Do you know how *many* purposes it serves in the manufacturing side? How it gives finer effects in finishing, and in decorative uses—with speed and saving in production cost?

TEAR THIS OUT

and hand it to your secretary as a reminder to write for a booklet telling of hundreds of uses of Meyercord Decalcomania. Your own business probably has points where Meyercord can give you better results—with more economy. Let us help you to discover them. No obligation whatever is implied. Write us. We will reproduce your own designs—or our staff of artists will create new designs for you.

THE MEYERCORD CO., *133 West Washington Street*, CHICAGO, ILL.

Branch Offices in all principal cities of the United States. Foreign Offices in Mexico, D. F., London, Buenos Aires and San Juan. In Canada: Canada Decalcomania Co., Ltd., Toronto

Decalcomania

2 for 25¢

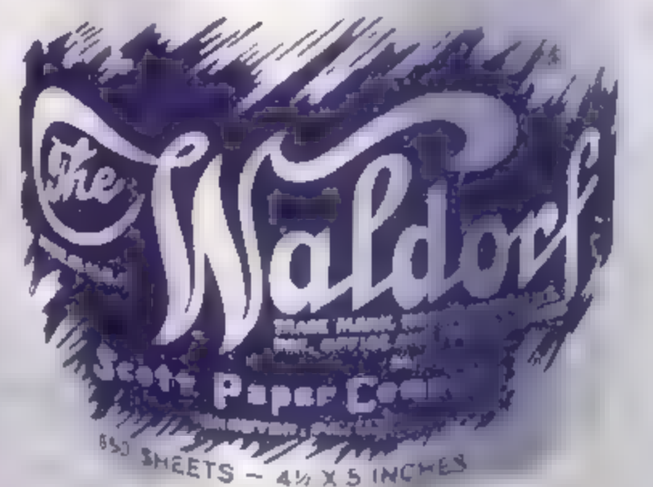
Soothingly soft
therefore cannot harm the most delicate skin

Hygienically clean
therefore absolutely safe, even for children

Quickly absorbent
therefore the most economical tissue to use

Uniform texture
therefore never varies in quality or appearance

3 for 25¢



That's why—

67 million rolls of ScotTissue products

bought over the retail counters

in 1926

their qualities

are adding new buyers

every day

(Continued from Page 162.

"Come down an' fix it yourself if we ain't workin' fast enough to suit yuh!" answered another.

An officer ordered them all to be silent, and there was no further sound save the snip of cutters, the twang of severed wire, and the subdued pounding as new stakes were set up.

"Ps-st!" whispered Weed. "There's someone comin' down the trench."

Bug-Eye at once took up an alert position behind the gun and Weed, bending his knees so that his long thin figure did not show against the sky line, waited for the newcomer to pass the entrance of the bay. Chances were it was either the Old Man or the battalion commander, prowling about to find someone to shove for a trial. The squdging feet stopped at the bay's entrance, and a groping hand brushed Weed's slicker.

"Is there somebody there?" asked a rather nervous voice. "I thought I heard voices."

"Whaddyuh want?" demanded Weed.

"I'm trying to find Captain Leverett's P. C."

"Whaddyuh want him for? What outfit yuh out of?"

"I'm Mr. Tewbert, from Royaumeix. I've come up with a few things in my bag here to give away and I want to ask Captain Leverett's permission."

"Oh, sure," interrupted Bug-Eye, all interest at once. "Just down the trench. It ain't a minute. Got a bag? Can't I carry it for you? Weed, just look after the gun a minute. She's all set to go." Then, in a quick undertone: "Nix! Halvies on what I get!" He stepped out of the bay.

"Lemme carry your bag o' stuff, sir."

"That's very kind of you," said Mr. Tewbert. "It is rather heavy. It's farther up here than I expected. Do you think the captain will have a fire in his P. C.? I'm rather wet and I don't want to take cold. It might be fatal at my age."

"Oh, yes, sir. I'm sure he'll have a fire. Yes, sir. Now, you go first, straight down the trench."

At once Mr. Tewbert found civilization, so to speak. A sentry challenged, and in response to Mr. Tewbert's reply, a panting corporal appeared, smelling of alcoholic liquor, and inspected his pass with a flash light.

Excited whispering began, grumblings came from the bowels of the earth, there was the distant creaking of wire bunks, mysterious feet thudded up unseen stairs, and in the midst of all this Mr. Tewbert arrived at the P. C. It was a dugout, double entranced and reached by a flight of twelve stairs that went directly down under the front wall of the trench. There was a young lieutenant at the bottom, muffled in sheepskin and woolen helmet, who held aloft a carbide lamp to see who his visitor was.

"Good evening," said Mr. Tewbert, his teeth chattering with the damp chill of the dugout. "I've come up from Royaumeix with a few things my home people wanted me to distribute. I assume this is Captain Leverett."

"Ah," said the lieutenant, "isn't that fine! I'll say you're welcome. Captain Leverett is asleep just now, but I'm sure he'd be pleased to death. Yes, yes, we'd all be more than delighted. We haven't had a thing but cold corned willy and hash for the last week or more! Where is your stuff? Do you want us to send a detail for it or something?"

"No, thanks," said Mr. Tewbert, "I have it here in a bag. Er—where is my bag?" He turned and stepped aside so that the light would fall on the stairway. The bag was there, on the bottom step, but the man that had so carefully carried it had gone. "Yes," he went on, lifting the bag to the table, "I've carried this all alone, away up here from Royaumeix." He fumbled about the bag, his hands so cold that he had difficulty in opening it. From the stairway behind there was a sound of cautious feet descending, men could be heard breathing, and the lieutenant, holding up the lamp, could see the light reflected from a score of white faces and gleaming eyes. The other stair was closed by a blanket, but the blanket heaved and billowed like a sea, and the chink between it and the door post was lined with eyes. Voices could be heard whispering excitedly: "It's a guy who's brung us up chow! Yeh, all the way up here after dark so's some other outfit wouldn't waylay him an' grab it off. Good for him! That's what I call a white man!"

"What the hell is all this?" demanded an angry sleepy voice.

There was instant silence. A dim figure sat up on a bunk and, throwing off the blankets, strode into the circle of the light. His uniform was creased and faded, he needed a shave, and though he had but arisen from bed, he wore gas mask, pistol and trench knife. It was Captain Leverett. Scrambling sounds came from the stairways, but they were jammed with men, and those at the top refused to allow those at the bottom to ascend.

"I'm Mr. Tewbert," was the reply. "I've brought up a bag of chocolate to give away."

"Chocolate!" The fungus fell from the beams at that shout. There was turmoil on the stairways.

"He's brought us a load o' chocolate! Can yuh tie that? Never heard o' bringin' a bunch o' guys anything to smoke! Chocolate! Wouldn't yuh know it?"

"Chocolate?" repeated Captain Leverett. "This is perfect! Why, we've been feeding on it for weeks! I sent a platoon to raid a French ration dump and they came back loaded with it! I suppose you think—look!" He seized the lamp and held it aloft. All about them, piled against the wall, were small cases, and on the end of each was a name: Société Alsacienne, Fabrique de Chocolat, or Chocolat Gonzaque, or Chocolat de Bayonne.

"We won't eat it any more," said the red-eyed captain. "We're using it here to line the walls of this hole with to see if it won't make the place a little warmer. Why didn't you bring us up some cigarettes? We've been smoking the straw out of our bunks! Cigarettes, that's the stuff we want!"

"Yeh, cigarettes!" echoed the stairways.

"Well," replied Mr. Tewbert a little coldly, "I don't think that my organization would have been pleased to know that their gift was used to buy cigarettes. Some of them—and I cannot but feel that they are right—believe cigarettes to have a pernicious effect; in fact, many of the moral delinquencies of the day may be traced ——"

A jeer that was half roar of anger from the stairways made the captain look in that direction. For the first time it seemed that he was conscious of the congested condition of the entrance to his post of command. He gave a roar himself.

"What are you men doing here? Who gave you permission to come down here? You, Sergeant Clayton! I'll have your stripes! Get these men out of here! You, corporal, snap out of it! What the hell does this mean, lieutenant? Can't I get a minute's sleep without you letting this outfit run hog wild? We'll be having a soldiers' council putting us out of our own dugout next! Well, if we do while I'm alive, I'll kiss you!" He advanced on the stairway, but there was no one there. From the top came a sound of grunting and shoving, but that also ceased. "Roll up those gas blankets and let's air out here. Bah! The place smells like a sheep pen. I think it's warmer outside than it is here anyway." He turned to Mr. Tewbert. "Let me see your authority for coming on the lines," said the captain crisply.

Mr. Tewbert silently produced his pass, and while the captain examined it in the light of the carbide lamp, he looked up the stairs. It was like looking out of a dungeon; a long black tube and, at the top, the stars twinkling and the velvet sky of a winter night. Sounds came down the stair, magnified as by a megaphone—men walking in the mud, the sucking click, clack of a pump, voices, and single ugly words that cracked like a rifle. Mr. Tewbert knew to whom those words were applied.

"The dumb son!" said a man at the very top of the stair.

"Yeh," agreed someone else more faintly. "An' he'd loaded with chocolate 'cause he allows cigarettes is harmful."

"Well," said the captain coldly, handing back the pass, "we're very much obliged, of course, even though we seem to be a little oversaturated with chocolate just now. Well, you can leave it here, unless you want to carry it back with you. I'm going to try to swap the whole lot with the French for the loan of a kitchen for just one meal." He turned abruptly to the lieutenant.

"Mr. Bourne, I want you to take steps to prevent any further nonsense. This is the post of command, and I don't want every son in this company coming into it whenever he feels the spirit move him. I'm leaving it to you to rectify." The captain crossed the dugout and, climbing into his bunk, pulled the blankets about him and turned his face to the wall.

Mr. Tewbert stood undecided a minute or two, but the lieutenant seemed occupied in an order he had on the table and the atmosphere of the dugout becoming decidedly chilly, Mr. Tewbert breathed a "Good night," to which there was no response, closed the bag of chocolate, picked it up, and struggled up the stair. At the top he turned and went blindly down the trench. The waves of conversation parted before him and closed in behind, as the waters of the sea did behind the Israelites. It was dark in the trench, but the groups at dugout doorways, the sentries, the rocket and gas guards, the machine-gun and sho-sho rifle posts, all knew him, by the helmet on the back of his head, his stooped shoulders, his uncertain fumbling progress along the trench.

Bug-Eye had gone down into the dugout with Mr. Tewbert, but had not remained there, since his presence would have caused the most embarrassing inquiries as to why he had left his post. It was with difficulty, however, that he had managed to get through the men pouring down the stairs to see what the supposed bringer of good cheer had in his bag. Bug-Eye got out finally and hastened toward the bay where he had left the sho-sho. A hand seized him and a voice said close to his ear, "Wachuh got?"

"Nothin'!" replied Bug-Eye. "The damn bag was locked."

"Gwan!" said the other in disbelief.

"Nah, no kiddin', Weed. It was locked. C'mon; let's get back."

"But suppose he puts out an' we don't get nothin'? Maybe he's got smokes an' stuff."

"He won't put out. They'll split it all up an' give it to each corporal to spread round his squad."

"Ah," said Weed regretfully, "an' we ain't corporals no more!"

They turned into the bay, then came to an abrupt halt. The bay was small and a third man in it would make his presence felt at once. There was a third man there, and he spoke bitterly. His voice was known to Weed and Bug-Eye. It was the officer in charge of the wire detail.

"Where have you men been?" demanded the officer in a voice like a buzz saw.

"We thought we heard noises," said Bug-Eye, taking a desperate chance, "and so we went out into the trench to see should we give the alarm."

"You stayed there a damn long time!" remarked the officer.

"Not more than thirty seconds!" protested Bug-Eye. He had guessed rightly; the officer had just come into the bay. "Listen yourself, sir!"

The officer listened. There was something going on, a hoarse murmur of voices and the splashing of many feet could be clearly heard. The officer stepped out into the trench to investigate, but the men were already flowing back from the P. C., and it was easy for him to understand the cause of the commotion. These men had craved tobacco and had been given chocolate.

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Their comments thereon were bitter in the extreme. Even Weed and Bug-Eye, in the bay, could hear them.

"Wouldn't yuh know it?" demanded Bug-Eye. "Them guys are simple. Why wouldn't he bring us up a few copies o' The Nurse an' the Knight?"

"We ain't no knights," remarked Weed. "Tin pants is outta fashion."

"No, but what I wanted to say," went on Bug-Eye, "did you happen to notice who this old duck is?"

"Never havin' set eye on him, I can't say I did."

"Well, I set eye on him," continued Bug-Eye. He whispered behind his hand with emphasis to Weed.

"No!" cried Weed.

"Yes, I tell yuh! I'd know him if I seen him in hell!"

"Boy," said Weed grimly, "when that old son goes by this part of the trench again he's gonna know what it feels like to be persecuted fer righteousness' sake!"

"Be yourself," said Bug-Eye. "He's old an' frail. If yuh made a pass at him his heart would stop beatin'. Nix. If he lugged that bag all the way up here from Royaumeix I ain't got no hard feelin's against him. It weighs a ton. An' it's full o' chocolate!" His voice became suddenly hard. "Man, I'd give twenty years off the end o' my life if it would make him twenty years younger!"

The officer returned then, but remained in the trench. "Take down that gun and follow me," he ordered. "We've got to move out a ways and you can't cover us from here. I want you with me, anyway; then I'll know where you are."

Bug-Eye took down the gun at once and he and Weed went out into the trench. There were two riflemen waiting there, one with a grenade thrower in the barrel of his rifle, like an inverted bottle against the stars. They went on, clumping and swishing, to where an old communication trench turned northward. It had been abandoned and filled in long ago, but the stump of it ran out beyond the American wire to a listening post, and wire-mending parties and patrols used it when they wanted to go out into No Man's Land. It should never have been left, for it was a dangerous thing in case of attack, a perfect gateway into the American trench, but it was very convenient for the Americans and so it had remained. The auto-rifle party turned into it, went down to the end, climbed a stairway made of empty ration boxes, and lying down on their stomachs, crawled out into No Man's Land.

Meanwhile Mr. Tewbert progressed along the trench. A voice suddenly brought him to himself.

"Hey, guy, where the hell yuh goin'?" This is not the way to challenge as prescribed by the regulations, but it had its effect.

"I'm Mr. Tewbert," was the reply. "I'm trying to find my way out of here back to the battalion post of command."

"I don't give a damn who you are," replied the sentry; "you can't go by here. Them's orders."

"Well, of course I'll go back then," said Mr. Tewbert stiffly, "but you could have said what you did without interlarding every word with oaths. There's no necessity or excuse for being so profane."

"Gwan!" cried the sentry. "I'll ram a foot or so o' bayonet up your back and I guess you'll move!"

Mr. Tewbert retraced his steps. It was plain that the sentry did not know him. How frightful these men were! And he had thought to minister to them. He was going to be to them as a shepherd to his flock! As well try to be shepherd to a pack of wolves or the wild ass in the wilderness!

The trench, on his return journey, was deserted. The men had gone back to their dugouts and only a solitary gas guard or a machine gunner kept watch. Mr. Tewbert came to an elbow, then to the communication trench that he remembered took him out to the road. He turned into it, and came quite suddenly to the end. He felt around and discovered a kind of stairway that led up. Ah, yes, this was the place he had fallen into. He clambered on all fours up the steps and came out on the top. It was lighter than when he had first come up. The stars shone brightly and there was half a moon. Now what direction should he take? Why, the road went right straight back from this trench, didn't it? He could start along and in a few steps he would feel it under his feet. He went on gropingly. Things did not look familiar. He listened for the sound of footsteps, or of voices. Nothing. He went forward slowly and carefully, peering into the shadows and feeling for the stones of the road.

The wire-mending detail, having finished its task, had been led out into No Man's Land a little farther, to spread a low net of wire across a wrinkle of ground that fire from the trench had not been able to reach, and so a German patrol had got clean away the night before. The wire layers had for protection Bug-Eye and Weed with the sho-sho, a doughboy with a sack of grenades, and another with a grenade thrower on his rifle. If the wire party got into difficulties, a flare fired from this rifle would alarm the garrison of the trench, a machine-gun barrage would be put down, and the wire party could get home behind its protection. The wire party pounded in posts and Bug-Eye and Weed sat in the mud and shivered, aching in every joint, yet forced to exert every effort to keep awake.

"Hey," whispered the man with the grenade thrower, "I hear somethin'!"

"Huh?"

"I hear somethin'! Boy, I ain't kiddin'! Listen! Over there! Hear it?"

"Gwan!" scoffed Bug-Eye. "How long you been on the front? Yuh wanta get over ——" He stopped his sentence in midair. He heard it himself. A sound that was really not a sound. It might be the wind sighing through the wire, except that there was no wind, nor, in the direction of the sound, any wire. A large body of men would make such a sound by their breathing.

"Git the looey!" husked Bug-Eye. "Weed, stand close now! We're gonna have a scrap."

But the lieutenant was there, close at hand.

"Do you men hear that?" the officer demanded.

"Yes, sir," said the three. "All the boches in the world are out there!"

"Give us a couple of grenades," said the officer to someone behind him. "Stand by with your rifle. Have you got the rocket in it? Don't shoot it yet. You with the sho-sho, you ready?"

There was a pause of several seconds while all listened intently. "It's them," decided the officer. "Cole, sneak back and tell the detail to make a break for the trench the minute the firing starts. Listen, Tope, give me that rifle! You haul yourself as tight as you can go into that trench and wake up the skipper. Don't let 'em beat the alarm! Have everyone on the alert! I think this crowd is planning to rush the trench, and don't know we're here! We'll fix 'em! Beat it now! Now just about thirty seconds to let everyone get set ——"

There was a long pause. No one thought of cold now, rather of warmth. The place seemed alive with sound, but it was probably the roaring of the blood in the men's ears. Flares lighted the sky, but the lines were far apart here, and their light did not reach to this particular spot. Bug-Eye shifted his weight from one sore elbow to the other. The sho-sho gun was freezing his hands. Then out of the dark came a clearly audible voice.

"Hello, there, fellows! I'm Mr. Tewbert! I'm trying to find my way out of here and I fear I'm lost. I wonder if ——"

"Oh, the damn fool!" moaned the officer. "Let 'em have it!"

The sho-sho fired one shot and jammed, but it was enough. A rifle crashed in Bug-Eye's ear and the rocket went soaring. The officer yelled, a hundred voices echoed it,

(Continued on Page 170)

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(Continued from Page 168)

and the flash of his grenade showed a thick mob of men, white faces, gleaming teeth and eyes, then all was darkness.

The response to the rocket was instantaneous. As though the man with the rifle had pushed a button instead of firing his weapon, there was a blast of machine-gun fire from the trench. The garrison of the trench, dismissed from stand-to long ago, had put on shoes, overcoats, and helmets to hurry forth when the word had gone about of Mr. Tewbert's arrival bearing gifts, and the subject of the denunciation of the crap shooters was being so hotly discussed in every dugout that no one had gone to bed. At the crack of the rifle from No Man's Land, the garrison had surged to its stations. And after all it was Mr. Tewbert himself who had alerted the sentries. He had turned into the old trench that led out into No Man's Land instead of the one that led to the road, and he had been splashing about in the mud and talking to himself for two or three minutes. But for the fact that a flare might discover the wire party to the Germans, and lead thrown into No Man's Land might kill some incautious member of same, Mr. Tewbert's earthly troubles would have come to a sudden end then and there.

The whole American line, eager to have a hand in whatever was going on, glittered with lights. The lieutenant, beside Bug-Eye, took one look and groaned aloud. Somebody, mad with excitement, would be sure to fire a barrage rocket, and the wire party was in a fine position to receive its full effects.

"Get that gun going," the officer kept repeating; "that's all I ask. I can see the sons. They're after the wire party and they don't know we're here! Turn loose that gun!"

Bug-Eye, wrestling with a ruptured cartridge, cursed and raved, now at the gun, now at Weed, who had dropped the extractor tool in the mud. His fingers were stiff with cold, but at last the shell case came clear and a rapid working of the bolt showed that the magazine would probably feed.

"Where the hell are they?" demanded Bug-Eye.

"There's a bunch of 'em about twenty yards away! They're in a shell hole; you can't see 'em. They're waiting for the fire to let up to rush the wire gang."

Two or three grenades thrown by the wire party burst in a patch of shadow, and into it Bug-Eye fired a clip, seemingly with no result.

"Yuh'd hear 'em thrashin' round in the mud if I'd hit anyone," he remarked.

The machine-gun fire from the trench suddenly slackened and then stopped. The captain had undoubtedly given the order to cease firing, so that the wire party might have a chance to get in.

"Beat it!" roared the lieutenant. The wire party leaped to its feet and made for the old trench. A great many other men, wearing coal scuttles on their heads, also leaped and made for the wire party. The machine gunners in the trench, unable to stand the sight, cut loose with everything they had. Flares made the place as light as day.

"Lookit!" cried Weed. "Lookit! They got someone!"

Bug-Eye looked. A few yards away crawled four Germans, dragging with them a figure which struggled feebly. They were going toward the German lines and making rapid progress.

"Hey, lootenant!" cried Bug-Eye, but the lieutenant was gone to hasten the departure of the wire party and see that no wounded were left. Mud flew from where the garrisons of the sectors to right and left, having discovered the location of the excitement, were sprinkling it with their fire.

"Watchyuh gonna do?" chattered Weed.

"Let's git that guy!" He jerked the front support of the sho-sho from the mud and began to crawl in pursuit of the four Germans.

Mr. Tewbert had had a most disagreeable surprise. He had heard men breathing and had gone in their direction.

"Hello, fellows," he had said cheerfully, and then began to ask his way. But the fellows had arisen and hurled themselves at him. Mr. Tewbert had tried to gasp out something about reporting such behavior to the commanding officer, but the crack of a rifle and the instant response of the machine-gun barrage had drowned his voice. Moreover, a rough hand had closed off his wind and not released him until he was nearly strangled. He had realized then that he had been taken prisoner. His captors had lain belly to earth for some time, but when the machine-gun fire slackened, they had started for their own lines. They had a prisoner, which was excuse enough for getting out of unhealthy territory. But mud flew, bullets cracked overhead, and one of the Germans was slightly wounded. They halted in a shell hole and, flares providing light enough, proceeded to search Mr. Tewbert. He had nothing in his pockets, whereat they gave him a cuff or two and made signs that he should remove his shoes.

"No! No!" protested Mr. Tewbert. "I can't do that! Why, I'd catch cold on a night like this! I must keep on my shoes!"

There was a second of darkness, during which Mr. Tewbert was rolled on his back in the cold, cold mud, and by the light of the next flare, his mail-order putties and his shoes were torn from him. They were particularly pleased with the rubbers. When it was dark again they began their progress toward their own lines, bounding from shell hole to shell hole, dragging Mr. Tewbert with them, and cuffing him from time to time to urge him to greater agility.

Meanwhile Bug-Eye and Weed advanced themselves. The flares were being fired with no system whatever, so that one minute the ground would be a glare of light and in another, black darkness. It was almost impossible to see. German machine guns, distinguishable by their more rapid rate of fire, had joined their bullets to those of the Americans to make life in that wilderness of bumpy hollows extremely hazardous.

"We bit a bigger chew off this plug than we thought for!" yelled Weed in Bug-Eye's ear. "Let's go home!"

"Wait just a couple more minutes," replied Bug-Eye. "I think I spot them."

"What's this here guy to you, you should get yourself killed?"

"He ain't nuthin," said Bug-Eye.

"I'm a taller man than you," protested Weed, "an' you got the gun! I ain't got ——" Before his astonished eyes rose a huge black bulk. It was a man, and a light flashing showed him to be German, huge, brutal, helmeted like a fireman, and holding a thing like a hose nozzle. Weed heard the sho-sho click, and knew it had jammed again.

"Look out!" he yelled. "That's a flame thrower!" But Bug-Eye, holding the sho-sho as though it had a bayonet on the end, charged full tilt at the German.

Clank! Darkness as though someone had turned a switch. Weed lay on his stomach waiting for another light. When it came, he and Bug-Eye were alone, and Bug-Eye was fumbling at the muzzle of the sho-sho.

"Juh kill him?" gasped Weed.

"Nah. He had on a armor. Hear the thing clank? I hope I didn't cave in that flash protector. Gimme another clip. This here one won't feed. Lie low now; if he's around an' turns that hose on us we'll fry some, I ain't kiddin'!"

A fresh magazine was put in the sho-sho.

"Come on home," said Weed. "I've had enough. That guy's in Berlin by now."

"You'n' me both," agreed Bug-Eye. He took one more look around. Eastward the sky was alight with flares, and among them, like rubies in a diamond brooch, glowed the red rockets that besought the artillery for a protective barrage. "It's a drive," muttered Bug-Eye. "I thought they was just after us."

"There he is!" shrieked Weed. Before the two, outlined in the ghastly green of a colored rocket that hung directly overhead, were five men, and in their midst a man in American uniform. "It's Two-Bits! It's Two-Bits!" bellowed Weed. "Ah, wouldn't chuh know it?" The sho-sho clattered in his ear.

Mr. Tewbert had jumped here and there as his captors had directed him. He was dazed and hardly felt the jerks on his arm that told him to change direction to right or left.

When the Germans suddenly lay flat on the ground he followed their example. He heard shouts, American voices, profanity, then a series of deafening explosions beside his very ear. He stayed on the ground and did not lift his head even when the noise ceased and someone seized his arm.

"The old son is dead," said a voice.

"Nah, he ain't," objected another. "They wouldn't lug a stiff around with 'em. Give him a good root in the ribs an' he'll show signs o' life!"

Mr. Tewbert thereupon looked up.

"He's alive," said Weed. "Let's get outta here an' go home."

"Right," replied Bug-Eye, "but first we frisk these boches."

Perhaps an hour later Mr. Tewbert was assisted out of the communication trench onto the road. He knew now that he was safe, and against the sky line was the ruined town, where he would claim hospitality from the major until such time as he could return to Royaumeix. These two men with him had dragged him from shell hole to shell hole, through freezing mud and water in which the forming ice had cut his naked feet, all across No Man's Land, through the trench and so to the road.

"Give him them boots, Weed," directed a voice. A pair of German boots were flung at Mr. Tewbert's feet. He sat down in the mud and began to rub his feet to restore the circulation. A pair of dry socks was put into his hand.

"Them's mine," said Bug-Eye, "but you need 'em more'n I do right now. Put 'em on an' pull them boots on over 'em."

"We better be gettin' back," muttered Weed nervously. He looked behind him to where the glow of lights marked No Man's Land, and to the east, where barrages rolled and crashed like surf on a beach.

"Naw, it ain't us," said Bug-Eye. "They're goin' in on Xivray or Beaumont. That gang that rushed us was after the wire party after all."

There was a roar of fire from the trench behind them that seemed to deny his words.

"Boys," began Mr. Tewbert, getting to his feet, "I want to thank you. I've—I've ——" he faltered. He wanted to tell them that he had misjudged them, that he had thought them drunkards, thieves, gamblers, that he had been ashamed to own them as his fellow countrymen. Yet they had gone out into that waste of mud and rescued him at imminent peril of their lives, then given him their own clothes to warm himself.

"Fellows," he began again, "it was magnificent. Who can I say you are? Give me your names, so that your officers shall know what you have done for me tonight. Tell me. I'll not forget them, I assure you."

"We're the two corporals that you got broke for shootin' crap with privates from the artillyurry," said Bug-Eye.

Mr. Tewbert gasped. "I'm sorry," he said quaveringly. "Boys, I misjudged you. It was wrong. Won't you shake hands with me? I think, after what I shall tell, that you'll be promoted again."

Mr. Tewbert extended his hand, but the two men before him stood stiffly. The subdued glow from the distant flares lighted their faces, cold and stern.

"Yuh give us work enough tonight a'ready," said Bug-Eye. "Now get the hell out of here before we have to bury yuh."

"Yeh," agreed Weed, waving his arm toward where the battle raged, "we'll be busy enough tomorrer buryin' white men. Beat it."

Then the two of them turned and were gone down the trench.

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Just spread on a thin coat of Johnson's Liquid Wax with a Lamb's-wool Mop. This cleans the floor and deposits a protecting waxen film. Then run the Johnson Electric Polisher over the floor. Instantly—almost like magic—the surface takes on a beautiful, lustrous, deep-toned polish.

These "traffic spots" can easily be touched up without going over the entire floor. If they are badly worn it may be necessary to repeat this simple operation two or three times to build up a body. But it's so easy anyone can do it—and it takes but a few minutes. There is no stooping—no messy rags and pails—no soiled hands or clothing.

Try this WAX treatment on those dull-looking "edges" around the rugs. And on *all* your floors — old or new — of wood, linoleum, tile or composition. It makes no difference how they are finished —with varnish, shellac, wax or paint. ALL floors respond to this wonderful Johnson's Wax *Electric* treatment.

Floors polished with Johnson's Liquid Wax and Electric Floor Polisher are not slippery. They do not show scratches or heel-prints and they require but little care—dry dusting will keep them immaculate. The original cost of waxed floors is trifling and there is practically no after-expense.

The Johnson Electric Floor Polisher is very easy to operate. You don't need to push it or bear down on it—all you do is walk along and GUIDE it with the finger-tips of one hand. It polishes floors ten times faster and better than hand methods because the brush revolves 2100 times a minute and actually burnishes the wax to a beautiful, lustrous, wear-resistant finish.

Rent It for $2.00 a Day—

Your neighborhood merchant or painter will RENT you a Johnson's Wax Electric Floor Polisher for $2.00 a day. Telephone your nearest dealer now and make an appointment to rent this wonderful Polisher for any day you wish. With it you can wax-polish ALL your floors in the same time it formerly took to do a single room by the old-fashioned hand methods.

Or, buy a Johnson's Wax Electric Floor Polisher for exclusive use in your own household. The cost is small for an electric appliance that will add so much beauty to your home—and also save you many hours of work and a lot of money for floor refinishing. Ask your dealer for a free demonstration. Or, write us.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, RACINE, WISCONSIN
"The Floor Finishing Authorities"
(Canadian Factory: Brantford)

JOHNSON'S LIQUID WAX

"That's what I call *perfect!*"

HANDIEST package ever invented for paste or mucilage. No cap to unscrew or lose. No brush. No water to supply. No drying up—seals itself when not in use. Clean to handle—no spreading with finger—never leaks. Operates with one hand. Handier than jar, screw-cap tube, ordinary spreader tube or water-well of stiff paste, liquid paste or mucilage.

Patented New Spreader Makes Pasting Easy

Just squeeze the rubber tip between thumb and forefinger to open the patented slit in the rubber tip. Then, holding the tube vertically, as you would a paint brush, place the tip on the paper to be pasted, and spread, bearing down a little as you spread. Do not bear down hard. When you paint with a brush, you bear down only enough to make the tips of the bristles bend. So only the very tip of the rubber spreader should bend. The flexible rubber tip is an ideal spreader—works better than a brush. To make paste flow out faster, squeeze tube slightly as you spread. When you stop spreading, the slit closes. The tip will work perfectly as long as there is any paste left in the tube, even though you are months using it up.

Try it—send 10c.

Just as you use LePage's Glue for a strong joint, use LePage's Spreader Paste for quick, convenient pasting—two different products for different needs. If you ever use PASTE give yourself a chance to try this new package. Send coupon and 10 cents (coin or stamps) today for regular-size tube. Russia Cement Co., Dept. CC-7, Gloucester, Mass.

LE PAGE'S Spreader PASTE

Mail this coupon

RUSSIA CEMENT CO.
Dept. CC-7, Gloucester, Mass.
I enclose 10 cents (coin or stamps) for which please send me one tube of the NEW LePage's Spreader Paste. (Note to Office Managers: Dozen tube carton sent for $1.00.)

Name .....
Street .....
City ..... State .....
My dealer is .....

IN SOCIETY

(Continued from Page 23)

Then between him and her came a vision. It was a memory of something he had seen but the day before while passing her father's place of business. It was a vision of her father, in a long white apron, with straw cones on his sleeves, helping unload some fresh-killed poultry from a wagon—her father, a butcher, prosperous no doubt, but in every way a vulgar and impossible man.

"We must get back," said H. Carlton Downey, Jr. "I have to get home in time to dress for dinner."

"Very well," she said.

They had nothing to say to each other on the way home. He never saw her again.

By turning back part of his not very robust salary each week to his employers, H. Carlton Downey, Jr., had obtained a fine suit of evening clothes. To him there was a magic in that suit. It had been destined to grace the form of P. Carlton Thorndyke, Jr., but he had rejected it for some minor imperfection, and Downey had bought it and had it altered to fit his own slimmer figure. By eliminating luncheons and confining his dinners to milk and peanuts, he had in time saved enough to enable him to buy the accessories—shirts, ties, patent-leather shoes, and even a top hat, discovered, by a lucky chance, in a pawnshop.

On some evenings he might be seen emerging from his rooming house in full evening regalia, top hat at the approved angle, stick under his arm—white gloves, even. He sauntered toward that part of the city where dwelt the socially elect. Slowly he passed the granite castle of the Thorndykes. His eyes lingered wistfully on its ornate bulk. Then, sighing, he continued on his way to a humbler section of the town, where he entered a branch of the public library. There he spent the evening devouring hungrily, covetously, the journals which chronicle the doings of the gilded habitués of Fifth Avenue, Newport, Southampton, Mayfair, Deauville, Cannes. From cover to cover he read them. Sometimes he shut his eyes. He was seeing the pages not as they were but as he would have them. Future photographs and captions passed pleasantly through his mind:

Seen at the international polo matches—Mrs. French Worthington, Colonel Bryce, the Countess Montebelli, Mr. H. Carlton Downey, Jr. ——

Snapped informally at the shooting party given by the Duchess of Pentridge at Wyem or Castle—left to right—Gen. Sir Fortescue Neville, K. C. B., Lady Duff, the Duke of Pentridge, the Hon. Diana Graham-Forbes, Mr. H. Carlton Downey, Jr. ——

Opening his eyes on the world as it was, he reflected sadly that in all likelihood gray would be touching his temples before he scaled those heights. So he decided to concentrate on another dream, nearer at hand, more possible of attainment.

In his city each morning, at the more substantial breakfast tables, the Daily Beacon was consumed along with the coffee, waffles and chops. A solid organ it was. For H. Carlton Downey, Jr., its chief feature was the page headed In Society. That page's contents were zealously guarded by some alert and strict authority on social values. Neither by mistake nor by chicanery had a plebeian name ever insinuated itself into those sacred precincts. A family's income might be a sedan a day, its parties might be ever so lavish; but unless it really belonged to the charmed social circle, the record of its activities was never printed on the In Society page of the Daily Beacon. Printed they were, but in some undistinguished corner of some other page, where they rubbed elbows with stories of wrestling matches and help wanted, males. If your name appeared on that page, you belonged—that's all.

H. Carlton Downey, Jr., would infinitely rather have gone without his breakfast than without his daily perusal of the In Society page. He lived on its gossip, its reports of divorces, marriages, hunting accidents and other social functions, and its imposing lists of names of those present at dinners and balls.

To him that page was a symbol. It was something definite, something concrete to strive for. He began to focus his dreams on it. To be mentioned there was to him the *cachet*, the accolade, the opening of the door. More and more this idea took possession of him.

Whenever he could afford it, he went to those more or less public functions, such as charity balls, horse shows, bazaars, races, and the like, where anyone who can buy a ticket may see society at close range, and even mingle with it a bit. Sometimes he even achieved the opera. Once or twice he scraped acquaintance with strangers, only to find out that they, too, were outsiders who thought he was what he thought them to be. He was often lonely, but he would make no compromise with his ambition. Frequently he was depressed by the realization that he was making extremely slow progress toward his goal.

He was twenty-four by now. A particularly acute fit of depression made him hit upon and execute a rather daring scheme.

In his city, the largest exclusive club was called The Travelers, whose seven hundred or more members traveled many thousands of miles each year between the barroom and the card room. Ordinary persons could no more gain admission to The Travelers than they could to the In Society page of the Daily Beacon.

One evening H. Carlton Downey, Jr., in full evening attire, penetrated into The Travelers' spacious clubhouse by the simple device of walking briskly past the door man. In the lounge he sank into a deep leather chair, stared at the hunting prints and the members, and was thrilled.

Presently, conquering his stage fright, he ventured to address a few remarks about the singular chilliness of the weather to an elderly, bald, unsober member who sat near by. His advances were received with a chilliness no less pronounced than the night's.

Swallowing his rebuff, he roamed into the writing room. He was possessing himself of some of the club stationery, when he was spied by an ancient steward whose duty it was to know all the members by sight.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the steward, "but are you a member?"

H. Carlton Downey, Jr., gulped. Then he brought into play a well-bred drawl, acquired by observation and imitation. "Why, no. The fact is I'm waiting for a member. He told me to meet him here," he said.

"What is his name, please?"

Downey, of course, had read the names of the members many times. One leaped to his tongue—the name of the president of the club. "I'm waiting," he said, "for Mr. Sloane—Mr. Schuyler Sloane."

The old steward looked puzzled. "But, sir," he said, "I saw you speaking to Mr. Sloane just a moment ago." He indicated the bald unsober man basking in the lounge.

"I—that is ——" fumbled Downey. "I meant the other Mr. Sloane."

"There is no other Mr. Sloane," said the steward rather grimly. "I'm afraid, sir, you have made a mistake."

H. Carlton Downey, Jr., left The Travelers Club as briskly as he had entered it; but he walked home slowly, sunk in chagrin. Back in his room, he took from his pocket some of the club's letter paper. In a bold hand he wrote on a sheet of it:

Mr. H. Carlton Downey, Jr., has returned to his town residence for the winter season.

This he signed,

The Secretary.

Then he went out, and was almost cheerful as he posted it to the editor of the In Society page of the Daily Beacon.

He got up early on three successive mornings and raced his eyes over the page, but his name did not leap out to meet them. He was blue for weeks.

Just after Easter, Mrs. P. Carlton Thorndyke, Sr., gives her annual costume ball, and it is always the high point of the social season. Last year it was a Venetian fête, with real gondolas. This year it was to be a soirée at Malmaison, with the guests in Napoleonic costumes. H. Carlton Downey, Jr., heard much talk of it from the patrons of the tailoring establishment and read avidly every scrap of news about it the Daily Beacon printed. At night he dreamed about it.

In his mind a resolution took shape. He would go to that ball. How? That was something calling for deep thought. The Thorndykes' feet were firmly planted on the very topmost rung of the social ladder. Invitations to the costume ball were not lightly given or received. Indeed, it was reputed to be as hard to get past the great bronze door of the Thorndyke town house as it is to break into the safe of a modern bank.

Downey was well aware of this. He lay awake for hours, planning, scheming, hoping. Then inspiration visited him.

He had saved something toward a spring wardrobe. He spent it all now. One of the tailors, in his spare time, made for Downey an elaborate costume of silk and lace, following a picture Downey brought to him. In the privacy of his narrow room, H. Carlton Downey, Jr., donned the costume and surveyed himself in his mirror. With pomade he fastened down a lock of hair over his forehead. He put his left hand behind his back and thrust his right into his bosom. His idea was magnificent in its simplicity. He would go to the ball as Napoleon.

Cold wet winds whipped the streets the night of Mrs. Thorndyke's costume ball. Although the night called for an overcoat, H. Carlton Downey, Jr., wore neither coat nor hat as he stepped out of his taxi around the corner from the Thorndyke mansion. He walked cautiously toward the house, dressed in the white satin knee breeches and famous blue tailed coat of that other ambitious man. He did not make a very authentic Napoleon. He was six inches too tall and thirty pounds too light for that. But historical correctness was not his problem that night. He waited in front of the great bronze door, puffing nervously at his cigarette.

Presently two guests were discharged from a limousine, a lady and gentleman, their costumes covered by a chinchilla wrap and an overcoat. They rang the bell and a functionary held the door open. H. Carlton Downey, Jr.—inwardly quivering—followed them in.

"Your invitation, sir?" the functionary said.

Downey gave him a haughty stare, well rehearsed. "Gave it to you when I came in the first time," he said. "I just stepped out to give an order to my chauffeur." He puffed languidly at his cigarette.

"Very well, sir."

Napoleon swept by the guard and with dignity mounted the stairs toward the ballroom.

H. Carlton Downey, Jr., was intoxicated, but it was not from the champagne. That he had not touched. He was there. How? That did not matter. He surveyed the brilliant assemblage. His heart was beating fast. There was no other Napoleon there. His reasoning had been correct. All the others had said, "Oh, everybody else is sure to come dressed as Napoleon," and so none of them had.

He took his stand in the corner and smiled benignly on the dancers. He was no longer a minor employe in a tailor shop, a nobody. He was no longer even H. Carlton Downey, Jr. He was Napoleon.

(Continued on Page 175)

What was the sense of getting them wet?

Hating to wear rubbers is frequently costly!

YOU have probably sat through many a day's work or through an entire evening with wet shoes and stockings just because you "hate to wear rubbers."

Don't you know that you can't wear thin hose and stylish shoes in bad weather and be comfortable, unless you wear rubbers or galoshes over them?

Why risk your health so needlessly? Get yourself some rubbers and *wear* them.

Get rubbers for wet weather and arctics or galoshes for cold weather. Ask for Ball-Band and look for the Red Ball trade mark. Then you will know the satisfaction and comfort of owning *and wearing* good rubber footwear that looks well on the feet.

You can have attractive, light rubbers and galoshes in all styles and lasts in the Ball-Band line. Rubbers that protect but do not spoil the looks of even the daintiest shoe. Ball-Band light rubbers are finished with a high gloss that preserves their new appearance.

FOR two generations millions of people have bought Ball-Band and looked for the Red Ball trade mark to be sure of getting it.

There are shoe stores everywhere that sell Ball-Band footwear. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us for our booklet and the name of a nearby dealer who can. Mishawaka Rubber & Woolen Mfg. Co., 467 Water St., Mishawaka, Ind.

Get style and fit as well as convenience in galoshes with automatic fasteners by asking for the Ball-Band Monopul Arctic, shown at left. One pull—it's open; one pull—it's closed. Made to fit without sag or wrinkle both high and low heel shoes.

BALL-BAND

RUBBER & WOOLEN FOOTWEAR

Look for the RED BALL trade mark

BOOTS · LIGHT RUBBERS · HEAVY RUBBERS
ARCTICS · GALOSHES · SPORT AND WORK SHOES

A Challenge From Studebaker

WE picture below the Big Six Custom Brougham. It will outspeed and outclimb any competitive car.

It will accelerate more quickly than any rival and handle more easily in traffic than any car of its size.

To thrilling performance is added luxurious ease of riding.

Smooth flowing as its power are its symmetrical lines. This you may see for yourself in the illustration. You cannot, however, see the harmonious interior decoration nor can you, in a picture, appreciate the lustrous beauty of its lacquer finish.

And this glorious Custom Brougham is sold on a One-Profit basis. Only seven other American cars equal it in rated horsepower and they sell at two, three, four, or five times its price.

Go to the nearest Studebaker dealer and demand that he prove to you the above claims as to the superlative performance of the Big Six Custom Brougham.

Equipment No-draft ventilating windshield, exclusively Studebaker, front and rear bumpers, engine thermometer and hydrostatic gasoline gauge on the dash, coincidental lock, oil filter, automatic windshield cleaner, rear vision mirror, toggle grips, rear traffic signal light, 4-wheel brakes, snubbers; full size balloon tires, two-beam acorn headlights, controlled from steering wheel.

THE STUDEBAKER *Big Six Custom Brougham* $1785

Other Big Six Models: Club Coupe $1480, Duplex Roadster $1530, Sport Phaeton (The Sheriff), $1610, Sport Roadster (4 Pass.) $1680, *The Chancellor* (4-Pass.), $1745, Duplex Phaeton (7 Pass.), $1810, Sedan (120-in. w. b.), $1930, Brougham (127-in. w. b.), $2130, *The President*, $2245.

Above prices f. o. b. factory, including disc wheels and 4-wheel brakes

STUDEBAKER

(Continued from Page 172)

Well after midnight he walked, hand in the bosom of his coat, toward the buffet. P. Carlton Thorndyke, Jr., was there, his face the hue of the mulberry costume he was wearing.

Young Thorndyke was pouring himself a glass of champagne, and it was patently not his first that evening.

A girl, one of the twenty or so Josephines, plucked at young Thorndyke's sleeve. "Go easy, please, Carlton," Downey heard her say in a low voice. "You know what champagne does to you."

"Oh, let me alone, Vi," grumbled Thorndyke.

"But, Carlton, you will want to go out and drive that crazy roadster of yours. You always do. You're a wild man with a quart of that stuff inside you. Remember, you've had two bad accidents already. A third time you may not be so lucky."

"Oh, you wear me out," said Thorndyke petulantly.

The girl shrugged her shoulders helplessly and walked away. Thorndyke emptied the glass. Then he saw Downey.

"Ah, Your Majesty," he cried, "have one on me." He filled a glass for Downey and one for himself. "*Vive l'empereur!*" he cried, and raised his glass.

"Your very good health, sir," said Downey, and raised his. He was in heaven.

Young Thorndyke set down his empty glass and frowned drunkenly. "Ought to have some absinth," he declared. "Great drink—champagne with just a dash of absinth. Gives you that certain feeling. Makes you want to fly."

"Yes, doesn't it?" said H. Carlton Downey, Jr. "Jolly good idea, that."

"Tell you what," said young Thorndyke, "I know a place where they have it. Way uptown. Let's go get some."

"Splendid!"

"Come along, Napoleon," said Thorndyke, and taking Downey's arm, he started for the door. Downey glowed all over.

At the door a white-haired butler with a worried face stopped them. "You're not going out, Mr. Carlton?" he said.

"Yes."

"I wouldn't, sir. Really, I wouldn't."

"Why not?" asked Thorndyke truculently.

"If I may say so, sir, you are in no condition to drive."

"Bah! You harden my arteries. Tighter I am, better I drive. Come on, Napoleon."

The butler turned appealingly to Downey. "Can't you stop him, sir?"

"Oh, mind your own business," growled Thorndyke. "Napoleon and I want a ride."

He went unsteadily to the coat room and seized the first overcoat that came to hand.

"Really, sir," said the butler, addressing Downey urgently, "I wouldn't go with him if I were you. He's a terribly fast and reckless driver, and you can see for yourself, sir, that he's far gone. We all expect him to be killed, sir; and there's no arguing with him when he is in this condition. Now you, sir, seem sober. If you can't keep him here, at least you need not go yourself. It would be risking your life, sir; truly it would."

Thorndyke had returned with the coat. "Well, Napoleon, are you coming with me?" he asked.

H. Carlton Downey, Jr., drew in his breath. "Delighted," he said.

That drive along the slippery streets was a nightmare. Thorndyke paid no heed to traffic signals or crossings. Downey, crouching in the front seat of the giant car, shivered as it shot dizzily along. He wanted to beg Thorndyke to go more carefully or to let him out. No. Thorndyke would think him a poor sport. His chance had come and he must make the most of it.

They reached, at last, a shabby house in a remote section of the city, and Thorndyke, after much knocking and the whispering of passwords, procured a bottle of absinth. Before he would start back he had to try it.

They were racing along and were almost back at the Thorndyke mansion when it happened. Just what did happen H. Carlton Downey, Jr., did not know. There was, with sickening suddenness, a grinding crash. Downey felt himself catapulted through space, a sharp pain shot through his brain, and then all was blackness.

His eyes opened in a hospital room. He felt faint and numb. A hovering nurse saw his lips move feebly. She bent over and caught his words: "The Daily Beacon."

"You're in no condition to read," she said.

"The Daily Beacon," he repeated. Shaking her head, she brought him a copy.

"In Society," he was able to enunciate.

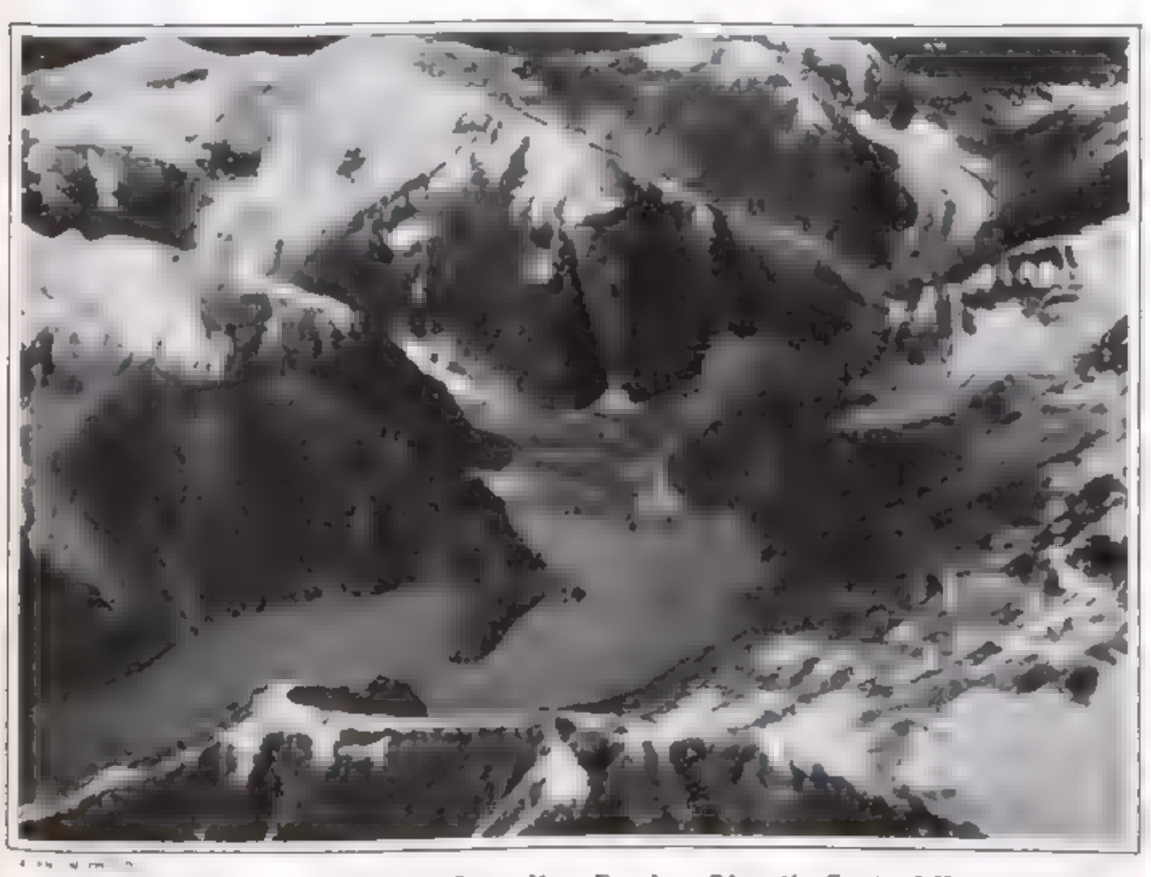
She held the page before his eyes. The principal story was a two-column account of Mrs. Thorndyke's costume ball. Expertly he scanned the list of names of those present. He moaned. His was not there.

Then his eyes fell on a brief story in a corner of the In Society page—apparently inserted at the last moment:

THORNDYKE SCION IN AUTO CRASH

P. Carlton Thorndyke, Jr., had another automobile accident early this morning. Driving at a high rate of speed down Parkway Avenue, he hit a lamp-post at the corner of Grant Street. His motor was demolished, but he escaped with minor bruises. His companion, H. Carlton Downey, Jr., was taken to St. Botolph's Hospital, fatally injured.

H. Carlton Downey, Jr., closed his eyes and waited. He was smiling happily.



A Scene Near the Alaskan-Canadian Border, Directly East of Ketchikan, Alaska. From One of the Naval Mapping Planes

TRADE YALE MARK

The bars hold the burglar but who holds your valuables?

How much better a few ounces of prevention in the form of the right lock!

Ask your hardware dealer to show you the Yale No. 192 Rotary Bolt Deadlock, or the Yale No. 10 Steel-Bar Deadlock. If you prefer a lock which operates automatically as you close the door, ask for the Yale 44 Automatic Deadlatch. Any of these will give you the utmost in protection.

Send for the booklet,
"Yale Guards Your Treasures."

The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co.
Stamford, Conn., U. S. A.
Canadian Branch at St. Catharines, Ont.

Yale No. 192 Rotary Bolt Deadlock

YALE MARKED IS YALE MADE

Left at the Post

ALMOST always there is one car in the bunch which lags behind.

If your car *lacks* "pep," it will be particularly noticeable in the "get-away" at traffic intersections and on hills.

Do you ever wonder why your car does not seem to have the "snap and power" it had when it was new? Nine cases out of ten the answer is "Valves and Carbon."

The forming of carbon and the loss of compression due to leaky valves are so gradual and insidious as to be almost imperceptible.

The first symptom of leaky valves is a feeling that your motor is not quite as smooth as it was when the car was new—not a perceptible jerking, such as will occur later when the valves become so bad that some of the cylinders are missing—merely a lack of that smooth, velvety flow of power to which you are accustomed.

Then you will begin to notice lack of "get-away" and will find that your car labors on hills.

Don't wait for the final stage when your engine is actually missing.

Have your valves ground often enough to keep your car right up to par. You do not get the fullest satisfaction from your car if it has leaky valves, and there are other evils which result from this condition, such as—excessive gas and oil consumption—a heavy drain on your battery, because the car will start harder.

Leaky valves require a heavier gasoline mixture, which results in crank case dilution, excessive carbon and their attendant evils, and eventually you may burn a valve, causing valve breakage, which may ruin a cylinder block.

This is to let you know that there is a method by which your garage man can grind valves and clean carbon at a most reasonable cost and do a perfect job, with an actual compression check on each individual valve *before the motor is reassembled.*

This method in its entirety was originated by us and automotive maintenance men call it the **"Black and Decker Method."**

If you insist that your valve grinding job be done by the "Black and Decker Method," you are assured that each individual valve has been tested and is absolutely gas-tight.

You can have your valve grinding done with assurance of a perfect job if you will take it to the shop which displays this sign,

It is worth your while as a car owner to know how this important work should be performed

Write for pictorial booklet entitled "Grinding Valves and Cleaning Carbon".

THE BLACK & DECKER MFG. CO.

TOWSON, MD., U. S. A.

Black & Decker Mfg. Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario

Black & Decker, Limited, London, England

COLLECTORS VERSUS FAKERS

(Continued from Page 15

that always gives you the impression of having been overlooked by antiquers. He waited until the original picker came around again. He didn't have anything to sell except one precious bit of information, for one dollar, cash in advance. He told the picker that the man who lived in the first house on the hillside road after you crossed the bridge had a bureau that had belonged to a family who were the first settlers in that part of the country. The picker hastened to the place, and after much haggling bought the dirty old bureau for forty-five dollars and four drinks of bootleg stuff.

Wait! That picker didn't make many mistakes. He found the upper part of a curly-maple highboy on that same trip. It was a pretty good specimen, but unvendible without the lower part. So he naturally had a first-class cabinetmaker make a bottom for it, with Lockwood's book to guide him. This lower part he planted in a farmhouse in New Hampshire. He told the farmer to be very reluctant about letting that old family piece go. Under no circumstances was he to accept less than $250 for it, of which amount 20 per cent would go to the farmer.

New England Crop Rotation

"I don't want that you should lie; but you can tell tourists that it belonged to the great-grandmother of a friend of your family. Ain't I your friend? Then they will know it's old. City people are too smart. They think farmers ain't got no brains. They ride in automobiles and you have the rheumatism."

The upper part of the highboy the picker kept in his shop. He ostentatiously covered it with a horse blanket and pasted a paper on it on which was written Not For Sale. The moment the astute amateur antiquers saw the Not For Sale sign they wanted to buy the highboy. They foamed at the mouth when he wouldn't even put a price on it, or else they dripped honey and entreated. So, in the end, he confessed that the reason was that he knew where the lower part was and that some day he would get it. The owner of it, from whose only sister he had got the other part, was mad at her for not selling it to him and wouldn't part with his half.

"He wanted his dog to eat me," said the picker. "And when I sent my brother he knew something was the matter, because he said he wanted $500 for the bottom. He was a smart fellow, that farmer. He told my brother, 'My sister sold the top part for $400, but that's no good without the bottom. But my bottom is good without the top, because now it's a lowboy. I put an old table top on it. If you want it for $500 cash maybe I sell it.' But at $500 there's nothing in it for me. I think the piece complete is cheap at $1000. I offered him $200 for the lower part. Then I could sell it complete for $700 easy and make a fair profit."

"Where does this farmer live?"

"No use to tell you. Nobody can buy it. I offered him $200. He says he wants $500. But if you give it he says $800. I know farmers. I buy all the time. If I can't buy it in my flivver, nobody in a fine car can. You don't know these folks, lady."

"Well, tell me the man's name and where he lives," insisted the antiquer.

"And if you go, how do you know that top belongs to this part? You ain't got no measures. Maybe I'm lying to you."

"Oh, you wouldn't do anything like that. . . . George, borrow the gentleman's rule and measure that base, won't you, dear?"

But it was only after she had bought two crippled night stands and a wabbly Windsor that the picker let the nice lady measure exactly the base of the stunning maple highboy top. Armed with the dimensions and a homemade map of the New England curly-maple belt, the optimistic antiquers found the farmer, found the lower part, found the necessary evidences of the former marriage of the two pieces, learned that the farmer had been offered $200 and $250 by different dealers, and finally bought it for $275.

They returned to the city. They asked the picker to put a price on the upper part. He refused to do so because he was sure that on his next trip he would get the lower part from that farmer. He would offer $300. He had a customer for the complete piece for $1000, less 10 per cent to the decorator who brought the buyer. The antiquers had to confess that they had acquired the lower part.

The picker ordered them out of his place. With much trouble, they pacified him into a coherent state. When he was able to speak he made them a proposition:

"Your piece is no good to you and my piece is no good to me. You want my piece for pleasure. I want your piece for bread and butter. It is better for you to give me the chance, because I am poor and have so little and you are rich and have so much. But business is business. Your piece and my piece are worth the same. You fix the same price for yours and for mine and give me first call to buy your piece. If the price you fix is too high for me to pay, then you buy mine. It is your price. If you don't want that, then I fix the price and give you first choice. Just as fair for me as for you." But George was no sport. He said, "No; I'll give you $300 for your part. Mine isn't for sale at any price."

More words. Then still more. In the end the picker got $325. That half-original and half-faked highboy stood him less than $200 and he sold it for $575 net, but it did more. It gave him an idea. He has been selling highboy uppers to tourists who can get the missing parts from a farmer in New England.

It was the picker's brother-in-law who told me this story. And later he confessed that he himself had planted no end of spurious antiques in Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut and Vermont. Unfortunately some of the hicks had taken so kindly to the sport that they were ordering direct from the importers of Czecho-Slovak Sandwich glass, and so on.

Paying for the House

On a road in New York stands an old house that looks as if it had belonged to one of the patroons. The doorway is so beautiful that everybody notices it. On the door is a knocker that must have been given to the original owner by Peter Stuyvesant himself. Since the craze for antiques set in the sight of that knocker has acted as an emergency brake on hundreds of motor cars. Every day tourists stop, go up to the house, ask the owner if he has antiques to sell, and when he tells them that he hasn't any furniture that he would part with because he and his wife are using it, they all try to buy, at least, the old knocker.

"No, I don't want to sell that either," he will say. "It's been there so long, I might as well leave it where it is. It goes with the house. I wouldn't sell one without the other." He grins exasperatingly at the disappointed antiquer, who, however, persists.

"I'm willing to pay quite a little for that knocker."

"There's been hundreds who wanted to buy it. One lady from Cleveland, Ohio, offered me fifteen dollars last week. She said it was exactly the same as one that used to be on her grandmother's place near Newburg. I don't suppose it's worth more than fifty cents, but I've kind of got used to seeing it there. If I took it off I'd have to paint the door where it showed."

"Well, I'll give you twenty dollars for it. That will buy some paint."

"Yes, it would. But I'll tell you just how it is. I don't really have to sell it and —— Well, you see, my mother used to shine it up every Saturday when I was a youngster. She never let me do it for fear I'd dirty some of the paint. I remember the first time I shined it. It always puts me in mind of mother."

"I understand how you feel. But I really would like to have it. I'll give you twenty-five dollars for it."

"That's more than it's worth."

"That's all right." At this point the customer produced the money.

"I wouldn't want to stick ye."

"That's all right. Here, take it."

"I guess I'd be a fool not to, wouldn't I?" And to keep himself from joining the majority, the farmer pocketed the twenty-five dollars.

Faint Praise

He always takes off the door knocker, and invariably refuses to allow the buyer to cross his threshold. As a matter of fact, he has long since sold all his own old pieces. He waits until the buyer's car is out of sight before he gets another knocker and replaces the vanished one. The man who told me the story assures me that his friend the farmer buys these knockers by the dozen. They are imported from England and the antique finish is extremely well done. They cost him seventy-two dollars a dozen. Last season, which wasn't so good as the year before, he sold thirty-seven knockers at from fifteen dollars to thirty dollars each.

The complacent self-assurance of these misinformed buyers is wonderful to contemplate when you consider how often great experts are led astray by their own enlightened desire of possession. There is a well-known collector who is considered one of the canniest buyers in the East. He thinks he knows furniture as well as he does his business, but he is chiefly famous for never paying too much for anything. The more money he makes, the closer he buys. His life is one prolonged effort to keep from being done by anybody.

One day he received a letter from a man in a suburb who described in enthusiastic detail a marvelous five-legged curly-maple highboy. The collector telegraphed the man to send a photograph. In the meantime he called on a certain dealer who is universally conceded to be one of the men who really know furniture. The canny collector, keeping back the name and address of the owner, described the piece. He finished:

"They are asking $2000 for it. Rather high, what?"

"If that highboy is as you describe it to me," said the dealer, "you grab it quick. Never mind the price. I never saw an American five-legged highboy in curly maple. But be sure it is as you describe it."

That advice from the conservative dealer, whose reputation is of the highest, and a study of the photograph which duly arrived the next day, sent the collector to the owner's house. He examined the piece with the utmost care and you may be sure he left no detail unnoticed. He couldn't get the owner to shade the price one cent, because a telegram offering $2500 was flashed on him. So he paid the money, hired a truck to make a special trip that same day to New York, and, on the day after, he was showing it to all those fellow collectors that he really disliked, as well as to some of the dealers he trusted.

Among the invited was a sharp who arrived last. Everybody was raving about the find. The sharp was led to the presence.

"Wonderful top! Wonderful top!" he exclaimed, with the perfunctory enthusiasm of an intimate friend.

"What do you mean—top?" growled the owner.

"Just that! Just that! Peach of a top! Best I ever saw in curly maple! Bottom is three months old. Well done, though. Mighty good work!"

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The K-S GASOLINE Telegage

BE CERTAIN WITH THE K-S TELEGAGE

"Where do you get that three months' stuff?" snapped the collector.

"You bought it from Blank, didn't you?" Blank is a dealer.

"No, I didn't!" triumphantly denied the collector.

"Where did you get it then?"

"From a private house."

"Where?"

"Roseville."

"Man named Doe?"

"Yes."

"Blank's brother-in-law. Old stuff! I was in Blank's shop when they were making the bottom. He told me it was an order from a professor. He insisted on putting the wrong legs on it. Wonderful top though!"

The collector's face made even the other collectors feel sorry for him. Then he asked the sharp, "Did he offer it to you?"

"Yes. He forgot his first yarn about the professor and offered it to me for $750, finished. For the top alone he wanted $600. But I buy neither incomplete pieces nor restorations. No use! Wonderful top! I'd give $5000 for the mate of it, complete."

A famous expert on textiles told me the other day: "I thought I knew as much about antique fabrics as any man living. It has been my hobby ever since I was twenty-two years old, and I am fifty-eight now. The other day a shipment came from Italy—old damask that should come in free of duty, and other goods that were listed as antiques, but were modern in the opinion of the appraiser. I am often called in by the customs officials to pass on the age of textiles. I looked at the damask and told my friend the appraiser, 'This time you lose. It is unquestionably old enough to come in duty free.'"

"He said, 'I thought so myself, but one of our agents in Genoa warned us about this particular shipment. He cabled that it was all new stuff.' 'Well,' I said to him, 'if the importer brings suit and either he or you call me in to pass on it as an expert, I will have to say I think it is old.'

"'I would too,' the appraiser admitted; 'only the tip we got was absolutely straight. What do you think we ought to do?' 'The only way that I can see is to have the dyes analyzed,' I suggested."

Sweet Aniline!

"As a considerable sum of money was involved, the customs people had the damask dye analyzed. 'Aniline,' reported the chemist. Can you imagine how I felt? All the work and study of a lifetime gone for nothing. I was no expert. Science had taken my certificate and written upon it: N. G. I thought it was time I stopped being an expert on textiles. I am perking up a little, because yesterday a chemist told me that some of the old dyes they used in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries will give chemical reactions not unlike those of certain aniline dyes. All the same, I am not as cocky as I was."

The buyer must guard even against authentication. A famous English expert once examined a miniature alleged to be by Cosway. It was framed in an unusual gold frame of peculiar design, decorated with enamel. Now, it was necessary to remove it from its frame, to be sure, for Cosway had a habit of signing his miniatures on the back with his initials. After careful examination the expert decided it was genuine without question. The miniature was restored to its frame, and on the frame the expert affixed his guaranty that the miniature was genuine. Some years later he saw the frame, with his guaranty still on it. The miniature at first glance appeared to be the same. Closer examination showed it to be a copy.

Did you ever hear of dealers who have tried to pass off genuine antiques as fakes? In Italy there are strict laws against the exporting of works of art by old masters. A dealer in Genoa appeared one day at the export office with a shipment of bas-reliefs that looked like Della Robbias. The official opened fire on him for attempting to send them out of the country. The dealer grinned, took one of the bas-reliefs out of the box, and with a knife scraped off the apparently aged back in one place and showed that it was made from new clay. Scraping in another part, he showed the mark of a well-known modern factory of ceramics.

"Just to fool these smart Americans!" grinned the dealer. The official also grinned and O.K.'d the shipment. It went through and came to the United States. Every other bas-relief in that shipment was a genuine antique.

Dealers in antiques have to reckon with the peculiar psychology of their customers, which differs from that of buyers of other merchandise. The man who offered to sell five-dollar gold pieces for ninety-nine cents simply aroused a suspicion that prevented a sale. The same thing works in antiques, though not among the ignorant buyers. "If it were genuine it wouldn't be sold so cheap," is what many a very wise collector has told himself on hearing the price.

Nothing Wrong But the Price

At a shop owned by a dealer who is still on speaking terms with me they had a little bedside stand which was marked fifty dollars. It cost the shop twelve dollars, and four dollars was spent in refinishing it. The clerks tried their best to sell it but could not. It isn't good medicine to let customers see the same piece every time they come into the shop. Each dealer has his regular customers, who call every few days and expect to be shown something new that has just come in. That is how they obtain bargains and fine specimens.

One of the clerks told me the story. "You know, we don't like to bother the boss with trifles. He is too busy to pick up the pennies that he hires us to gather in for him. He handles the star customers. You know he is the best salesman in the business. That little stand got on my nerves after a dozen customers had remarked, 'Is that the only stand you can find in the United States?' So one day I told the boss about it.

"'It doesn't move, eh? What's wrong with it?'

"'That's what I'd like to find out from you, sir,' I said.

"'What are you asking for it?'

"'Fifty dollars.'

"'That's what's wrong, of course. Mark it $100.' We did, and I sold it that very afternoon."

I spoke to the dealer about it and congratulated him on his insight into the psychology of astute buyers of antiques.

"You flatter me," he objected. "It wasn't that at all; just plain sense. What happened was that the little stand was surrounded by a lot of very fine bureaus and tables and chairs. The price on these ran from $350 to $1500. Anything in that collection that we only asked fifty dollars for sounded like junk, no matter how nice it looked. It was like a hobo in a bankers' convention. When I raised the little stand's price I merely boosted its credit. I moved it into the upper class by giving it a certificate of a higher financial rating. It is no reflection on the customer." And as for the poor dealer, wasn't he literally forced into raising the price?

Any collector who visits antique shops in various places will be impressed by the frequency with which he runs across the same piece. A dealer who cannot dispose of it in his own shop will send it to a second dealer in another locality, who has a different clientele to try it on. If it doesn't go there, it is shipped to a third selling place. You would think that if a high-class shop in New York could not dispose of a sideboard, neither could a Philadelphia dealer. But it seems such is not the case. I saw one that was sent from New York to Philadelphia. The New York price was $1200, and it rose to $1500 in Philadelphia. It didn't go there, and it is now shown in a house in another state, which is full of really valuable pieces.

(Continued on Page 181)

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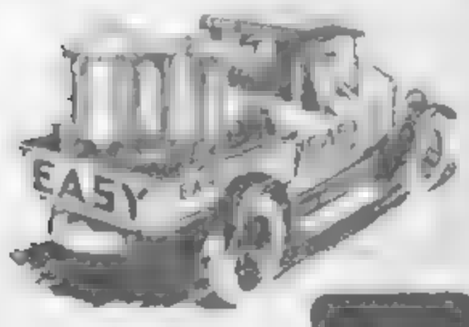

While one big batch of clothes is washing in the New Easy another big batch is damp-dried ready to be hung out. Sixteen double sheets (or the equal in other clothes) are handled at one time; two things are done at once. Is it any wonder that the New Easy cuts time in half? And yet, if you did all the work with your own hands from start to finish, you couldn't wash the clothes any more safely than the famous Easy Vacuum Cups, or damp-dry them any more gently than the wonderful new Easy Dryer.

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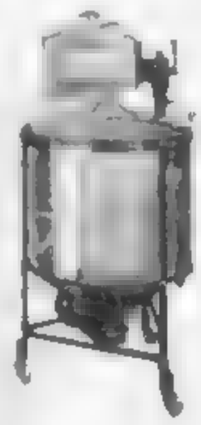


EASY WASHER

(Continued from Page 178)

A friend told me about a remarkable block-front chest on chest. I went to see it, and was much taken with it, but the hour was late and the light too dim for the proper examination, so I decided to make a second visit to the shop. The price asked was $3000.

The next day, in my usual pursuit of historic flasks, I stopped at another dealer's—a man I knew and liked—and happened to mention that I was on my way to examine a wonderful chest on chest. When I described it the dealer promptly said: "Oh, yes. I had a chance to buy it and, foolishly, didn't. Doe & Doe wrote me about it and sent me a photograph. You know Joe Farrar; he's one of the best runners here, and knows a good piece when he sees it. I asked him what he would charge me to look it over and give me a report on it. He said seventy-five dollars. That fee of his, which he'd get, win or lose, and the fact that the chest on chest seemed too large to sell easily here, where my trade is all for chamber pieces, made me decide to pass it up. Joe borrowed the photograph from me and showed it to Morrison, and the two of them decided to buy it jointly. So Joe bought the piece and shipped it to Morrison's place. By the time the expenses were paid the piece stood the syndicate just under $1000. They tried all the dealers here, and there was nothing doing until Jimmy Peel saw it and paid them $1500. He beat them down from $2000, so he thought he was getting a great bargain."

"Who did you say the piece came from originally?" I asked.

"Doe & Doe. They got it from a small dealer. I don't know where he picked it up: in New York State somewhere. It looked like a fine piece in the photograph. What does Peel ask for it?"

I told him, and he expressed his surprise. "Why, that's only 80 per cent profit. I guess Jimmy must be pinched for cash or he wouldn't sacrifice it."

I called at Peel's place for a second look at the chest on chest. Jimmy, who is a crack antique salesman, told me an utterly unnecessary story of how he had paid $2500 cash for it to a family in Baltimore, whither it had been brought from Rhode Island by the great-grandmother. He delivered a lecture on cabinetmaking and threw in for good measure a few details about the history of the family that had owned the piece for four generations.

Snowball Prices

Peel declared that the piece was right in every respect. When certain things were pointed out to him he explained them away with skill and eloquence. I showed him where it looked as though the legs had been restored.

"Oh, no! They were sawed off, but the original amputated pieces were preserved and they were put back. You can see that it is the same piece of wood."

I couldn't see anything of the kind, but he did; so it was right. The brasses, which he declared were the original pulls, were antiques, to be sure, but they were quite obviously not the originals, for if you looked very closely you could see the telltale marks left by the larger escutcheons which had graced it in an earlier day. The piece really was beautiful and undoubtedly genuine, but it had been restored and repaired, so the price asked was too high. It had been offered by one dealer to another for $800 a few weeks before, and without competitive bidding from covetous customers there had been an advance of about 250 per cent. I do not pretend that a dealer's profit should be limited, nor that he should be governed in his selling price by what the piece cost him. But I maintain that profiteering as a fixed policy has always proved itself disastrous in the long run.

I saw a table in a shop in Pennsylvania. It had just been sold for $150. The man told me the name of the Philadelphia dealer to whom he had sold it. I happened to be in the second man's shop ten days later and asked him about the table. He told me he had just sold it to some New York dealers for $300. That table had doubled in price before it reached the customer. This sort of thing happens all the time. Like the snowball rolling down the hill, antiques seem to take on additional layers of cost before they reach the spot where the customer waits for them to bury him.

A small country dealer found an ornately carved highboy. He paid $1000 for it, and offered it for $2500 to a collector, who had no place for it. A dealer heard about it, saw it, and bought it for $2500. A third dealer got the piece, took it to his shop and marked it $7500. All this happened in the space of a few weeks from the finding of the piece in a house by the first dealer. He bought it from the original owners. Hundreds of other stories could be told.

Limited Guaranties

The favorite excuse of the average dealer when he is reproached for his swollen prices is that he has to pay so much for antiques nowadays. One of them said to me:

"If you will print what I tell you, I'll take off my hat to you. You are harping on the inflated prices dealers ask for antiques. Do you want to know what is chiefly to blame for that? Not the extravagant American public, but THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and the articles it has printed, particularly those giving the prices that certain pieces have fetched at some sale or another. Everybody, unfortunately, reads the POST, and the one article that people in the country never skip is the one about antiques. The result is that every farmer, every old couple that has old pieces, every old maid with inherited furniture, now refuses to part with any piece in the house for less than $1000. They don't know the difference between a common kitchen chair and a writing-arm Windsor. And when a dealer walks in they inform him that a chair just like theirs sold for $400. They think the dealer is a crook before he can open his mouth. If I should offer them twenty-five dollars for a chair that I'd be lucky to get thirty-five dollars for, after spending five or six dollars on repair, they'd sick the dog on me. Every piece of bum china they have is worth as much as a Sandusky platter. About all that they will part with for less than $1000 is the melodeon. After promising to consider $500, they may angrily reach the death limit—$100, which is only eight times more than it is worth.

"Why don't you jump on the ignorant and grasping owner of antiques? The POST has at times made the point that the high prices it tells about do not apply to common truck. But after a Vermonter has seen $1800 as the price of a sofa, she hasn't any eyes for any other figures. Her late Empire settee is worth $1800. Having to purchase food, she is compelled to accept $1750, if the buyer assures her that he is a Christian gentleman who will give Grandmother Towsley's sofy a good home and not use it to sleep off hard-cider jags on. Why don't you blame the people dealers buy from?"

"The trouble is," I said, "that you fellows got to expect the easy graft to keep on forever. You used to pay two dollars and get $200. You did it for years, and now you still want the same percentage of profit if you pay $500 for a bureau. You can't get $5000 for it. It can't be done. Don't keep on trying."

"When we bought cheap we sold cheap."

"Yes; when you found a good piece you were always willing to sell to a quick buyer at 3000 per cent profit."

"I see," he said, "that there is no use talking to you. Just the same, if you want to be fair, just say something about the high prices we dealers have to pay for antiques."

"Yes; and if you keep on you will all find yourselves overstocked at inflated prices and the inevitable deflation is going to be painful. You dealers are so anxious to get goods to sell that you have forgotten first principles. You no longer buy carefully. You will pay any price because you have been able, so far, to find someone to give you a good profit. You see what prices have done these past three years. You don't see any limit. You are just like the lambs in Wall Street during a boom. They are always bullish as blazes at the very top."

"A good antique is a good investment," he told me, with a wise frown.

"Yes, it is," I said. "But I wish to heaven I could discover some method of selling short certain kinds of Early Americana at the prices you are asking for them."

No American objects to a dealer buying cheap and selling dear, and there is no need of being alarmed over the extraordinary advances in prices of the past decade. A poor man can do without Lowestoft cups or pre-Revolutionary tankards and still live in reasonable comfort. An antique is worth what you can get for it, and the price is governed less by the buyer's need than by the buyer's caprice and purse. Rarity is an important factor in establishing the price, and originals are always scarce. The reproduction lacks that element because the supply is not limited. To pay $1000 today for a chair which cost ten dollars to make 150 years ago is not necessarily extravagant. Stiegel flasks sell for $500 that couldn't possibly have cost the baron five dollars to produce. But to ask thirty-five dollars for a blue salt which cost $1.65 to make last year, and to have no trouble in getting the thirty-five dollars because a genuine blue salt attributed to Stiegel would cost seventy-five dollars—that is a different matter.

If a dealer buys a bedstead and has the plain posts reeded and carved in the style of Sheraton, and sells it as though the carving and the reeding were coeval with the turning, he is receiving money for what he has not given.

The canny customer asks, "Is that an old bed?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Do you guarantee it?"

"Madam, I'll guarantee that that bed was for more than 100 years in the possession of the family from whom I bought it. It came from the Gilmore homestead and I have no reason to doubt Mrs. Gilmore's word that the bed was her Grandmother Armstrong's. Of course, it had to be adapted for use with a box spring instead of the old cords."

"Is it all original?"

"All except the side rails, which, as you can see here, were spliced to lengthen them eight inches so as to take a full-length spring."

If the buyer were really cagy he would then ask:

"And will you also guarantee that the carving and the reeding were done by the same man who turned the posts?"

Do or Die

Whereupon the dealer of a certain breed would probably answer, "Madam, I wasn't there at the time and I couldn't possibly tell you the exact number of minutes that elapsed between the moment the turner finished turning and the carver began his job."

The bed I have in mind was undoubtedly an old bed. It was plain and unattractive. It might have fetched as much as seventy-five dollars. By turning it into a fine Sheraton original it was a bargain at $250. Some dealers who improve pieces that way do not impart the information to the customer.

A dealer who is himself as honest a man as ever lived has grown cynical from dealing with female antiquers. He told me: "The reason some dealers supply fakes is because they have to do it or starve. Any dealer would much rather tell the truth. It is quicker and easier. But he cannot answer questions with a plain 'I don't know,'

(Continued on Page 185)

This Man Makes $6000 a Year—Do You?

W. H. Cryne

Mr. W. H. Cryne of Connecticut made $6119. A Tropical salesman in Ohio made $6020, another in Wisconsin $11,270. These are average men. Our best salesman earned $33,000.

Here's opportunity! We have a limited number of openings for men of established character and respected integrity—not necessarily experienced salesmen, but willing to work hard and faithfully. You may be the man in your community to represent this million dollar concern.

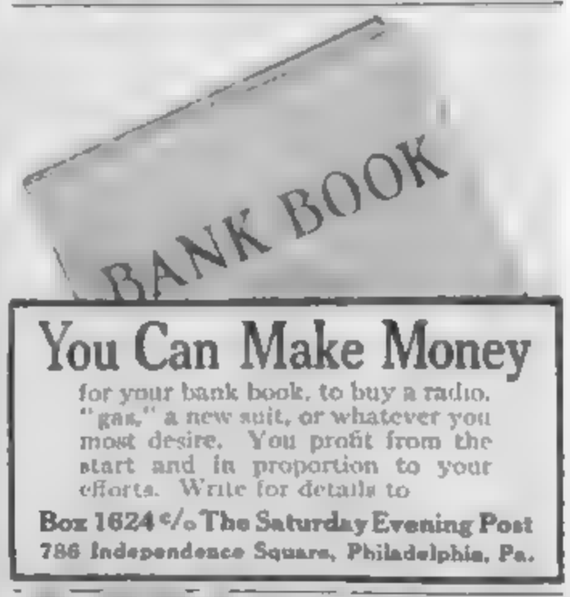
Tropical paints, varnishes and enamels are sold direct to big industries, public institutions, cities and other large buyers. The high quality of Tropical products is guaranteed by our quarter-century of success and backed by national advertising.

Write today for our profitable proposition. Send photo if possible and details of business experience.

THE TROPICAL PAINT AND OIL CO. *Cleveland, Ohio.*

TROPICAL

One of the Largest Manufacturers of Maintenance Paints in the World



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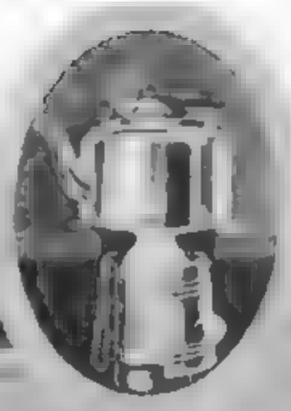
AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE

Harvey S. Firestone, President of the Firestone Tire and Rubber Co., addressing the 26th Annual Meeting, held in the Firestone Clubhouse, Dec. 15th, 1926. Over 14,000 employees and every employee is a stockholder.

At every annual meeting the Clubhouse is filled to capacity with employees, who vote their stock and hear the report of the year.

THEIR OWN RUBBER · Harvey S. Firestone



FOCUSED HEAT. Florence Burner with outer jacket cut away to show flame focused on cooking vessel. There is no wick, for the Florence operates on the most advanced principle of combustion engineering, mixing the vapor from kerosene with heated air. This assures complete combustion and intense heat. So *focused* heat saves your time and money.

NEW BUILT-IN OVEN MODEL

Below is the beautiful new Florence Oil Range, with built-in oven—the latest development in oil range design. Mantel and oven are made in one piece and permanently attached to the stove. Giant burner heats the oven more economically than *two* standard burners; three burners left free for top-stove cookery. Note the deep, roomy grid top; wide warming shelf at top—the two convenient shelves below. There are cast-iron lids for simmering, so designed that boiled-over liquids can not interfere with the flame. This model in four burner size only. See it at your dealer's. Standard Model Florence Ranges with removable oven come in 2-, 3-, or 4-burner sizes.

For Greater Cooking Speed– put *Focused* Heat on the job

THE short, wickless Florence burner is just 2½ inches from the bottom of the cooking. But that's not all. Florence burners force air *inside* the flame, giving a quick and most intense clean heat. Intense heat is *focused* direct to the cooking. That is why this stove means quicker meals and a kitchen always cool and comfortable.

With the *focused heat* of the Florence, all the heat from the gas flame is useful heat. There is no waste heat. Only quick, willing, efficient heat, intensely hot, ready to do all kinds of cooking in double-quick time.

New built-in oven for greater efficiency

The outstanding feature of the new Florence is the built-in oven. This is the latest development in oil range construction. Mantel and oven are made in one piece and permanently attached to the stove. This makes a modern, luxurious range that insures perfect results in top-stove and oven cookery.

Here is quicker cooking for the busy modern housewife

The Florence oven is built on the same principle as the old Dutch oven, with a baker's arch to prevent heat pockets. A patented heat spreader at the bottom further insures even distribution of heat. There is a temperature dial on the door.

Giant burner does the work of two

The single giant burner heats the oven more economically than *two* standard burners. It is easy to control the heat from one burner; one uses less fuel than two. And the use of the giant burner leaves three burners free for top-stove cookery.

All-grid top gives more room

The new Florence has a heavy, smooth grid top running the full depth of the stove. More cooking can be performed at one time because every inch of space is available for boiling, simmering or warming. Cooking vessels may be pushed back and forth at will without danger of spilling.

Beauty and Economy

The Florence is a beautiful stove. You can see that in the picture. Its shining black and gray porcelain enamel adds to the appearance of any kitchen. Its sturdy frame is built for years of service.

It is easy to operate—lights as easily as a gas stove. Easy to care for—no wicks to clean.

You can see the Florence at the nearest hardware, furniture or department store. If you don't know your dealer's name, write us.

FLORENCE STOVE COMPANY

Park Square Bldg., Boston, Mass.

New Florence Water [illegible] with automatic [illegible]

Division Offices

New York, Chicago, New Orleans, [illegible] San Francisco, Detroit, Cincinnati, Kansas City, [illegible] Florence Water Heater, Florence Gas Heater, Florence Kerosene Heater, Florence Combination Heater

Sold in Great Britain by [illegible] Ltd., 144 New Florence Showrooms, [illegible] E.C. 4

FLORENCE Oil Range

The stove with *Focused Heat*

(Continued from Page 181)

because if he did he would lose the sale. He can't even say he merely thinks an old piece is genuine. He must say that he knows absolutely that it is old. Whenever I am asked about some piece I am trying to sell, I always think of my friend Pat Dempsey. To the customer who asks the price of a bureau, he answers, 'Without the story I will sell it for $150.'

"'I don't understand.'

"'Yes, madam. But with the story I will have to ask you $225. The same piece. The only difference is the story.'

"'What story?' asks the puzzled customer.

"'The story you wish me to tell you so that you may tell it to your friends when you show them your treasure. I am an antique dealer and not a novelist. If I have to go out of my beat to sell this piece I will have to be paid for it. I'd much rather not have to do it. But if you insist, the charge is seventy-five dollars. I bought that bureau at an old farmhouse on the Mohawk Trail. No romance about it. I don't know how long the family had it. I didn't ask, because they couldn't tell me half as truthful a story as the piece can. I don't know what great man hid his love letters in the secret drawer. I don't know through what famous hands it passed before it reached the farmhouse where I found it. But I can tell you what you can see for yourself. It is a very fine piece. It is at least seventy-five years old. From the way it is built, it is good for another seventy-five years at least. You are paying one dollar a year for that wonderful bureau. I never bother to tell any story about a piece. I let it do the talking.'

"That is what I myself tell them, but it doesn't do any good. They ask foolish questions again and again, until you tell them what they wish to hear. You see, most of them merely seek an excuse to buy something they don't need.

"'Is that genuine Stiegel?' they ask. And I answer, 'It looks like it. The character of the piece, the shape, certain obvious peculiarities of technic, the quality and color and feel of the glass—all make me think it is. I have handled hundreds of pieces, many of them authenticated beyond reasonable doubt, and if that experience counts for anything I can assure you that if I collected Stiegel I would buy that piece for my own collection.'

"'But do you guarantee that it is genuine Stiegel?' they persist.

"'No, madam, I don't because I can't. I am morally certain that it is. I have shown it to several experts, and to a man they believe as I do. I paid $350 for it because I thought it was probably Stiegel. If I had thought it was Bristol I would not have paid that much. I backed my judgment with my own money. I have refused $450 from a man who has one of the best collections of American glass in the world.'

"'Yes, but if you are not sure it is Stiegel you should not ask $500 for it. If you guarantee that it is Stiegel I will buy it.'"

The Irresistible Lure

"Well, if expert opinion counts for anything, I could tell them, 'Yes, it is Stiegel and I will refund the money in case any of the recognized authorities will declare it to be something else.' But I don't want to do that. All that a guaranty amounts to in the case of these customers is the desire to provide themselves with a loophole of escape for their vanity. It would be a tragedy to have to admit that they made a mistake in sizing up Stiegel. The great experts are not above confessing that they are not infallible; but, then, few experts want to be humbugged deliberately and nearly all buyers of antiques do."

Many reputable dealers with whom I spoke about my belief that something should be done to discourage the dishonest as well as the ignorant dealer were out of sympathy with my views. They regretted that anything should be printed at this time. One of the best-known men in the business, scrupulously honest and extremely well posted, expressed the trade's objections at some length:

"Of course no series of articles can stop people from collecting. The lure of the antique is irresistible. As a pursuit it is the most fascinating thing there is. It has deep roots, and though it can easily become a vice, it is also an unfailing source of pleasure to its devotees. There is no other distraction comparable to it. It is as enthralling as gambling. It encourages optimism. It fills the days with hope and furnishes an occupation that never grows tiresome. The collector, if successful, is spurred to greater efforts, and failure means the need to work harder in order to succeed the next time. All desirable qualities, what?"

Theory and Practice

"Nothing that THE SATURDAY EVENING POST can print can keep a collector of antiques from continuing to collect. But plausible articles could easily be published which would drive away customers—buyers who love antiques without being inveterate collectors or specialists. Without these buyers we antique dealers cannot live, even if we kept the trade of the regular collectors, who, as a rule, buy our choicest pieces and among whom we find our surest market.

"From an experience of many years I can tell you that warnings about the prevalence of faking do very little good to either buyer or seller. Words never yet kept the fool from parting with his money or a crook from trying to get the other fellow's wad without giving value. If you expect the great American D. F. to become wise and prudent after reading one of your articles, you are a great optimist. It is perfectly true that the average man knows nothing about antiques. That being conceded, he plainly needs expert guidance. That is what your warning would suggest. But where is your intelligent reader going to find the guides? He naturally would turn to experts, and he would find these among the so-called decorators or among the better-known dealers. But one thing that the expert must be is honest. In a transaction which is partly technical and partly commercial, integrity is quite as important as competence.

"Right there is where Careful Mike strikes a snag. Who is going to tell him which expert or which dealer to apply to for the much-needed guidance?

"Did you say 'consulting experts'? They know construction and design and the conventions of the business, but that knowledge of materials which comes from actual work in that line many of them do not and cannot have. The ignorant buyer who consults the average expert is up against the eternal difference between theory and practice. It has taken me forty years of daily work in my shop to gain the intimate familiarity with all kinds of pieces which enables me to know wood today. I can no more mistake new wood for old than you can mistake your son for your grandfather. The age of the material helps me to form an opinion as to period. I do not have to trust alone to line and design. The texture of the wood, the grain, the color—everything that betrays age—is before my eyes to help me; but I had to learn to look before I could see.

"The other day a man who is not only a famous collector and extremely well informed but also a very shrewd business man went to see a set of wonderful Chippendale chairs. He told me he had not had such a thrill in years, but that didn't keep him from examining the chairs most carefully or from asking pertinent and impertinent questions about their origin and history. Everything was satisfactory and, although the price was high, he decided to buy them. He had checked up to the best of his ability, which is considerable, as I said before, but he wisely obtained the refusal of them for twenty-four hours and went away.

EXTRA QUALITY
KNOX
NEW YORK

MANY MEN keep a Knox Hat so long they forget that they paid only eight dollars for so much style, service and smart good looks.

KNOX HATS

452 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C. Roosevelt Hotel (*Madison at 45th*)
161 Broadway (*Singer Bldg.*) Waldorf-Astoria (*Fifth Ave. at 34th*)
51 Grant Avenue, San Francisco

And at accredited Agencies everywhere

Nightmare of a Motorist who has been driving with brakes that won't hold

IN the wee small hours of the night, when everything is dreary and lonesome and black, he remembers that it isn't always the other fellow who bumps another car in line; that traffic cops have bitter and embarrassing tongues; that lookers-on laugh and call dumbbell; that judges can humiliate; that fines cost money; and friends can be unmerciful in their kidding. And he resolves to let Rusco save him from such embarrassments.

Rusco Brake Lining stops quicker. Many tests have proved this. For instance, Mr. Fred L. Siebert, Jr., of Toledo, Ohio, made this statement, "I stopped my Chrysler 70 Sedan, with four-wheel brakes lined with Rusco, in 6 feet, going 20 miles an hour." This is 29 feet quicker than police require, and is a practical guarantee of safety.

Brakes when WET, too!

Rusco Brake Lining is treated with a special compound so that water has no effect on it. It holds in wet weather just as well as in dry. To prove this, compare the stopping distance of a Rusco-lined car with that of a car lined with ordinary lining. Before making this test, turn the hose on the brake lining of both cars.

Rusco mechanics are trained brake men. They use special mechanical equipment that insures correct riveting of lining to brake bands and proper counter-sinking of rivet heads. They know how to *adjust* brakes expertly, not just by taking up on the rods. Proper adjustment helps prevent skidding.

Costs you no more

Rusco repair men pay more for Rusco than for ordinary lining, but they do not charge you any more. They make less money, but give you a safer job.

Rusco Brake Lining resists water, heat, oil, dirt and wear. It will not burn. Look for the name Rusco and silver cross-bars stamped on the lining. Have your brakes inspected today at the nearest Rusco Service Station. They are the chief safety device on your car. "Brake Inspection is your Protection." The Russell Manufacturing Company, Middletown, Connecticut. Established 1830. Branch offices at New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco, and Chatham, Ontario.

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Transmission Lining for Fords; SS, the smooth start, smooth stop lining that prevents chatter; Truckbestos for trucks. A type for every purpose.
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Emergency Brakes for Fords
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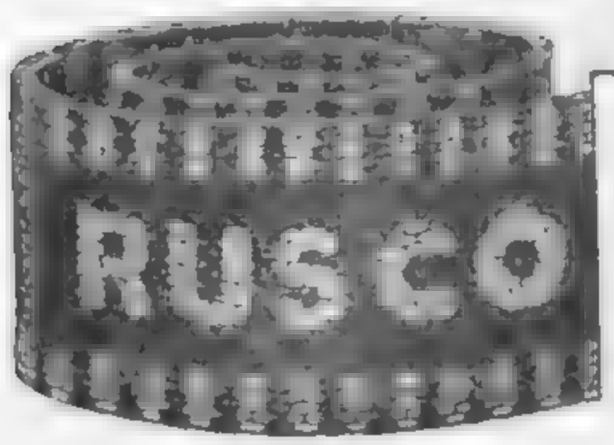
Belting for Transmission, Elevating and Conveying

GARAGEMEN NOTE: Check and mail coupon today for the famous Rusco Service Station proposition to the trade.

RUSCO BRAKE LINING

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET AND SAMPLE



RUSSELL MFG. CO., Dept. E-9
Middletown, Conn.

Send to me your free booklet about Rusco Brake Lining, sample of lining and name of nearest Rusco Service Station.

☐ For trade information, check here, attach to your letter or billhead and mail

Name

Street

City State

"He was perfectly crazy over his find, but he was sane enough to make an appointment with a nice chap, whom you know, who makes it his business to advise our best people as to which antiques they should or should not purchase. The shrewd collector took this disinterested expert with him the very next morning to see the marvelous chairs. The expert went through all the maneuvers—and if you have ever seen him in action you know what a picture he makes! In the end he said 'Buy.'

"The wise and prudent business man and well-posted collector was naturally delighted to have his own judgment confirmed; so he forked over. He had the chairs taken to his home that same day. The story got about, the price rising with each telling. The man's house, I am told, was overrun by friends and rival collectors, and he doubtless got much more than his money's worth of joy from seeing his competitors turn green or hearing the congratulatory remarks of the ladies.

"I was in George Blank's shop the other day when the expert came in to look for a table for a friend. I want to say that Blank, in my opinion, is the best furniture expert in the United States, and I am not overmodest myself.

"'Hello, George. Did you hear about those chairs Mr. Wilkinson picked up the other day?'

"'Yes.'

"'Want to see a picture of them?'

"'Sure.'

"Well, the expert undid a package, took out some photographs and laid them before Blank. 'Ever see anything more superb?' asked the expert in an awed voice.

"'Everyone to his taste,' said Blank noncommittally. The expert knows that Blank knows, so he persisted:

"'What do you think of them?'

"'You want my opinion from the photographs, eh?'

"'Yes; but you can see the originals any time you want to.'

"'Oh, thank you.'

"'Don't be peeved because you didn't have them. What do you think of them?'

"'They are not American.'

"'Bosh! Of course they are.'

"'Then they must be,' said Blank meekly. The expert is no fool. He changed his tune and his tone: 'Blank, what makes you say they are not American?'

"'Well, I have seen all the good American Chippendale chairs that have come on the market for more than thirty years, and I have seen all the Chippendale chairs that ought to have come on the market but haven't since I went into business, just out of college; and I never saw that design used by an American cabinetmaker.'"

Mistakes Will Happen

"I don't want to be specific because I do not want your readers to identify either the buyer or the furniture.

"'If they are not American, what are they then?' asked the expert.

"'I can't tell you until I see them.'

"'Will you come over with me now and look them over?'

"'Yes,' said Blank.

"The expert called up the proud owner, who left his office in the middle of a busy day to be present at the more important conference uptown. The moment Blank saw the chairs he turned to the expert and said, 'Just what I told you. They are English.'

"The expert's face fell; then he brightened up and said, 'Well, they are mighty handsome old chairs just the same.'

"'Handsome, but not old,' said Blank.

"The expert laughed. 'Now I know you are wrong. And if you can make a mistake about the age, you can about the nationality.'

"'Oh,' said Blank, 'anybody can make mistakes.' He picked up one of the chairs, turned it upside down and looked it over carefully and said, 'That wood is not old enough for those chairs to be original. It isn't over forty years old. They are as good reproductions as I ever saw, but they were not originally made with intention to deceive. It looks to me as if they were made by a fellow who did some perfectly marvelous work in London in the early nineties. He was a superlative craftsman and his work is to be found in places in England where you wouldn't suspect it. He did some of the very best restoring that has ever been known in a country where good cabinetmakers were never scarce. Some of his work, after being in a house for twenty-five years, has been sold at auction and, without fraudulent intent, has been called antique.'

"Well, neither the expert nor the buyer had anything to say. They knew Blank knew. He offered to take one of the chairs apart and put it together again to convince them, but they didn't consider it necessary. And now the buyer doesn't know what to do with those chairs, because he doesn't want reproductions and he cannot sell them as antiques.

"Now if an intelligent and well-posted man can make such a mistake, first in the furniture and second in picking his expert, what do you expect your readers to do? How are you going to keep them from picking the wrong expert? The fact that this expert doesn't know as much as he pretends to know, and as many people will tell you he knows, is something that cannot be known to everybody."

Classes of Customers

"When it comes to buying from reputable dealers only, you are up against a still more difficult proposition. You know that most of us will refund whatever was paid if a piece we sell is proved not to be as represented. I will not vouch for the authenticity of a piece unless I am absolutely certain of it, and when I am that sure, I back my opinion with my money. When you advise your readers to exercise the same care in picking their antique dealers that they do in picking their family physicians, you will receive thousands of letters asking you to recommend a reliable dealer. Are you going to send them some names? And if you do, how are you going about preparing such a list? No; the best thing you can do is to let them alone. They will have to learn by experience, as we all did."

"Yes; but many dealers and experts are reliable," I said, "and the customer will have better than an even break. Moreover, he at least will be more careful."

The dealer smiled forgivingly and went on: "You have been harping on the crook who misrepresents and the pig who gouges. Apparently only those two classes of dealers exist for you. But I notice you don't talk about the classes of customers. They are all trusting tots. What about the wise ones? What about the bargain hunters and their tricks and schemes and lies? We know the fool because the good Lord made so many of him. But the other kind? I knew a man who made some money and promptly went in for antiques. He studied the subject intensively as a business man. It was all a matter of trading with him. You can imagine how far he got, thinking that way. He bought a little stuff at my shop because my prices were fixed. I got so that I would tell him the market was going up, and more than once I raised the price 10 per cent the second time he asked me, to cure him of hesitancy.

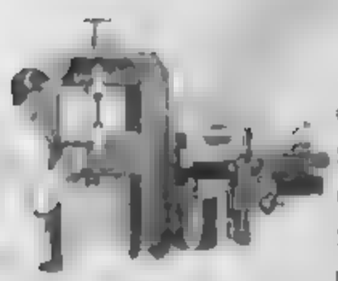
"One day he asked me to go to his house and have a drink and a look at his English silver. Before the cocktails came he had asked me to tell him what I thought of a lot of his furniture and whether he had paid too much, and where could he get some wing chairs and a couple of knife boxes for his sideboard, and such things. I guess I must have answered him evasively, because he made the mistake of getting mad. So I got up and pleaded an engagement I had forgotten all about.

"'Wait till you have your drink,' he said. But I thanked him and was for leaving at once. He understood, because he said, 'I didn't mean to be rude.'

(Continued on Page 189)

A Miracle of Steel!

The New Empire Bolt—with a minimum tensile strength of 80,000 pounds



Testing Bolts for Tensile Strength

PRACTICALLY every advance in the science of bolt and nut making has first been developed and perfected in the eighty-two year old plants of Russell, Burdsall & Ward.

The revolutionary practice of working bolts cold was first developed here, cold-punched steel nuts were first made in these plants and the amazingly accurate New Process bolt thread was here brought to perfection

And now we are able to offer, through our adoption of the Smith process of heat treatment, a cold-headed steel bolt with a minimum tensile strength of 80,000 pounds!

This remarkable development will mean a tremendous increase in the strength of all manufactured articles held together by bolts and nuts For the tensile strength of the average bolt rarely goes above 60,000 pounds

Only an organization with the experience of Russell, Burdsall & Ward could put into effect a change as sweeping as this in its importance to industry and only an organization of its size and resources could make this change effective immediately on a production basis.

Samples for testing will be furnished to responsible concerns.

RUSSELL, BURDSALL & WARD BOLT & NUT COMPANY
PORT CHESTER, N.Y.

CHICAGO DETROIT ROCK FALLS, Ills. SEATTLE SAN FRANCISCO

EMPIRE BOLTS & NUTS

THE HONOR ROLL
More Than 30 Years with R.B.&W.

A REMARKABLE INSTITUTION

At the plants of the Russell, Burdsall & Ward Bolt & Nut Company, there are eighty-two men and women who have been with the firm for more than thirty years. Below are shown some of these men and women, all of whom hold responsible positions of active daily employment.

Port Chester Plant

JOHN KELLY
46 years
started July 6, 1880

WILLIAM MEAD
45 years
started April, 1881

GEORGE G. CARPENTER
45 years
started 1881

MISS CARRIE ELLIS
42 years
started February, 1885

Rock Falls Plant

THE TRAGEDY OF THE AMERICAN BATHROOM

How we unconsciously neglect our teeth

THE bathroom—an American institution! The tooth brush—gentility's own insignia! And yet—

What a travesty on actual cleanliness the combination of these two elements of civilized existence often presents!

Model bathrooms. Tooth brushes—one—two—three—often half a dozen of them. And all of them aged, decrepit wraiths of departed usefulness.

But, because they do not *look* worn out, we go on using them—blissfully believing we are caring for our teeth. Actually, we are neglecting our teeth just as surely as if we left them unbrushed.

That is the pernicious thing about using tooth brushes too long.

Let's stop taking chances with our teeth! Let's pension off the old brushes! Today, get a new Dr. West's—the convex brush with special bristles that not only clean inside, outside and between the teeth, but *polish as they clean!*

Proper brushing with a Dr. West's—*away* from the gums—two minutes in the morning, two at night—is bringing to the teeth of millions a whiteness they never before believed possible.

And here's a secret! If you would keep your teeth brillantly polished, never try to "wear out" your Dr. West's. So long-lived is this brush that it is often serviceable months after its special polishing ability is gone. Change often enough to have fresh, firm, lively bristles always. Many dentists change their brushes once a month.

After all, how little it costs to enjoy the benefits of this cleansing, polishing brush! The Adult's size Dr. West's is but 50c; the Youth's, 35c; the Child's, 25c; the Gum Massage Brush, 75c. Get a new supply—for yourself, your family—today.

Dr. West's Tooth Brush—*a Biography*

A good tooth brush is more than a handle and some bristles. Dr. West's is scientifically designed to combine *all* the features that make a tooth brush good.

The brushing surface of Dr. West's is double-convex, being curved from end to end and from side to side. Thus it fits the frequently neglected inside contour of the teeth.

Accurate spacing between its nine serrated rows of bristles enables Dr. West's to penetrate the interdental crevices. And its tuftless, sloping end reaches easily into the farthest cheek-corner with bristles firmly erect for proper cleansing. . . . Insist on Dr. West's—the brush with the specially selected and shaped bristles that clean *all* the teeth and *polish as they clean.*

© 1927, W. B. M. Co.

Every Dr. West's Tooth Brush is Sterilized and Sealed for your protection. It is safe from Thumb Brushers. *Samples* of each type are displayed for examination in the handy cabinet on your dealer's counter.

(Continued from Page 186)

"'I didn't mind your asking me questions of that kind,' I told him, 'but, of course, I couldn't answer them. I can't tell you my competitor overcharged you, because that's unsportsmanlike. If I said he had given you great bargains, how much of your business would I get? When you buy a chair in my shop you pay for a piece of furniture and also for expert knowledge. You may not know what you are buying, but you bet I have to know what I am selling. You must pay me for serving you. You wouldn't expect me to get from you the results of an exhaustive and expensive study of a corporation's business and then, with all that dope I got from you, go right over to the other broker's office across the hall and there buy 10,000 shares of stock. Is your knowledge to be at my disposal so that I can increase your competitors' business? Do you think, because you give me a cocktail that costs you from three to forty-five cents, that I ought to give you $5000 of expert advice? Do you think because you smile when you speak with me that I must take $500 off the price of a $1500 piece?' Well, he stopped sponging advice from me."

Business is Business

"Yesterday I had a chap from out of town in my shop. He is a dealer. He lived near a man who used to talk antiques every time they met. They got acquainted that way. Of course friendship with this man meant that he expected my friend to waive most of the profit on any transaction between them. The broker was anxious to get a set of Hepplewhite chairs for his dining room. The little dealer promised to look out for them. One time the dealer happened to mention to the collector how he had passed up a fine chance to get an entire collection of glass because of insufficient capital. The collector, generous as they make them, said to the little dealer:

"'My boy, if ever you need $5000 or $10,000 let me know, and I'll gladly fix it for you.' The dealer thanked him. Not long afterward the dealer went to the collector and told him he had a chance to acquire some extremely good furniture. It would take about $8000 more than he had in the bank.

"'I'll fix that for you. What's the use of having friends, what? The only thing I ask in return is that you give me first chance on anything good you happen to run across. No use in making a big profit from your friends, is there?' The dealer was grateful. It was very nice of the collector. He found out, however, that the collector demanded a mortgage for the $8000 on the dealer's home, which belonged to the wife and was worth more than $20,000, and was unencumbered. The interest was fixed at only 6 per cent per annum.

"Hardly a day passed that the collector did not expect my poor friend to give him a chance to buy cheap antiques. He insisted on getting the pick at cost. Hadn't he lent the dealer $8000? One day the dealer told the collector that he had at last found the Hepplewhite chairs. The price was only $4000 and he would sell to his friend for $4500.

"'Where are they?' asked the collector. He went to the house where the chairs were. He took an expert with him, who said the chairs were right. The price was the only thing that stood in the way. The collector thought he should get the set for $4100. After a lot of chin music the dealer consented. The collector was good enough to point out that the dealer made $100 in twenty-four hours without any risk. Well, the dealer accepted the $4100 and a few days later paid off the collector. The following week the collector found out that the dealer had paid only $2500 for the chairs. He went for the dealer, who listened calmly and said:

"'Sure I charged you $4100. They were worth it. They wouldn't be dear at $5000. I found a bargain. I knew I could make from $2000 to $3000 sure. Did you expect me to make you a present of $3000 just because you lent me some money secured by a mortgage on my home? Where in heck was the favor that made you expect to make $10,000 a year out of me for fifty years?'

"There are lots of customers like that collector."

"They deserve to be stung," I admitted. He went on:

"I'll tell you another story about these meek and innocent lambs that we antique dealers massacre by the thousand. You know Dash? Well, he had one of these angels a Wall Street man whose aim in life was to get something for nothing; the type that capitalizes your needs or your misfortunes and tells you he is a philanthropist. This man used to patronize Dash, give him good market advice after it was too late to follow, and generally made him feel honored at being on speaking terms with the highest peak on the high-finance range. One day he stopped at Dash's shop. Dash was on the verge of tears. The trouble, he finally confessed, was that the banks had come down on him. Sales were slow and he didn't know what would happen.

"'Oh, bosh,' said Croesus. 'We'll fix that right away.' He had had his eye on several pieces for a long time, but had budged Dash only about $1500 in a bill of goods amounting to $10,000. 'I'll give you $6000 for the lot,' he said. 'Take it or leave it. Up to you.' He looked coldly at poor Dash, who squirmed and pleaded for $7500 in vain. Then he accepted. Mr. Croesus saw in the last room a highboy that was simply a marvel. I won't describe it, because you'd recognize it.

"'How much for that?' he asked.

"'Not for sale,' said Dash so hastily that Croesus grew suspicious.

"'I want that,' he insisted.

"'It isn't mine,' lied Dash—that is, Croesus was sure Dash was lying.

"'How long have you had it?'

"'It isn't mine. It was left here. Mr. Cross is coming to see it. I—the man who owns it is asking $10,000 for it, and Cross told me, if it was as good as the photograph he would take it. It is better than the photograph, so it is a cinch he'll take it.'

"'What do you get out of it?'

"'The regular 10 per cent,' answered poor Dash.

"'It isn't worth $10,000,' said Croesus. It was one of the most magnificent pieces in America and he knew it."

The Midas Touch

"'That piece is worth anything a man wants to pay for it,' answered Dash. 'There never will be its like found in my lifetime. I would give him $10,000 and hold it. I'd get $15,000 inside of a month. If So-and-So saw it, would he let it get away from him? You bet not.'

"'I'll take it and the lot over there for $12,500,' said Croesus.

"'Impossible. I need the commission on this piece. I wouldn't have agreed to sell that lot so cheap if I hadn't needed the money. You are not playing fair. Well, I might as well go under one time as another.

"'Don't talk like a fool. You pay off $5000 and the banks will go easy. Here.' Mr. Croesus went to a desk, took out his pocket check book, made out a check for $12,500 and handed it to the nearly weeping Dash.

"'Please make it for $13,000,' pleaded Dash.

"'It's already made out. I'll come again Saturday,' and Croesus went away, his face wreathed in benevolent smiles. Well, the highboy was not Dash's. It was sent on consignment. The price was only $2500, because of some rather important restorations. I suppose you blame Dash, don't you? Well, I'll admit that Dash is one of the dealers who handle restored pieces, but he never sells them as 100 per cent original. He knows these predatory birds who are after bargains. That is why they never sue him. They have no grounds. Well, he has the brains to beat them at their own game, and the rest of us don't cheat cheaters. But

what's in the WALLS

He has Wrecked more Homes than Jealousy

Many a young married couple have invested their many bright hopes—and few bright dollars—in a home. So much down and so much a month. Only to end in a dismal wreck—when their careful budget plan did not work in practice.

Why not? Because of unexpected—staggering—painting and repair bills—which they could have avoided by building walls of Brick.

Walls of Brick are Superior because they are:

1. Permanently Beautiful. 2. Solid, Indestructible Units. 3. Can't Burn or Decay. 4. Best Protection Against Heat, Cold or Vermin. 5. No Painting or Repairs Required. 6. High Resale Value.

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Common Brick Walls have been selected by the Home Owners Service Institute—

BRICK *Forever*

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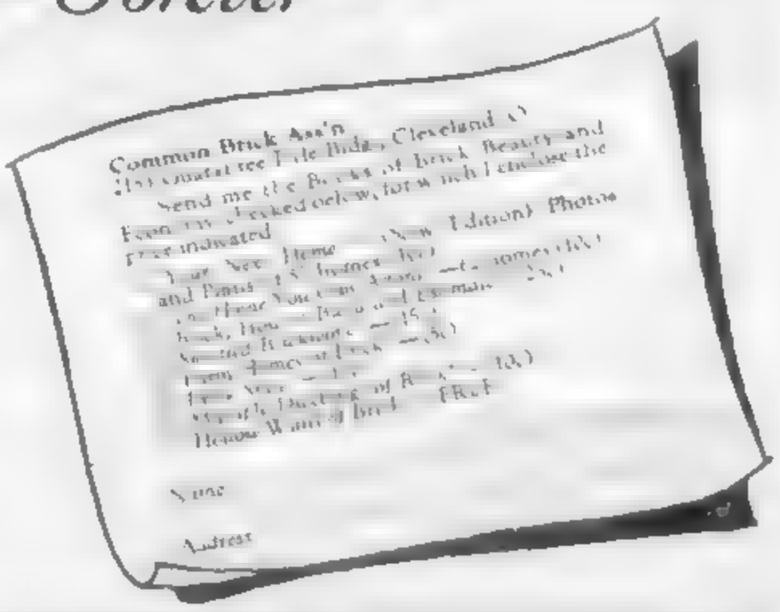

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TIRES
From one of the oldest and largest factories in the tire industry
Low mileage cost
Comfort
Confidence!
THOSE are the three super values of Badger tires — passed on to you under the triple responsibility of a long-established Factory—a prominent Distributor—and your neighborhood Dealer.
The
BADGER RUBBER WORKS
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN
All Types
All Sizes
Manufacturers of
Tires—Tubes
Fan Belts
Radiator Hose
Tire Plasters
Repair Kits, etc.
Distributed the economical way—through Wholesale Hardware and Auto Accessory Distributors
—Retailed through Dealers, Garages and Established Accessory Merchants

we are up against the unscrupulous buyer. Time and again I have been victimized. I am not whining, and what is more, I don't try to retaliate. Remember that in my favor, will you please?"

Another dealer said: "It isn't the crooked dealer nor the gouger who discourages me, but the fool customer. He is the greatest menace to any business that was ever invented. I firmly believe that fakes and fakers exist because of the unabated public demand for them. A lady came into the shop this morning and looked around.

"She spied a curly-maple four-poster, and she cried out, 'Oh, I think that's lovely! I hope it isn't too high priced for me.' I assured her it wasn't too high priced for anybody and that all we made was a fair profit. In fact, we work on a closer margin than a great many other merchants. The price was $235 complete, just as she saw it.

"'I'll take it,' she said, and I could see that she was as pleased as a child with a new toy. 'It is just what I have been looking for ever so long. I want a maple room, and I lacked the bed. Could you send it to my home today?'

"'Certainly, madam,' I said. 'I will send it within an hour.'

"I happened to know her husband and I did not ask her for a check. Just as she was walking away she said to me:

"'It isn't one of those pieces that have been restored to death, is it?'

"'It has not been restored at all,' I assured her.

"If I had stopped there I would have been all hunky, but being eccentric, I went on: 'That is a piece that we made in our own shops from a very fine model we had in mahogany that we sold for $1800.'

"'Oh,' she said, 'I do not want it at all then. I would not have a reproduction in my house for anything.'

"'If I had an original like this in curly maple I wouldn't take less than $2500 for it.'

"'I must say I'm surprised you tried to sell me this one,' and she flounced out of my abashed shop to call a policeman."

Danger in Indifference

"Of course that woman did not know the first thing about old furniture, although her house was full of it. I could have told the technical truth and still have made the sale, because I need not have misrepresented the piece. The average buyer who is stung by a crooked dealer is apt to keep quiet the fact that he is ignorant enough to be fooled. It takes a veteran collector to insist on getting his money back. I could tell you of a hundred cases where the customers canceled the sale and were angry as blazes because I would not misrepresent my goods. Their disappointment over the pieces not being original was so keen that they were willing to swear that I had cheated them. What we have to overcome is not so much the temptation to fool them, but the temptation to look the other way while they are fooling themselves. Why should you blame a dealer for not contradicting the wise dame whose knowledge is nil and whose pocketbook is so fat that you've got to do something to keep it from bursting? I'll give you a tip: If you will stop the fool you will kill the faker."

There is a dealer in New York on whose books for years have been the names of lovers of antiques—men famous in finance, letters, art, sculpture, painting, medicine and science. The first man that ever bought a piece from him is still an honored friend and valued customer. This dealer not only is scrupulously honest but has the moral courage to tell the truth always. Being regarded by the trade as one of the real experts in the country, his opinions are of much value.

In speaking with this man about the practice of so many so-called antique dealers, I said, "A great danger lies in the indifference of reputable dealers toward these abuses. To retort that there are crooks in all trades and that people like to be humbugged is all the danger signal anybody needs. Of course there are quack as well as reliable physicians, but there are also medical societies that insist upon the maintenance of high ethical standards by the profession, and there are laws to punish medical malpractice. Lawyers have bar associations. By disbarring shysters the profession rids itself of dangerous members. Antique dealers do not warn their shysters. What have you to say about it?"

My expert listened attentively, and then he said:

"My dear sir, in this country there is neither law nor force of guild tradition to make dealers in antiques adhere to those commercial standards that you apparently require of them. If a dealer sells a spurious piece as an original the worst that can happen to him is to have to refund the money. All he has to do is to declare that he made an honest mistake—that is, confess professional incompetence in order to establish unassailable integrity. Once in a while one of these men says, 'I told you distinctly that I was selling you that piece as I bought it; I said that I would not have bought it if I had not believed it genuine. I gave no guaranty with it. I got none when I bought it. You took a chance, as I did, and now you expect your money back because somebody tells you the piece is not old. Nothing doing! I refuse to refund the money.'"

A Dealers' Association

"In England a customer will demand a written guaranty as to authenticity, and you can bet there is no question about refunding. In this country the guaranty merely makes it a little easier for you to get your money back if the dealer is responsible.

"Of course there are certain kinds of antiques that cannot possibly be sold with a guaranty, especially where personal authorship is involved. Before I would guarantee a piece of glass as genuine Stiegel I would have to have more evidence than the sight of my eyes, although that would be ample for my own collecting. But a moral certainty is not documentary evidence. In such cases I simply give the reasons for my belief, and I tell the customer: 'Now you know all that I know about this piece. My price is so much. It is up to you to take it or leave it.' Of course in furniture and certain other lines of antiques a man who knows his business can safely guarantee a certain piece to be genuine.

"The dealers in this city have an association and we lunch together and we discuss trade matters, but it leaves something to be desired. I want an association that will blacklist the shysters and the crooks, that will have the backbone to fight them, in the courts if necessary, until they are driven out of business, that will insist on its members refunding money paid for goods afterward ascertained not to be as represented; a body to establish the highest standards of business ethics, that will tolerate among its members no chicanery, no subterfuges or trickery, no seeking refuge in technicalities.

"The investment bankers have an association which has saved the American investing public hundreds of millions of dollars by doing precisely what I want our association to do. The Stock Exchange is a voluntary association and enforces strict discipline on its members in order that the public may be protected. Of course every now and then somebody goes wrong, but when you consider how many thousands of millions of dollars are involved, the money lost by the public through the dishonesty of a member of the New York Stock Exchange or of the Investment Bankers' Association is infinitesimal.

"When such an association was proposed at a meeting of the antique dealers of New York objections came from some of the most reputable dealers. The shysters were not present. They were not invited. When the matter of adopting as a fundamental policy the refunding of money received

(Continued on Page 193)

Painting by Fred Mizen of the Gardner Eight-in-line 80 Coupe

Built for the most discriminating buyer in the world - - - *the American Woman*

In keeping with the gay, vivacious beauty that plays so important a rôle in the life of smart America, the New Gardner *Eight-in-line* radiates the distinctive individuality that is the motif of modern fashion.

Exquisite beauty has been achieved by modern design and proper proportion—not by mere adornment. The speed and stamina—pick-up and dash—rhythm and grace for which the Gardner *Eight-in-line* is so justly celebrated—have been increased!

The Gardner *Eight-in-line* has kept steadily rising higher and higher in feminine esteem because, for years, Gardner has specialized in the building of colorful, custom-style *Eights-in-line*.

THE GARDNER MOTOR CO., INC., ST. LOUIS, U.S.A.
Builders of Eights-in-line Exclusively

Series 80 (122-inch wheelbase), $1,395 to $1,795—Series 90 (130-inch wheelbase), $1,995 to $2,495

The New

GARDNER

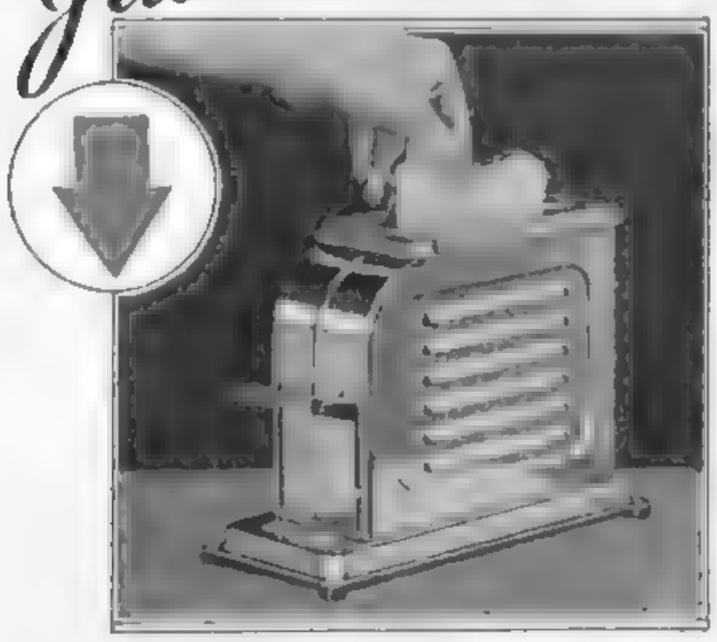
AMERICA'S FIRST EUROPEAN-TYPE EIGHT-IN-LINE

THIS IS NATIONAL TOASTER MONTH — SEE THIS NEW TOASTER AT YOUR DEALERS

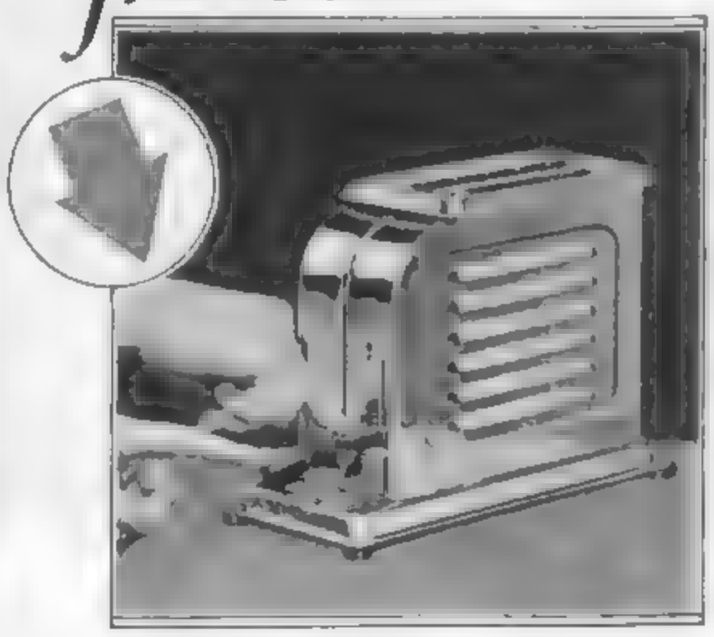
NOTE TO DEALERS: Over 25 000 Toastmasters were sold in 4 months in a limited territory. Write at once for complete information regarding this new fast-moving item.

Now! Automatic toast for breakfast ... *Made like this*

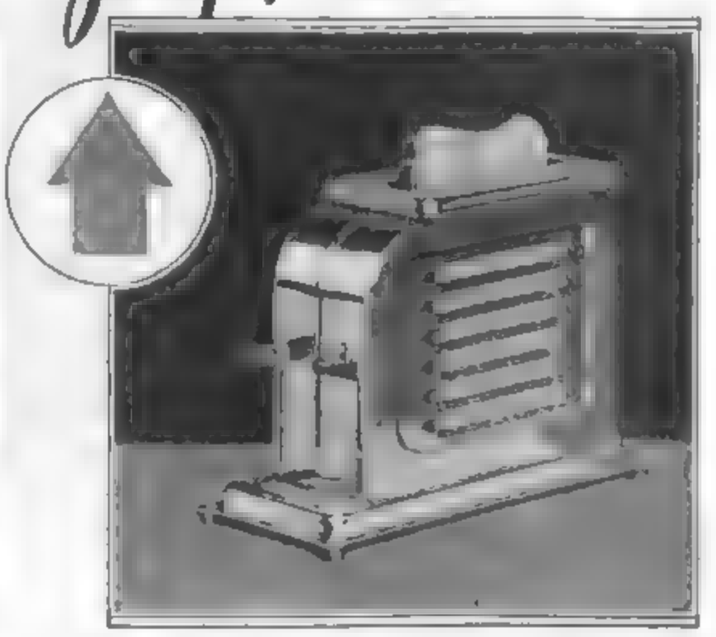
Just *drop a slice of bread into the oven slot as illustrated below.*



Then *press down the two levers. This automatically turns on the current and adjusts timer.*



Pop! *up comes the toast when it's done —and the current is automatically turned off.*

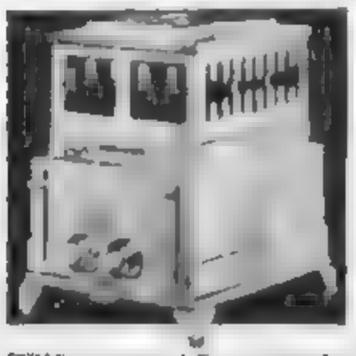


This amazing new invention makes perfect toast *every time*—without watching, without turning, without burning

How many times *each week* do you have to throw out burned slices of toast? You leave the room for a minute—and return to find the bread burned to a crisp. Often it burns before your very eyes. Now a new invention ends this annoying and wasteful method.

The Toastmaster *automatically* makes the kind of toast everyone likes. An even golden brown. Crisply tender. And always sizzling hot. Does it *every time* — without watching or turning.

This is how.



THE commercial Toastmaster has proved to be a veritable gold mine for hotels, restaurants, cafeterias, coffee and sandwich shops — made in four sizes—2 slice, 4 slice, 6 slice and a new 3 slice. A postcard will bring full details without obligation.

Three fascinating operations

First, you drop a slice of bread into the oven slot. Second, you press down the two levers. This automatically turns on the current and sets the timing device. Third, Pop! up comes the toast automatically when it's done, and the current is automatically turned off. The toast is made in a jiffy because both sides are toasted *at the same time.*

There is no guesswork. No danger of the bread burning, whether you watch or not. And because both sides are toasted *at the same time* in an enclosed oven, all the flavor is *sealed in* and the toast is so hot when served that the butter melts and disappears in an instant.

A beauty to own or give

Finished in gleaming nickel, the Toastmaster is an attractive piece for the dining table or server. With it you can make toast at the table the minute you want it.

While the Toastmaster is brand new it has been thoroughly tested. For it is a small brother of the big Toastmaster which has been used for many years by famous Restaurants, Hotels and Sandwich Shops.

Now at your dealer's— or order direct

This is National Toaster Month. Your Electric Light Company, department store and electric dealer are now displaying the new Toastmaster. See it. Examine it. Operate it. You'll be won to it at once. In case your dealer cannot supply you, send us a money order for $12.50. We will ship you a Toastmaster on 30-days trial. Money back if you aren't delighted with it. Waters-Genter Co., 231 N. Second St., Minneapolis, Minn.

The TOASTMASTER

© 1927 W G Co.

Reg U S Pat Off

(Continued from Page 190)

from the sale of an innocently misrepresented piece came up for discussion, a dozen dealers were on their feet. They wanted to know how long a time after the sale would the obligation to refund persist. The reason was that probably many of those present had made mistakes in the beginning, when they didn't know as much about antiques as they do today.

"I suggested that we should form an association first, and make clear our intentions and desires, and that we could write our laws, regulations, and code of practices afterward. There was no sense in splitting upon an objection of this sort before we had fairly got started. Some of the most reputable picture dealers in the world have sold old masters which in later years were found not to be the work of the men to whom they were attributed. Expert criticism as well as commercial standards have improved in my lifetime. I wished our trade to look forward, not backward.

"And then there were very many points that called for clarification. For example: What is an antique? Just what does a dealer guarantee when he guarantees a piece to be an antique? What does the public pay for when it buys an antique? The Treasury Department admits free of duty as antiques works of art or household furniture that are at least 100 years old. Representatives of the trade, of museums and of collectors could surely get together and formulate some sort of plan for a classification of various kinds of antiques."

What is Original?

"Then there are certain terms that should be made to mean something definite. When a dealer says a piece has been restored, precisely what does he mean? And what does he mean when he says a piece has been repaired? The French insist upon a piece being 90 per cent original before it can be defined as an original. What are major repairs, minor repairs, legitimate repairs? What are permissible restorations? You cannot expect a chair or a table in use for 200 or 300 years not to need some kind of repairs. Drawer runs wear out, bottoms of table legs ditto, stretchers and rungs break, and joints come apart. Today nobody can decide what may be legitimately designated as major or minor repairs and restorations and how far they should affect the price.

"Then there is the matter of wrong attributions. You see that there are no end of points to be settled, and the kind of an association I have in mind could easily establish our business on a far more intelligent basis

"There are other abuses which an association of dealers organized on the plan I have in mind would do a great deal to stop. We depend for our living on the good will of the public—that is, on continued trading. If the dealers don't want to protect the goose that lays the golden egg, why should you lose sleep over it?"

Caveat Emptor!

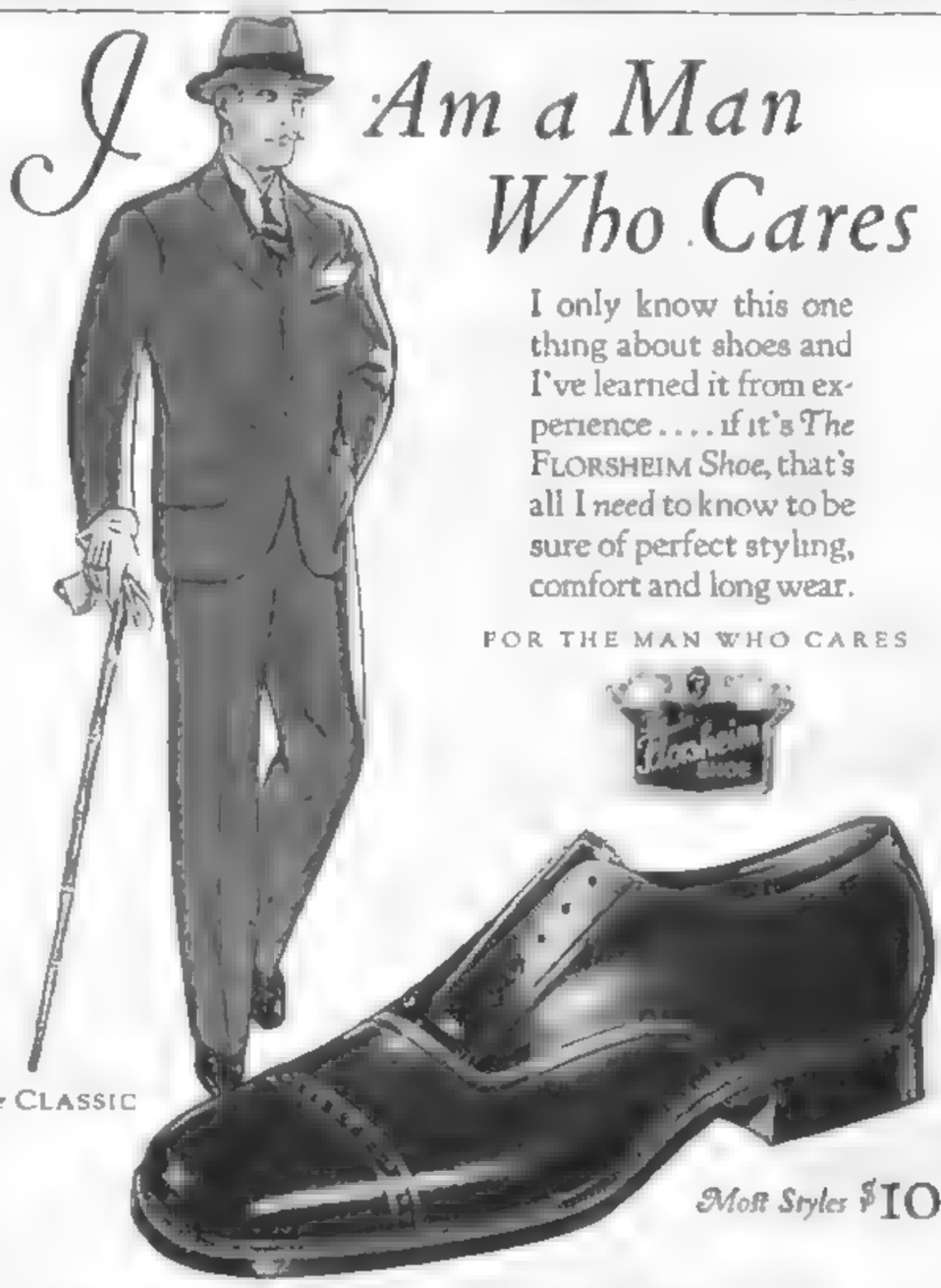
In New York the Associated Dealers in American Painting have established a bureau of authentication, consisting of three members appointed by the president. Anybody with a picture on his hands about which he is dubious may send two photographs of it to the jury, and then a decision will be stamped upon the back of each of these, one of which is returned to the owner and the other reserved by the bureau. A fee of twenty-five dollars is charged. The dealers keep careful records of their transactions. In many cases this has enabled a buyer to trace the successive ownership of a painting which he desired to buy but about which he was doubtful. Careful records help to establish a well-documented authentication.

Those fool buyers to whom antique furniture is merely a fashionable fad go from dealer to dealer until they find one who promises to supply what they seek. They find the wonderful piece—in their workshop. Without knowing it, these buyers are really demanding fakes. The fundamental law of commerce attends to the supply.

Let the buyer beware. It isn't to be expected that the United States will turn into a nation of furniture experts and well-informed collectors of antiques. But if, after it has been made plain to the average man what he is up against, he still wishes to spend his money blindly it is no concern of the police. My own conviction is unchanged that unless the reputable dealers do something against the crooks and fakers in their own trade a tremendous slump in the antique business is bound to come. In the meantime, I, for one, buy my antiques from my regular dealers.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr Lefèvre.

Near Wytheville, Virginia, in the Blue Ridge Mountains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I only know this one thing about shoes and I've learned it from experience . . . . if it's The FLORSHEIM Shoe, that's all I need to know to be sure of perfect styling, comfort and long wear.
FOR THE MAN WHO CARES
The CLASSIC
Most Styles $10
The FLORSHEIM Shoe
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The L&H Electrics "Turnit" Toaster
Crisp, evenly-browned toast At door drops bread turns automatically
The Kitchen Beautiful
The modern woman takes pride in a spotlessly white kitchen. And she knows that nothing adds so much to the Kitchen Beautiful as an L&H Electrics Range—with its full porcelain enameled, round-cornered oven, and celebrated current-saving L&H Electrics Full Automatic Time and Temperature Controls. Your Electric Light Company or dealer has large and small ranges for every type of home or apartment. See them or write us today.
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Waffle Irons
Table Stoves
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Water Heaters
Air Heaters
L&H ELECTRICS
TRADE MARK

Number 4080
A contemporary French design, decorated in harmony with the exquisite upholstery

Number 2708
This occasional chair of Charles II design is a magnificent reminder of the Renaissance

Choose—
with supreme confidence

A SECRET? But it isn't a secret at all * * * this charm that lies in a magnificently furnished room. View the room as a series of groups, each one exquisite. The ensemble blends their beauty. You can win to the effects you most admire with pieces beautiful as the ones pictured here.

Their characteristics are an irreproachable style, a pervasive beauty, and the masterly craftsmanship which marks the finest of furniture. Pieces as lovely as these never grow old or commonplace or neglected. You grow more fond of them as they become familiar.

The ELGIN A. SIMONDS COMPANY, Dept. D-3, Syracuse, New York

Number 2639
A delightful and very comfortable type of the smaller easy chair, smartly tailored.

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Our interesting brochure, "Thoughts on Interior Decoration", makes a wonderful shopping companion. WRITE FOR YOUR COPY

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INDIVIDUALIZED GOOD FURNITURE

Leaky roofs
made good as
New!

NOW you can fix a leaky roof yourself easily, quickly and at little cost. Rutland No-Tar-In Roof Coating is easy to apply and makes roofs water tight. It eliminates water damage costs and annoyance. And there is no maintenance expense.

Rutland No-Tar-In Coating provides a perfect roof of asphalt and asbestos—a *tough mineral covering*. Not a drop of tar in it. It will not crawl, sag, harden, peel or blister. For any roof or surface. It also has over thirty other uses, such as waterproofing foundation walls.

Save money—year after year

IT will pay you to insist on Rutland No-Tar-In Roof Coating (or No. 4 Paste) at your hardware or paint store. Save money by mailing the coupon today. Rutland Fire Clay Co., Dept. B-25, Rutland, Vermont.

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Without obligation please send me more information about No-Tar-In, with name of nearest dealer.

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Getting On in the World

Business Wants Housekeepers

UNTIL a very few years ago girls studied home economics—the modern name for the familiar domestic science—mainly for the purpose of becoming teachers of the subject. Then they prepared other girls to become teachers, and so it went, in a good deal of a vicious circle. Some of the graduates of these courses went into various kinds of institutional work where they used their scientific knowledge of dietetics, but the large majority remained in the classroom. Today many are studying the subject with the express purpose of going into business, of finding for themselves one of those new and remunerative positions which are increasingly opening up for women with this particular training in the industrial and commercial world.

For the home-economics woman of today has found her way into practically every kind of business. Banks, department stores, chain stores, factories, life-insurance companies, public utilities, advertising agencies—all these and many more have discovered that the woman who has made a specialty of things feminine has a definite mission in the modern business organization.

Take the first of these, for example. Scarcely a bank today is without its home-service department, under one name or another, with functions decidedly broad. Here the home-economics woman, with her basic grasp of the principles of home management, finds opportunity in helping the bank's women depositors with household problems, with the planning of individual and household budgets, with matters of economy and thrift. Some banks have so extended the scope of this department that they offer lectures on marketing, food values, cooking classes, the making of menus, buying of clothes and house furnishings, and even first-aid classes—all these coming within the province of home economics.

Department stores need this sort of trained worker for similar purposes, the making of budgets for household buying being a service which many stores now offer their customers. In addition, there are positions as buyers where a knowledge of home economics is valuable equipment, while the type of woman now used in department stores to demonstrate food products, household appliances, and the like, has shifted in recent years from the inexperienced, uneducated shopgirl with a line of parrot patter, to a high-grade, trained woman with a scientific knowledge of the product or article she is demonstrating.

Chain stores and similar retail organizations want the home-economics woman in their advertising and sales-promotion departments to distribute information as to what foods to buy for different purposes, and how to use and prepare them.

As for the modern manufacturer, he is intensely concerned with getting the well-known "woman's viewpoint" on the articles he is making, since, in the majority of lines, it is the woman consumer to whom his appeal will be made. Where the manufactured product is a food the home-economics woman, in innumerable instances, is used in laboratory and kitchen, helping to determine how the product shall be made, what are its best uses and how it can be bettered. Then, having made the finest product possible, the manufacturer wants the feminine public to know all about it, and for this he must have the woman who knows food values and can explain to other women the unique properties of this food he has to offer. In his advertising department she studies out the most effective way of presenting his product to the housewife, and prepares recipes, booklets and other literature to place in the consumer's hands.

The manufacturer of clothing and textiles employs these women to give lectures and demonstrations on textiles and how to use them on styles and on design. They are sent to talk in colleges and other institutions, and before women's clubs, on such subjects as the proper style of dress for the individual type of woman, how to choose clothes and materials, and how to launder and take care of them. One prominent manufacturer of soap has a large staff of women giving such talks on the proper washing of silks, sweaters, and the like.

When it comes to household equipment the manufacturer has his home-service women to demonstrate the proper use and care of his gas or electric stove, electric refrigerator, washing machine, dishwasher, vacuum cleaner, iron or other appliance. Not a few firms maintain a permanent display, in the form of model kitchens where such educational work is carried on, together with cooking and other classes. This is the sort of thing, also, which public-utility companies are developing, often to an elaborate extent, at the present time, under what they call a home-service or educational director.

Material on the care and feeding of children, on the family health, on prenatal care of the mother, and once again, on home management and budgets, is often turned over to the home-economics woman to prepare by life-insurance companies.

One home-economics woman has recently come to the front in the real-estate field as an assistant in designing coöperative apartments along the most approved housekeeping lines. Then, again, there is the advertising agency, where women with this training are employed to test products to be advertised, and to develop new uses for them; to write copy that will bring their good points home to the woman consumer or to make surveys of the possible market for a product in different communities.

There is an increasing number, also, of free-lance writers who are using their home-economics training to prepare, independently, cookbooks and booklets, test products and recipes, and act as consultants in an advisory capacity to manufacturers and to advertising agencies.

In the matter of salaries all these positions are, of course, so new in type that only inadequate standards have as yet been worked out.

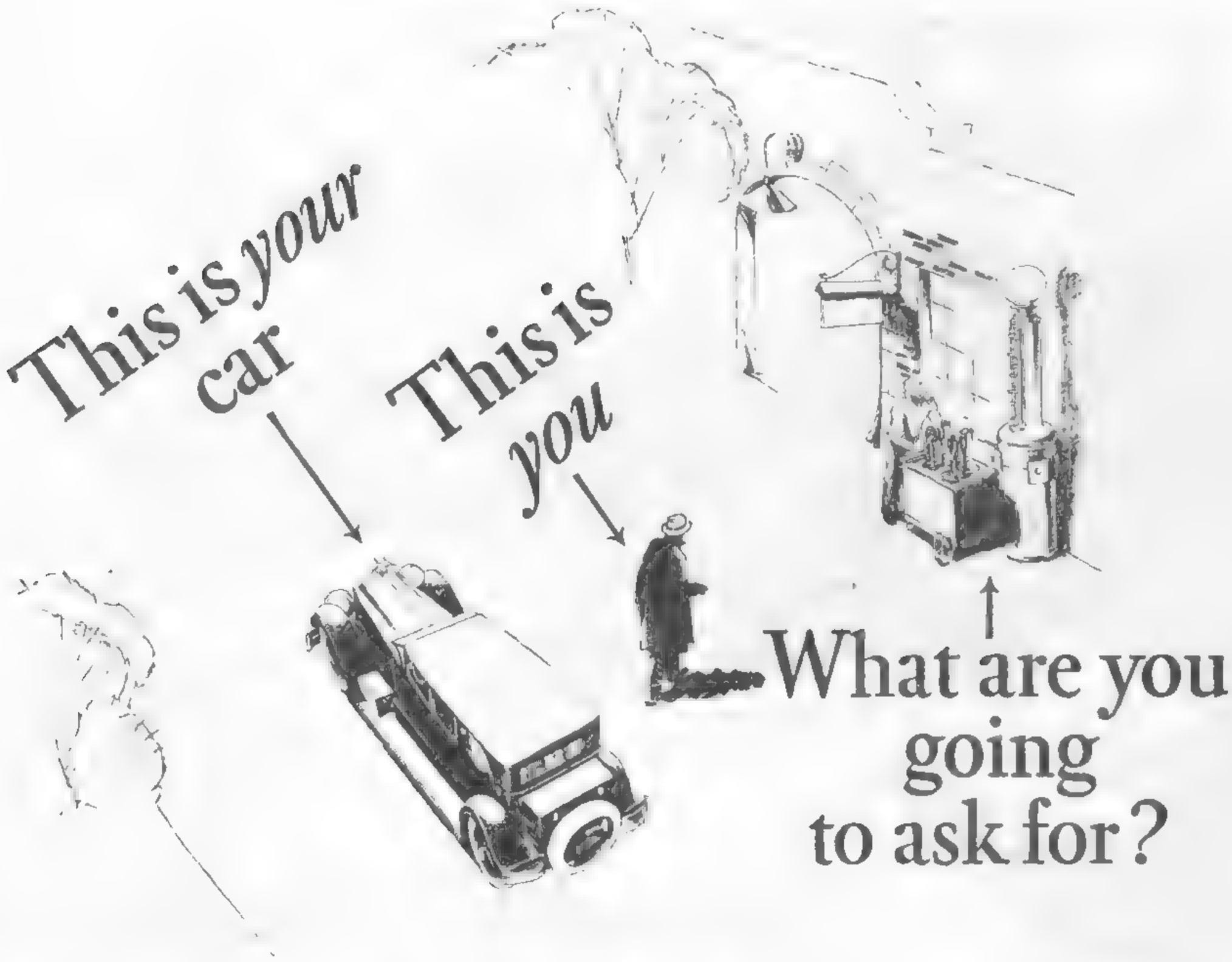
For the most part the question of salary is an elastic matter arranged between the woman and the company by which she is employed, and worked out on the combined basis of her experience and reputation, the character of the particular job to be done and the standing of the firm.

As one of the many illustrations of the sort of post which is rapidly multiplying for the home-economics woman, one of the large manufacturing concerns of the country has within the month announced its appointment of a home-economics teacher to the position of director of its research kitchens. This woman has had a long and varied teaching experience, having been engaged in educational work since her graduation from college with a degree in household arts.

Subsequently she acquired other degrees for broader work in the same subject. Of practical business experience she has none as yet, but she has the background that business is increasingly realizing it must have—the viewpoint of the woman in the home, trained and applied. The corporation to which she goes manufactures stoves, and in its research kitchens she will experiment with foods and recipes and distribute the results to the housewives of America in the form of cookbooks and similar matter, while more scientific material on cookery and allied topics will be prepared and sent to professional people.

The training for home-economics positions may be acquired in any one of many schools and colleges offering these courses. As a rule four years is required for a recognized degree.

—MARION CLYDE MCCARROLL.



Follow the wise lead of 1,800,000 motorists

THIS IS THE PHILOSOPHY OF 1,800,000 good, wise drivers. They agree that their automobile engines are expensive pieces of machinery. So why in the name of common sense should they take unnecessary chances of ruining them?

There are some mighty good oils on the market. There are some powerful bad ones, too. Unknown, unnamed oils. If you ask for just oil, how do you know which kind you're going to get? Both kinds are sold. And *somebody* gets the bad ones, for poor lubrication is today the greatest single cause of motors being repaired, and of good engines being scrapped long before their time.

The 1,800,000 play it always safe by asking for—*and getting*—pure Pennsylvania motor oil. And when so many ask for one kind of oil, you can bet a Rolls-Royce to a bicycle that there are sound reasons why they do it.

To begin with, pure Pennsylvania motor oil has the highest flash test—consequently, a low consumption under extreme heat.

Its free-flowing tendency at normal starting temperatures assures a ready supply of oil at every point.

It shows the lowest "breakdown", or thinning out when heated—retaining, therefore, the safest body and oiliness at efficient operating temperatures.

Because of these characteristics, a more efficient piston seal is maintained; greater power is developed; dilution is minimized; less gasoline is consumed. That is why oil experts call it, "The highest grade oil in the world". That is why, under normal conditions, and without an oil rectifier, each filling gives at least 1000 miles of safe lubrication. That is why 1,800,000 drivers use it exclusively.

They identify it, as you can, by the emblem shown below. This emblem appears on many different brands, all of which are 100% pure Pennsylvania oil. No other kind, or grade, or quality of oil can use it.

Locate your nearest dealer. Venture the price of five quarts of oil to prove that 1,800,000 motorists are getting the sweetest lubrication that can be given an automobile engine. The kind of lubrication you want, too. Fill up. Maintain the oil level, but don't drain for 1000 perfect miles.

free a booklet on motor oil and lubrication every motorist should have.

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208 Chambers Building, Oil City, Pa.

Please send me the booklet, "The Inside Story of Motor Oil." Worth money to every oil user.

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City State

1,800,000 motorists are getting safe lubrication with Pure Pennsylvania Oil

100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA OIL

400,000 miles without a forced landing

Almost a year ago, the Western Air Express, Inc., started its daily mail and passenger service on the 6 hour, 600 mile flight between Los Angeles and Salt Lake City. Flying Douglas planes with 400 H. P. Liberty Motors, its pilots have covered over 400,000 miles without an accident or even a forced landing due to mechanical failure.

"Pennzoil is the best oil" *– say Western Air Express Officials*

You'll say so too, once you've used it

OIL is important to Western Air Express officials. The safety of their pilots—their passengers—their cargoes of mail—depends largely on lubrication. So they tested—experimented—analyzed! And they chose Pennzoil—as you would do if you went through the same thorough process!

Your safety does not depend on oil. But, the safety of your motor *does*. Its smoothness! Its economy of operation! Its freedom from repairs! Even its consumption of gasoline hinges on lubrication!

That's why it will pay you to lubricate your motor with Pennzoil—supreme Pennsylvania quality! Pennzoil—refined to perfection in the largest and most modern refinery operating exclusively on this highest grade petroleum!

You can quickly tell the difference with Pennzoil in your crankcase. It's smoother—sweeter—quieter—more powerful! And that goes for more than 1000 miles instead of the customary 500. You need change Pennzoil only half as often as ordinary oils.

Give your motor the best oil you can buy. Stop at the Pennzoil sign. The dealer there is honest—eager to serve—conscientiously building business on the finest oil made for your motor.

THE PENNZOIL CO.·*Oil City·Buffalo·Los Angeles·San Francisco*
Refinery: Oil City, Pa.

TEST IT YOURSELF

The condition of the oil as it flows OUT of your motor tells surely whether good oil was put IN. After using ordinary oil for 500 miles, rub a drop or two of it between your fingers. Do the same thing with Pennzoil after using it a full 1000 miles. You can see the difference and feel it.

SUPREME PENNSYLVANIA QUALITY

PENNZOIL

SAFE LUBRICATION

Look for the Pennzoil sign

PELTY

(Continued from Page 11)

make everybody believe it, like he does me. There's a deputy on cold storage here in the jail who don't look as if he believed it."

"Did the little colt die?" Minerva inquired.

"Carlos might as well have slit his neck that evening. Gave him too fast a twenty for a silk-lunged baby."

"Why did they bring your friend over here to Bismarong?"

"Tucson has seasons of being crowded to capacity. Besides, I guess they wanted to try out this new concrete. Today wasn't a visitin' day. And tomorrow—well, I'll be in the ring between two and four. I don't know what Jimmy'll think of me," Bill mourned.

"If I don't last out until the whistle it won't be a lack of sandwiches," he pondered next afternoon as he sat tight-penned in the saddle on Arrowhead, waiting for the chute door to open. He heard the announcer's voice kidding him for "a right smart good dairyman," and inquiring if the ambulance was ready at hand. Bill looked down at a little piece of Arrowhead's left blinker that showed like the lens of a cat's eye seen sidewise. It reminded him of the look Mr. Badger, the deputy sheriff at the jail, gave him this morning, when he'd made a second attempt to see Jimmy Orr—cold, waiting to kill—same person he had first seen at the desk.

Arrowhead knew it was coming. His ears tightened back. He wasn't going to fail to do his part to make Bismarong's annual a success this year. Then the signal.

"Hey, wait for me!" Bill yelled, as saddle leather screeched under the strain when the beast lurched out of the chute and bent like a horseshoe with the man on the top of the loop. Down he came with a slugging twist that splintered the crystal of Bill's watch and wasn't any too good for the works. Then the man was looking down, sometimes at a narrow neck, sometimes at a thick crupper, caught in a wrenching machine, smelling his own hot blood, until—it was like a boat reaching breakwater—Arrowhead slowed down and Bill was pulled over into a friendly saddle.

"Damn good ride," was the pleasantry that reached him from the pick-up man.

Blood was trickling from his nose. The crowd gave him a glad roar. He had to stop and think it was for him—a tingle from the sound he hadn't known the like of. That tingle lifted his spine and straightened his head. . . . So he wasn't drifting out of Bismarong tonight—another movie with Minerva, maybe—another ride tomorrow. . . . They helped him to a cot in the farrier's tent, where he lay until the world stopped pitching and the rumor in his ears that he had made a top-score ride became a living fact.

What time was it, he wanted to know. Five after four. Too late for today, and tomorrow wasn't a visiting day. Something had to be done about Jimmy—this thought dragged at him, yet Bill was breathing different. Tired and lame, but right there close to the anvil and the smudge of the forge, a dewy perfume was in the air—a bit heady, too, and it all came from that roar the stands had given him after the ride.

He wanted to talk to somebody. He wanted to hear what somebody, anybody, had to say about his ride. The words came to him—how to bring up the subject to the first man he met; but Bill suddenly recalled he mustn't do that. He had seen others shoot off their mouths. Say, hadn't he seen a lot of good boys spoiled by a winning streak? He lay still for a long time; finally heard them fixing outside for the wild-horse race that ended the show for the day. Still Bill lay on his side, warning himself to keep his mouth shut.

Two women in the sandwich-and-coffee booth were intolerably busy that night. "You run along now, Minerv," the mother said at last. "I can tend to the rest." But it was half an hour or more after that before the daughter joined Bill.

"I heard you made a great ride," she said. "They were all talkin' about it."

"Wasn't you there?" His tone was suddenly hard.

"I didn't get there, after all, but I heard it was great—the day's feature, they called it."

Bill didn't say anything. He had counted on her not missing that roar they gave him as he left the ring.

"I couldn't leave mother too long, and there was something else to do today."

He nodded. Occasionally as they walked he heard his name spoken under the street lamps—fellows who hadn't noticed him when he came in yesterday. "Hello, Beel," a little señorita mocked from the shadows.

"I didn't know you knew so many," Minerva went on.

Eight or ten hours in the booth hadn't quelled her. Even in that hot night, he was cold-tired; but what he saw in the girl's eyes was an unhurt readiness for any fate to close in, just as if there'd never been a broken heart in the world and she was out for some heavenly experiment never made before. . . . "Don't you love the music? . . . Do you dance? . . . Oh, you're not so green. . . . No, I'm not hungry for ice cream; but we might have one more dance." Then, a while after all that, they were making a big detour around Bismarong, having felt the need of silent Nature and her remote controls. A stiff day, scheduled for another stiff one tomorrow, but Minerva made him forget the need of sleep.

"Why do they call him Undertaker?" she asked about the horse that had fallen to him for the coming day.

"They don't always," says Bill. "Sometimes they call him the Sexton—anything to associate him with the finish. Sometimes the Gravedigger. A way he must have of working on the imagination. Killed a boy at the go-off three or four years ago, they tell me. . . . Yes, I've rode him—twice last year—that is, I didn't ride him to church or town or far—didn't get where I was sent for to come. But tomorrow, if I get the breaks like today ——"

"Oh, you will!"

"Think so?"

Minerva drew apart in the starlight. Looking over her shoulder, Bill could see the flares of the town, as she faintly asked, "You won't be mad if I tell you something—promise?" He obeyed. "I didn't go to the show today—because I went to the jail. I told him how hard it was for you not to come, but you had to ride and would see him soon."

That was the minute Bill saw Minerva Galway as having meanings more than common to his particular game; that she was handy as the dot on an i, and other blasting innovations which society at large still has to adjust to. He pretty nearly kissed her right then, though he didn't know her very well.

"And how's little James gettin' along?" he gayly inquired.

"Fine! He's readin' a new kind of religion, he says, and no matter how black it looks, he can't lose."

"What kind of religion is that?"

"I don't know, but you just hold that what you want is right, and it comes true."

At the booth for breakfast next morning a great thing happened. He was no sooner sitting than a little white spread came out over the counter at his place, and a cloth napkin. "Out of our trunk at the hotel," the mother said. That wasn't all. Appeared next a small coffeepot for two, Minerva allowing she had waited to have her breakfast with him. He sat back after that to breeze his lungs with the first post-coffee cigarette, and felt a new kind of will

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45,512 Doctors

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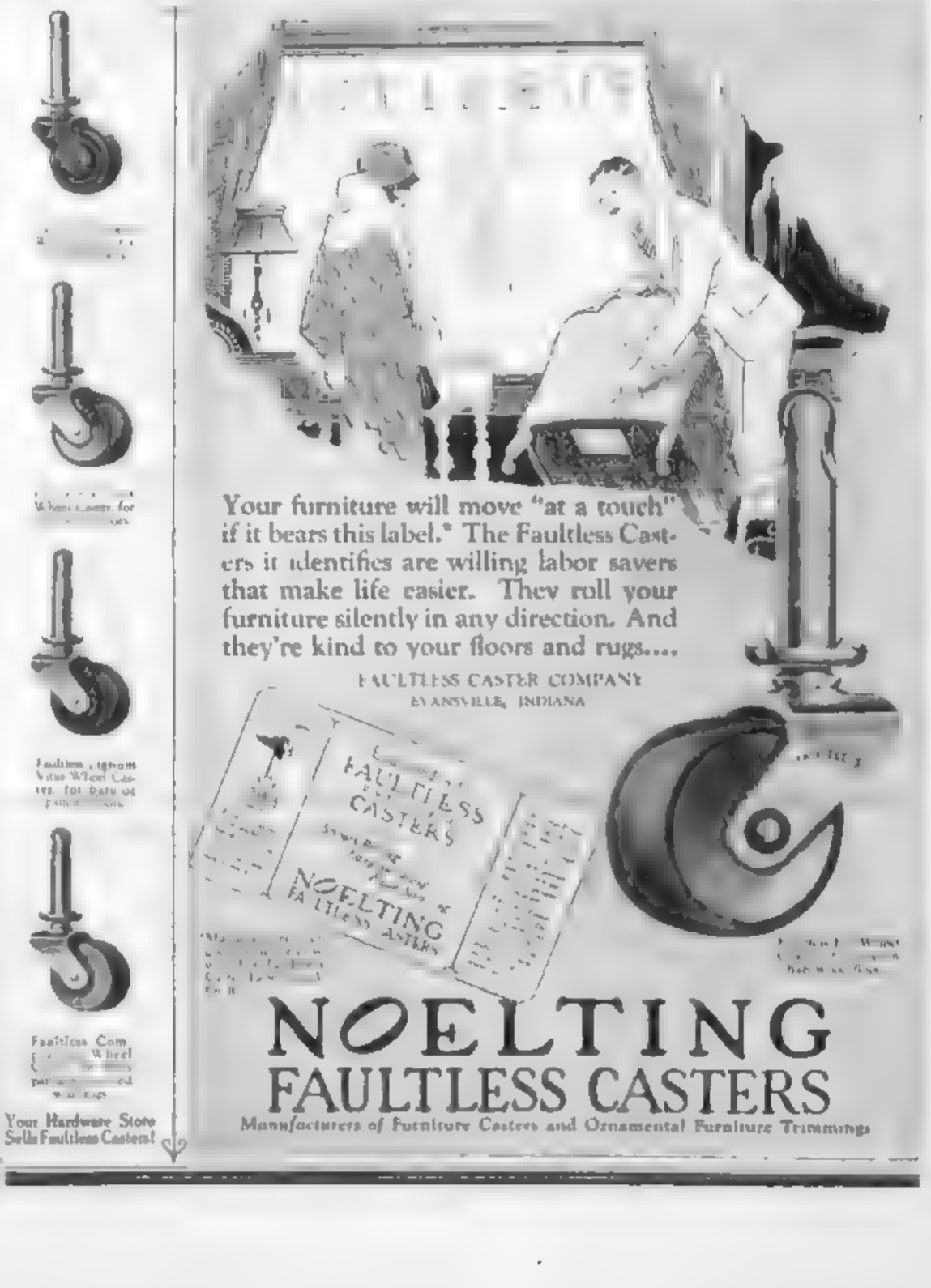

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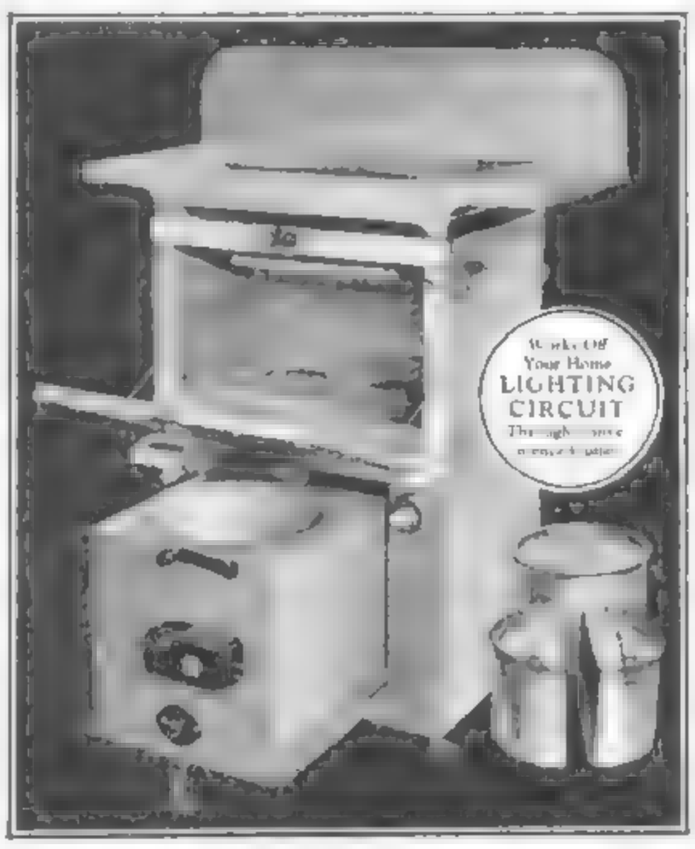

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Better Baking—Better Cooked Foods

Flaky pie crusts—cakes that just melt in your mouth—Roasts done to a juicy tenderness. Large Pyrex window in the oven door. Oven door clamps tightly—no heat wasted. Uses electricity only about ⅓ of the time.

The automatic control insuring steady, even heat uniformly distributed to all sides, top and bottom of the oven takes all the uncertainty out of baking. Once you use this range you'll wonder how you ever got along without it. Easy payments.

Current is used only about one-third of the time. Set the oven control for the heat desired and the automatic regulator keeps the heat at the same temperature. Never too hot—never too cool—always just right for best baking and roasting results. Oven door, large cooking top and splasher back made entirely of aluminum. Range beautifully finished with French Gray enamel. Large electric fireless cooker in the bottom slides in and out like the drawer in a desk. Takes up no extra room in your kitchen—also *automatically* controlled. Put in your cooking—turn on the electricity, when the right cooking heat is reached the electricity automatically shuts off and the cooking continues. Money saving—time saving—cooks foods better.

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All over the country, our plan is helping others to earn more money. Many are making $1.50 an hour or more in spare time; others $50.00 a week for full time work. Mr. George Barber has earned $23.00 in one day!

Now you, too, can have something left over after the "bread and butter" bills have been paid. Cut out the coupon below and mail it today for full details of our we'll-show-you plan.

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How can I add to my income in my spare time as your subscription representative?

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power rising in him that had little to do with corn cakes.

Undertaker was a gray horse with a way of standing still and cool as a stone; mild to saddle, stocky, sound, stiff-backed; and a habit also of looking at one with head lifted, as if peering over his glasses. "His past don't seem to be poisonin' him none," Bill thought.

A few minutes later the voice of the announcer sprayed over the crowd: "I see by the programs our young friend Pelty is back this afternoon, fixing to emerge on Undertaker—Bill Pelty, the lad from Tucson-way who gave us the ride of the day yesterday. Some say luck; some say class heretofore concealed. In the next five minutes we're apt to find out something we don't know now."

Bill went down into a sort of deep grief that ride. All the pains and poundings and knock-outs he had known up through his violent youth were somehow flung back at him in those few seconds; hints of collapses all through, a havoc of strains and pains that began with a cramp in his left toe the instant he touched the stirrup; then crawled up his ankle into his calf like a pair of pliers twisting a muscle tight. Meanwhile the game was on. Undertaker had the prowess of a middle-aged fighter that has always taken care of himself. With a lurch to the right, he snapped round to bite at his own stifle joint; then turned loose behind, double-barreled, landing hard as a stone bolt in front. Bill had been there before, and eased himself in time. It was this rock crusher that had uncoupled him a year back.

Muscle, bone, tendon and heart knew a bitter resentment against further punishment, yet at the same time his head was working in a sort of calm power. Whistle, and deep hush from the stands, then a welter of praise that rolled over everything. The same roar followed Bill to the quiet of the farrier's tent. He wished Minerva could have heard it.

"I wonder what they'll call that—luck or class?" he mused, lying on the cot. "Plenty of bad ones left—Anteater, TNT, Cleaner Boy, Manger Queen, Gray Goof—only half through—but I sure could see what was comin' today." Then, soberly, Bill renewed his covenant of yesterday not to let any of his strength ooze out in words, not knowing that this was the surest way to start others talking about him.

Bismarong stepped aside next morning for a near-champ to pass. His lunch booth was working to overcapacity, but Bill wasn't turned away; called in under the counter, in fact, his bibs and tuckers spread on the bake board. He walked the streets after that, permitting the populace to view him o'er; but in a certain side street was seen to wilt, buck up, glance back over his shoulder, then make for a front door.

Voice from the desk: "Say, mister, what are you tryin' to do—break in this jail?" It was the bleak Badger himself, blue vest and pencils showing, toothpick in that dry mouth.

Bill's hat was off. "You see, today's visitin' day, but I'm kept in the arena afternoons." He was backing out.

"No exceptions, mister, unless you care to take it up with the sheriff."

It was different at the arena. That afternoon Bill learned what it meant to have all the little favors done for him that a champ knows. He had drawn old Moleskin, and a gang hung round his chute, his most commonplace words repeated. Meanwhile the announcer was playing him up for a feature. Bill tried hard not to seem to listen.

"You're ridin' soft today, Pelty," a voice said; and looking at him under straw-colored eyebrows through the boards of the chute was Sandy Ellis, the state champion.

"I can use any caresses I got comin'," allowed Bill.

Either Moleskin's quaint and interesting life had begun to tell on him or the thundering new reputation of the rider of the day had him bluffed, because there wasn't a thrill to that performance. Moleskin went through the motions, but the few who knew missed the snap. It wasn't bad enough to call for a reride, and no one could put any blame on Bill; but certainly Moleskin left him merely warmed up for the finals tomorrow. Meanwhile Sandy Ellis sat it out on TNT on one of the black beast's rough days; came gamely through a grueling ride, but with a slightly damaged score. Dark settled down, therefore, with Bill Pelty running well ahead of the show and Anteater chosen as his game for tomorrow.

Minerva found a moment to whisper at supper: "What a funny name for a horse! Why do they call him that?"

"Her," corrected Bill, adding: "I've never saddled her, but she's said to come in from a buckin' match with her nose incrusted in the prevailin' loam of the country. Also she's a never-can-tell mare and has other little ways." Just at this time a telegram arrived from Mack Foley, foreman, and the Figueroa boys who had the news of the first two days:

Go it, Bill. You're doing great. Carlos taking a turn for the worse. Can hardly pull through. Rumors of bringing Jimmy back here for trial. Tell him we're pulling for him strong. You, too, cowboy.

Minerva joined him. Bill was still sinking into depths from the middle part of the message. Minerva raised her arms in the night air, saying how relieved she was to escape from the booth. Soft genial winds enfolded her, fatigue of the long day shaking out with a few deep breaths. But the most talked of man in Bismarong seemed hardly aware she was alive and alongside. She couldn't know right at first how his thoughts kept whipping back to Jimmy Orr—three full days in Bismarong and not even a hello so far—to the man who had meant more to him than anyone else. Minerva was catching the silence. Bill didn't even notice her words had stopped; in fact noted nothing until her hand pulled at his arm and two tear-glistening eyes, in delicious emotional suspense, looked up at him in the lights of a corner drug store.

"What have I done?"

One thing was sure: Minerva had to be cast out of mind, so he could think of Jim. She was too new, too great—like his winning streak—to admit anything else at the time. "Nothin', Minerva, but I've got to think of Jim right now. This telegram says that Carlos finds himself in the limelight dyin' this way, and looks likely to go through with it, regardless of what it does to Jim."

No pique showed in Minerva, but instant attention. She hadn't served gossipy cowboys for hours the last few days without coming to a clear understanding of one Bill Pelty, past and present, together with a miracle performed in his standing before men by three great rides. Only Minerva, backed by her mother, had seen in Bill all that Bismarong saw now, and more—the first minute he sat down on the end stool. She didn't miss the dangerous glitter in his present look as he turned into a side street. Clearly he wanted to be alone, her reaction being that he probably needed her more than ever before. The right words for this dilemma didn't come, but that moment a playful flicker of wind lifted the black mantilla from her shoulders. Bill caught the end of it and started to spread it into place, but she edged back. "I'm too hot now," she breathed.

The shady silk fell off the rest of the way. It trailed absently from his hand, like a part of her trying to break in upon his trouble. But his eye now directed across the way—this, the side street of the jail. Under the single dim light at the top of the front door opposite had appeared Jimmy Orr, booted and dressed, and at his side Badger, the deputy, their two inside arms hanging together, moving as one. They descended the wooden steps and turned to the left toward the station, rather than the lights of the main highway. For a second or two more Bill stood still as a quail; then turned,

(Continued on Page 201)

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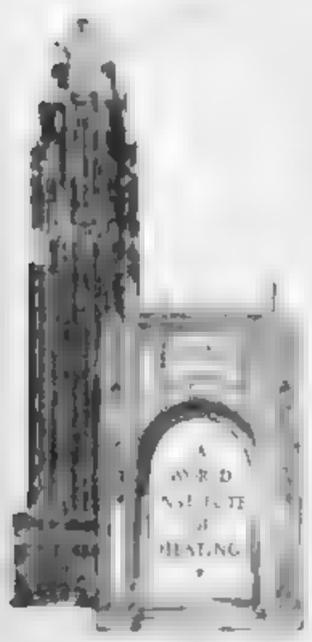

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(Continued from Page 198)

"This is something I've got to tend to. You'll have to run back, Minerva."

"You wouldn't send me away!"

"Yep, this job means me solo."

She drew back, sensing a desperate possibility in his brain. Though her voice was low, it sounded like a wail: "You aren't going to spoil tomorrow—your big day!"—as if she understood all his years of defeat.

"They wouldn't let me see him in there. Now they're taking him back for trial. I've got to think of Jim right now."

She held fast to the sleeve of each arm. "But he knows why you couldn't get to him! They're not goin' to kill him. There'll be time tomorrow night, when we'll—all be free."

Even that didn't keep him. "You go and sit on the hotel steps. I'll come back."

"Oh, Bill, just when you get things rollin' ——"

A terrible pang to hear that last. He had no idea she understood so much—as if she had entered his life. Yet he left her standing alone, and never was darkness so lonely as this shadowed street, hot desert wind fanning in, lights of Bismarong's animated center falling away behind. The little black mantilla, still in his hand, pulled him to a halt, like a voice calling him back. He recalled Minerva's last look and that deep anxiety of hers for all his concerns. His pace slightly increased after the two figures at a distance. Only a few people were abroad in this scantily lighted part of town. Badger and Jimmy crossed the next street and didn't stop at the railway station. They kept on, in fact, to the office of the motor stages. Here it was for a certainty—Carlos dead, doubtless—Jimmy Orr being taken back for trial.

In the next ten minutes Bill studied from a distance the halted stage in front of the station. One by one, people came out of the office and took their seats in the dimly lighted box. Badger and Jimmy Orr finally climbed aboard, their movements clumsy, feet tangled because of the bracelet. Bill's groping faculties pulled together—only a few minutes left. He had been thinking of buying a ticket, but that didn't hit him exactly right. Feeling the need for a cigarette, his hand reached to his side pocket. The half-folded mantilla got in the way of the papers. Then he thought of the safety stop at the edge of town. His booted steps were instantly drawn thither—a minute or two longer to think. He reached the crossing; still the stage hadn't moved.

"Just as I get it rollin' my way," he muttered, for the decision had come. "The deputy would know me through armor plate if I only held him up for Jimmy. It's got to be the whole coach!"

His smile stiffened as he let the mantilla fall open. Very black and soft, four or five feet long; he drew it back like a bandage from the forehead, crossing folds of it in front over his mouth and nose. He could breathe. His voice sounded muffled. He placed his big hat carefully on the concrete work of a culvert where it would easily come to hand again.

The stage was now coming. It was crawling out like a little ship. He saw it careen onto the highway, then slide toward him, a slight downgrade, in frightening silence and speed. The driver came to a stop, lighting a cigarette just then. As he flicked the match away a muffled tone from the shadows below said, "Step down, kid." The gleam of a gun bore showed low in the speaker's hand.

"What's that?"

"Step down!"—no mistake about that, a pair of eyes that might mean anything, looking out from folds of black silk.

"Cross the tracks and keep walkin'. That's all you got to do—just keep on going till you're sent for. I'm inspectin' your wagon for the present." Bill entered the stage. "Make it quick!" he croaked to the passengers. "Everything you got! Don't get the idea that one little motorbus is all we're busy with tonight." Seven or eight passengers, including three women. "No need of cryin' out, ladies. I've got express instructions not to damage any of you."

Not the remotest sign of welcome from Jimmy Orr, the face Bill took note of first; rather, that cool studious gleam Jimmy was in the habit of turning on a stranger. Meanwhile Bill plucked up a fallen stiff hat to hold his treasures in and was passing it around for watches, money and rings. Leisurely, at length, he came to a stop above the person of Deputy Badger, the dry whitish mouth twisted open. Particularly muffled tones were now released: "So it's you, sheriff! And what do you happen to be carryin' besides that nasty pistol? Yep, hand it over! What else?"

Badger gave up his gun.

"And why are you takin' this pore little feller away from his family on a night like this? Can't reach your wallet with one hand? Well, maybe you can find the key to them irons."

Moans and curses were now finding Bill's ears from the others, but a rejuvenating force shot through him at the way Badger obeyed—as if the sheriff himself had spoken. Frightful simplicity about this, he thought, the deputy fumbling the keys, the tiny lock finally sprung.

"Why, he's only a boy, sheriff! Might be President yet, if you don't spoil his chance. Stand up, young feller, us birds of a feather—and all that."

Jimmy Orr also obeyed. At this point there were two or three passengers that Bill hadn't gone through, but his movements seemed accelerated, his final operations skimmed over. He backed to the door. "Come with me, young feller. I'll speak to the chief about takin' on a fresh hand for the remaining jobs tonight." Without a movement of his lips, Jimmy Orr followed. "As for you, folks," Bill added, "sit where you are for ten minutes. I ain't saying we'll all be hereabouts that long, but better not take a chance."

Bill led the way to the culvert, feeling better as his hand closed upon the big hat. Then he took Jimmy's arm, drawing him farther into the shadows.

"Lord, didn't you get me, Jim?" he laughed.

"Not until just now"—without enthusiasm.

Bill felt relieved that even Jimmy hadn't known him, but at the same time queerly chilled. "You see, they wouldn't let me see you. Carlos is dyin'—maybe dead. They're takin' you back, and apt to give you the worst of it back there. Come on, let's get out of here. Or do you think it would be better for us to empty out the stage and use it for a real start?"

"You held the whole bus up to get me?"

"Sure!"

"Thanks, but I can't use it, Bill. A fellow couldn't ask more of a pal, and you sure put it through neat; but I don't want it, thanks. I ain't goin' to spend the rest of my life runnin' away from these people."

"I couldn't let 'em take you back."

"That's good of you, but look here. I shot Carlos to keep him from killin' me, and it's bound to work out that way."

"Just what do you propose to do, James?"

"I'm goin' on back with Badger—if he ain't too upset to keep on travelin' tonight."

"Do you mean that?"

"I sure do, Bill."

The latter glanced back toward the bright lights of Bismarong. "Here, take this, then," he said, passing Jimmy the deputy's gun. "Tell 'em what you like—that I let it fall and you picked it up, got the drop on me. And this"—he handed over the hard hat containing the money and watches—"tell 'em you took it away from me. It won't hurt your case none back at the courthouse."

"You're talkin' up to standard right now, Bill. I'll just do what you advise," the small one remarked. "Thanks. See you later. So long."

They separated, Jimmy on the run back to the stage, the emptied bandit dropping deeper into the shadows. Voices of the passengers reached him—one man's loud laugh, another shouting to the driver to come

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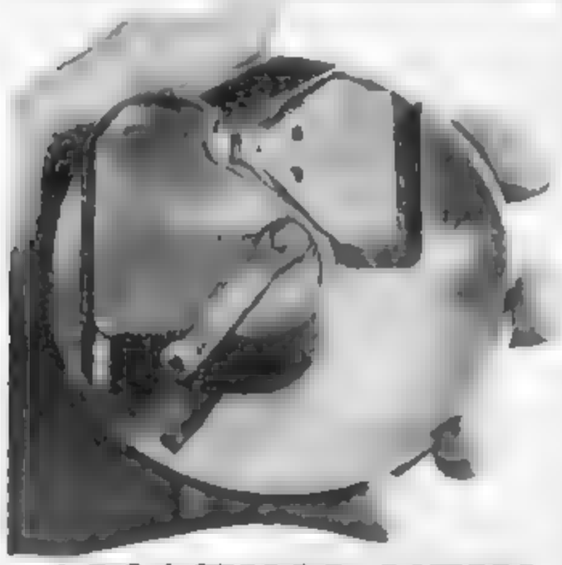

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back. Bill folded and pocketed the mantilla. Then he started his return through the dark streets. At his last look the stage was still standing where he had left it. He entered the bright lights of Bismarong, crouching under his big hat. It was "Hello, Bill!" as before. Cooler and cooler he became as he felt himself rise again into Arizona's bustin' ace, if only for one night.

Back in the corner of the hotel veranda sat a huddled figure, white waist, head bent forward. "Here, put this round your shoulders," he said as he came close, tossing the mantilla where it belonged.

Her tones uncertain—"It smells smoky."

The three-time winner suggested ice cream.

"I'd rather have something hot."

"Me too," said Bill; "a whole lot. But there ain't no coffee like you make."

"We'll go back to the booth. Mother prob'ly hasn't closed up yet. Don't keep me waitin'. What happened?" she said as they passed out of the crowd.

"Oh, Jim wouldn't be rescued, that's all," he whispered. "We're forgettin' the rest."

They were at the booth, the mother having been persuaded to leave for the night. "If you drink any more coffee, aren't you 'fraid you won't sleep?" Minerva asked later, vague chill in her tone.

"Sometimes, when it ain't made as good as this, I have a bad night."

Her smile wasn't rounded out. They were quite alone. He saw he wasn't going to be let off so easily. "I'm sure sorry I had to leave you that way," he began.

"You didn't have to. It didn't do any good."

"Mebbe it didn't," said Bill. "But I had to find out. You see, I've been on my own so long ——"

"What do you mean?"

"Nobody to give me advice like you."

"All the good my advice did! You might have spoiled everything—if you haven't already."

"I couldn't spoil everything, havin' that little silk scarf of yours."

"It wasn't that."

"What was it, Minerva?"

"We're forgettin' the rest," she said, closing up the booth. He took her to the hotel in sorry silence.

Morning of the last day, and Bill Pelty found the town wide open to him—all except Minerva. Marked reservation registered from her, though the mother enlightened: "She's goin' to take in the show this afternoon." Bill felt a chill in his bones right there. Today Anteater, the slimy one, the never-can-tell mare. Three good rides and Minerva hadn't come out to the show. Suppose his luck broke—with her there!

He strolled off alone to get his courage back. It wasn't easy. Last night's hold-up had taken it out of him. There wasn't an inch of his body that didn't cry out against riding again today. He was used to that, yet differently; he wanted to quit today. The stands filled at last. Fifty feet behind, as he leaned against the fence at the opening of the performance, sat a white-faced Minerva. . . . Gray Goof tearing out of the chute, brimming with fits and sundries, Sandy Ellis, Bill's nearest contender, taking punishment like mallets falling on his hard Scotch jaw. Bill saw how ridin' was done; the lashing, whipping fury of the game, as if he were getting Minerva's first impressions. He turned and looked again at her horrified face.

Sandy's high-score ride permitted of little or no let-down for Bill. It would have to be a whipping finish, and Bill didn't miss that his rival was lying back against the fence, face up, right now. He knew how it felt to stretch out that way, waiting for the juice to circulate again.

A hot-tempered wind rose and fell. It tore up sheets of dust out in the arena, sometimes carrying the voice of the announcer across the field, sometimes stopping it abruptly. Anteater—Bill not only hadn't ridden this demon twister but hadn't seen her before coming to Bismarong this trip. One man who had ridden her said she was easy; another said she kept trying to thread her head between her knees—that he'd rather sit Guncotton or Steamboat. Anyway, Anteater looked cowed in the chute. Bill saw her shoulder shiver as he let himself down from the top boards. She was one of those tortured witches that look at you like a crying kitten and then go hell-fire insane when you're on top. She didn't smell like a clean, well-kept horse.

The big door swung back. Bill and the mare found themselves naked to the glare of the westering sun and the crowded stands—the feature ride of the day, of the show. Shouts of welcome and acclaim reached him before Anteater's first slinking huddle. Then her specialty, sprung in the first twenty feet—the hook-and-eye, slipping out from under in front and at the same moment knocking up against the rider's spine from the rear, the idea being to urge him forward into the inquiring vacancy outspread. Bill felt himself going—over the edge of a cliff, a female, headless monster beneath. The only recourse was a supernatural tightening of human forceps, which Bill supplied—a two-ton clamp of his knees that pulled a grunt from the mare. The rest was a writhing mass of unexpectedness, blood loose in the man's head again. The grand stand upended itself taller than the highest tree, like a great ship about to nose-dive under, Minerva aboard. . . . He didn't seem to have anything to do with it—some deeper fold of himself making this ride. It didn't seem any use, for Bill felt that Anteater had scored against him in her first coup. . . . She was coming down. He braced himself for her last trick, and the whistle reached him through the sluicing roar of his own blood in his ears.

"Did I show daylight at the go-off?" he gasped in the ear of the pick-up man.

"It was a squeak. You may get away with it."

Now the crowd was giving him the hand of a lifetime. Minerva was there; but Bill, in semidarkness, was watching the three heads of the judges close together—a fine point to settle that the crowd couldn't know about. The shouting died away. He heard a laugh.

The three sober faces of the judges broke apart. "It's yours, Bill," the nearest said.

He heard the stands go dead silent, heard the announcer start up with the news, felt the grip of the pick-up man's hand on his arm, the very breath of the latter's whisper: "You win, Bill!"

He was dazed; it was getting dark round him, but his lips formed an epigram, no less: "I begin to see you've got to start winnin'—to get the breaks," meaning that it was his three other rides that prevented the judges from seeing half the horizon between him and the saddle today.

That second he rocked in his seat. Queer perpendicular streaks like shreds of curtains hanging in thin air before his eyes, the cheering a mile off. He had taken a lot of beatings before today—tail-ender—eaten a lot of dust ——

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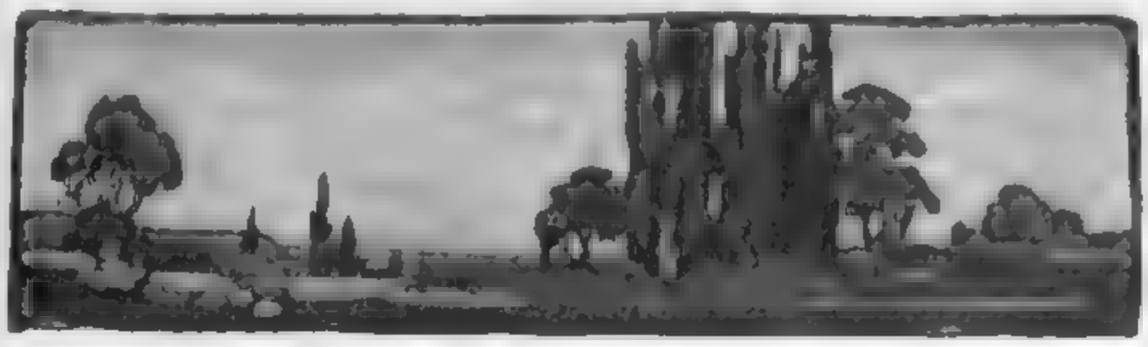

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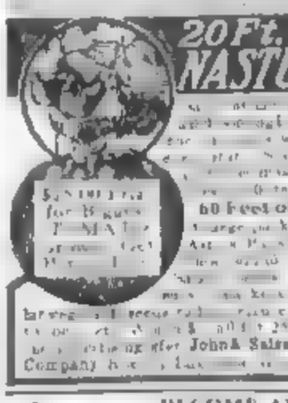

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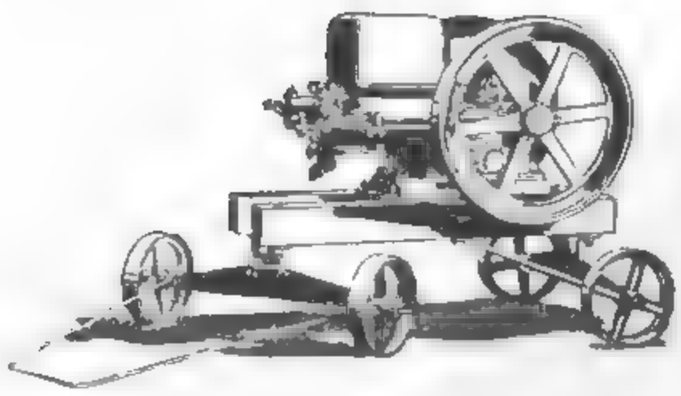

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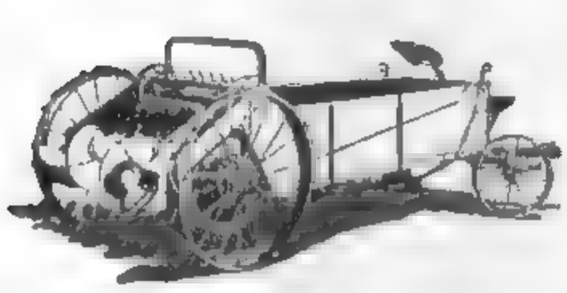

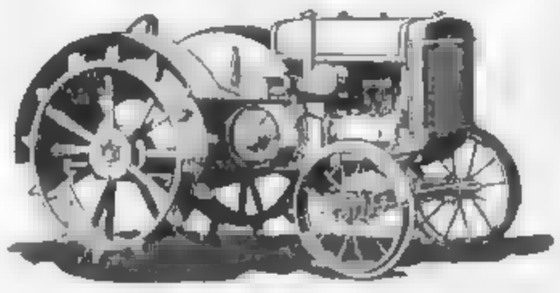

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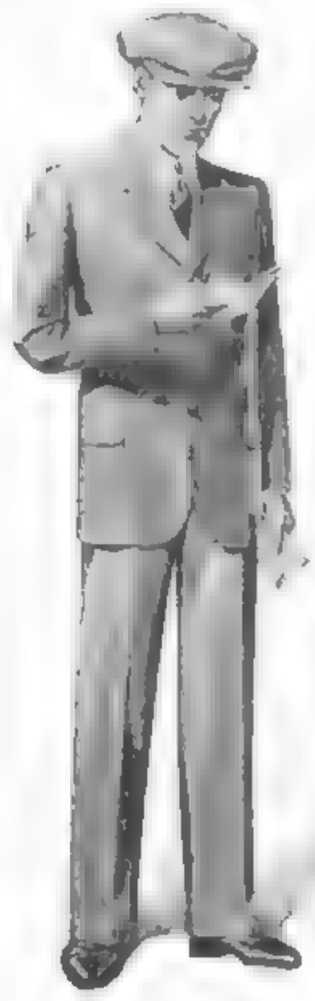
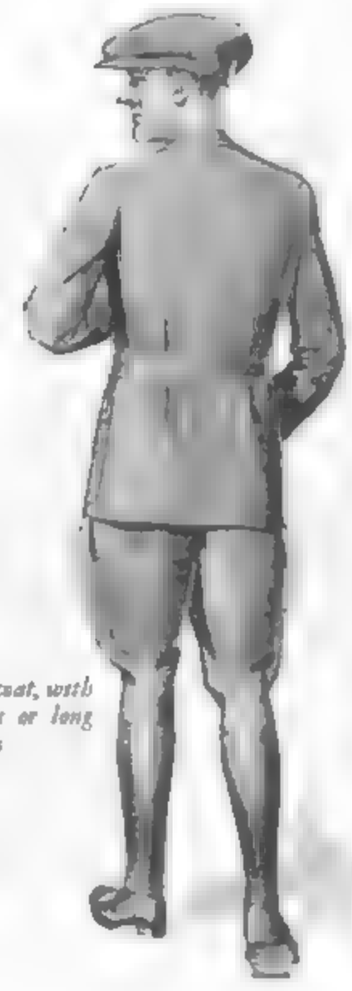
While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index

New Styles in NOGAR Utility Clothes

Double-breasted coat with storm or convertible collar; plain or cuffed trousers.

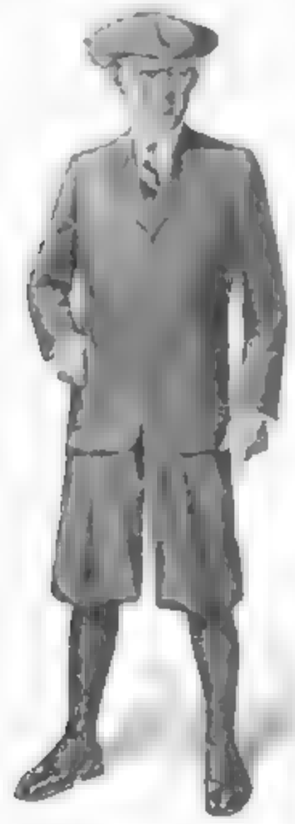


Single-breasted sack suit, plain back coat, plain or cuffed trousers

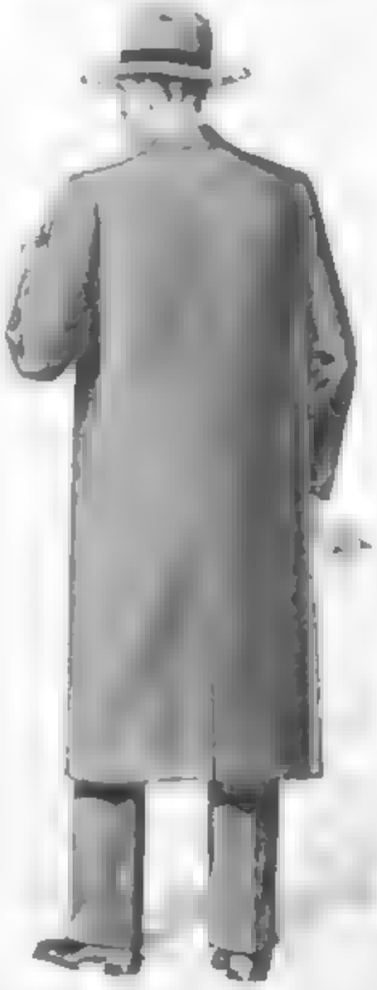


Sports coat, with breeches or long trousers

Topcoat with half belt in back.



Boy's suit with belted back coat and knickers or long trousers.



Topcoat with plain box back, with or without vent.

THESE new garments are absolutely the last word in work clothing—in service, appearance and fit. Popular old features have been improved still further and important refinements added.

The shape is cut into the pattern and holds indefinitely. Owing to the character of NOGAR Cloth and the strength of construction, eighteen different types of machines are used in making NOGAR Clothes, instead of the customary four or five types.

The new NOGAR coats have cling-fitting collars and roomy shoulders; large inside bellows pocket; flaps on outside side pockets; stitched armholes for uniformity; piped seams throughout. All NOGAR garments are double sewed; seams *can't* rip; pockets of same material and guaranteed to last as long as the garment. In NOGAR coats there is no lining to wear ragged and conceal poor workmanship. They are neatly finished inside, with the sturdy construction plainly visible, and the inside of the material is in a pleasing pattern.

There is *only one NOGAR Cloth* and we make it. Only garments shipped direct to you from our factory at Reading, Pa., are made of genuine NOGAR Cloth. NOGAR garments are sold only through our Authorized Representatives and by *nobody else*.

How would you like to represent us and earn some real money?

Mail coupon below for further information on garments, or opportunity for salesmen.

NOGAR CLOTHING MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Home Office and Factory, Reading, Pa. *Branch Offices in Principal Cities*

Men's Suits and Topcoats

$12.50 & $13.50

Hunting Suits $15.50

Boys' Suits

$9.85 & $10.85

Slightly Higher in Canada

Nogar

CLOTHES

MADE TO STAND THE GAFF

By this button you can identify the NOGAR Authorized Representative. He will leave you a copy of your order, stating plainly the conditions of the sale.

Mail this coupon today

NOGAR CLOTHING MFG. CO.
Dept. S-3, Reading, Pa

Please send me further information about NOGAR Clothes for Men ☐ for Boys ☐. Check which you are interested in.

Name ..

Address

If you wish to represent us, check here ☐

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Dictate everything—letters, plans, memoranda—when thought is spontaneous and the subject is fresh in your mind. Dictate to the Ediphone—without waiting for your secretary—without disturbing her. Dictate at your own pleasure. Before she arrives or after she has gone.

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Send me, free and without further obligation, your 16-page book, "Getting Action."

NAME

FIRM

ADDRESS

(Continued from Page 202)

They had laid him out upon the cot at the farrier's tent. A shadow crossed before his eyes. "Hello," he said, and that "Hello" seemed to come from a center of himself never opened up before. "Don't go away," he told her.

Words presently reached him: "Is—is that what bustin' is? Is it always as bad as that?"

"Only I've been stayin' with 'em better 'n usual."

"You've had those awful hurts—before"'

"Quite some lot of hosses "

"You aren't goin' to any more, are you, if I ask you not to?"

Bill wanted to tell her he felt that way too, but it wouldn't do to tumble too easy.

"Please answer me!"

"It's a man's game. A fellow has to know what he's doing."

Her face receded.

"Don't go 'way. . . . Are we alone?"

"Yes."

"Minerva, are you keepin' your hand—in my game?" Her answer came so slow that fright seized him. "You and your mother!" he hastily added.

"I want to keep my hand in your game; but what I saw today—it would be like destroying one's work with hammers! I never could stand what I saw today."

"Why, Anteater doesn't dose out punishment like some."

"She dosed out more than I could ever stand again."

A voice at the flap of the tent: "It's a telegram for Bill, miss."

"Thanks. I'll give it to him. . . . It's from your ranch foreman again," Minerva added. "It says:

"'Everybody howlin' for the new Arizona champion. Hold her once more today, Bill. Everything fine here. Jimmy just in. Carlos just out, but whispered the truth at the last—that he was aimin' to get Jim."

"They've only heard about the first three days," Bill mused. "And little old Carlos —— So he went out with cane and spats on. . . . Say, Minerva, last night—what was it that helped me if not the little black scarf? I mean when you sat there on the hotel porch."

"It works," said Minerva.

"How's that?"

"What your friend Jimmy said. I sat there in the dark at the far end of the porch, and never stopped holdin' that what I wanted was true."

"And it was true?"

"You came back, didn't you? And you came out alive today, didn't you? But oh, Bill, never again!"

He smelled the dust. Outside in the arena he heard them fixing for the wild-horse race—the end of the day—the end of the show. Then he forgot all that until Minerva's head started up, and her trailing whisper: "Somebody's coming!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

Mr. W. B. Drake
Evanston, Illinois, Builder

Showing prospective buyers the advantages of Celotex construction in one of his houses. "I would not attempt to sell a house without Celotex," says Mr. Drake.

will it be WARM IN WINTER COOL IN SUMMER *saving of fuel?*

• • •

Those are Important Questions to ask about your house! The answers are YES *if you build with* CELOTEX

OF course you have given hours of thought to the *appearance* and *arrangement* of that new home of yours.

But don't forget its *livability*.

Remember that the usual building materials alone can not give you enough protection against our variable American climate. Wood, masonry, hollow-tile, building paper, wallboard, plaster and roofing are good materials for their purposes . . . *but they are not insulators.*

Modern building standards demand a special insulating or heat-stopping material. Houses must now be *warm* in winter and *saving* of fuel . . . *cool* in summer . . . livable all year 'round.

And it is now so easy to get these great advantages when you build or buy. Insulation is no longer a costly *extra* in building.

Six years ago an amazing lumber was produced to meet the great need for low-cost house insulation. This lumber is Celotex . . . already used in more than 119,000 modern homes. Celotex is not cut from trees but manufactured from the toughest fibre known. It offers you properties never before available in one material.

EFFECTIVE INSULATION *plus added strength.* Celotex *combines* effective insulation with great structural strength. Tests prove it stronger in house walls than wood and many times more effective in stopping heat and cold than any of the usual building materials. Celotex also shuts out wind and dampness. It is scientifically sterilized and waterproofed.

Thus Celotex, unlike other insulating materials, replaces wood sheathing, lath, building paper and wallboard (see illustration below) *adds insulation as it builds* at little or no extra cost.

ACTUALLY *saves money.* Celotex has made house insulation a downright economy. A smaller, less expensive heating plant is required with Celotex in the walls, ceilings and roof of a house . . . and year after year, Celotex will *save you from 25% to 35% of your fuel money.*

No wonder that people everywhere have eagerly accepted Celotex . . . that men who know building and building problems intimately urge the use of Celotex in *every* home. They have given this amazing lumber every conceivable test and approved it beyond all question.

GET ALL *the facts.* So important are the advantages Celotex offers that it would be most unwise to build or buy without full knowledge of this amazing lumber. Today's building standards demand insulation . . . and Celotex gives it most economically.

Ask your architect, contractor or lumber dealer to tell you more about Celotex. Leaders in these lines advise its use. All lumber dealers can supply it.

And mail the coupon below for the Celotex Building Book. Its 32 pages are filled with interesting pictures and facts that will mean more comfort in your home and more money in your pocket.

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Branch Sales Offices in many principal cities (See telephone books for addresses)
Canadian Representatives: Alexander Murray & Co., Limited
Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, Winnipeg, Vancouver

How Celotex is Used

Celotex should always be built into both walls and roofs. (1) As sheathing, Celotex replaces wood lumber and building paper...adds greater strength . . . costs no more. (2) Under plaster, replacing lath, Celotex builds stronger walls and ceilings . . . less apt to crack . . . free from lath marks. (3) and (4) Celotex is used as interior finish and attic lining either in its natural tan color or decorated. (5) As roof sheathing, replacing wood lumber, Celotex provides insulation where it is most needed. (6) As garage lining it helps protect the car against freezing.

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S. E. P.—1-1-27

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The new Choice Box typifies—probably better than any other—the socially accepted candy gift throughout fashionable America today. Twenty-two different kinds in one box to prove Variety IS the Spice of Life.

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Thus in choosing this noted make of candy, one is sure of doing that which is admittedly the *correct thing*, either for one's own home or for a gift of thoughtful graciousness—

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Today ~how easy it is to be happy from the very start~

The honeymoon seems hardly over before we find the young couple all settled in their new home. ¶ Already they are having company . . . giving teas, dinners and week-end parties . . . They seem superbly happy, with enough of everything to go 'round, no matter how big their parties are. ¶ Especially silverware! They've found that their "guest silverware" need not cost them much. For the methods of modern craftsmanship of Wm. Rogers & Son have made possible such beautiful, long-wearing silverplate at such little cost . . . How proud they are of their Wm. Rogers & Son set! With enough pieces for the biggest kind of parties! And so handsome, too!

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"Its performance is gorgeous—amazing."
—MARIA JERITZA.

A GREAT artist sings in concert, and thousands press for admittance. Many wait in line for hours. Some are turned away, disappointed. Attend the concerts, by all means, but enjoy these same golden voices in your own home . . . whenever you wish . . . through the new Orthophonic Victrola.

This amazing instrument brings you vocal music in all its original purity and power. Tones of correct, natural volume. Tones neither too thin nor too loud, but full, round and mellow. The new Orthophonic Victrola catches the very personality of the artist. You can even hear the singer inhale for the next note, so realistic is Orthophonic reproduction!

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The world's best music always at your finger-tips

In no other way *can* you have such singing in your home, for the Orthophonic Victrola is based upon the new scientific principle—"matched impedance"—which makes possible the full, free flow of sound, undiminished and unmarred. This revolutionary principle is controlled exclusively by Victor!

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